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Hi

Pri

ASOP NewCutinCopper Hereis Sett To thew strue Pictuke from his Counter FFIT

ÆSOP'S FABLES.

With their

MORALS:

IN

PROSE and VERSE.

Grammatically Translated.

Illustrated with Pictures and Emblems.

Together with the

History of his LIFE and DEATH: newly and exactly Translated out of the Original Greek.

Philostr. Imagin.

Κορυφαΐα ή τε χορε ή άλωπηξ.

The Eighteenth Edition, exactly Corrected By W. D.

LONDON:

Printed for J. Phillips, J. Taylor, and the Administrat. of H. Rhodes. 1721.

TO THE

READER.

READERS .

Do not know thee, and therefore cannot fit thee with an Epithet: Who, or whatever thou be, I here prefent thee with a New Edition of what thou haft already had; only a little larger, a little better, and the Method a little alter'd. Do not wonder to find for much Reason in this little Book amongst Birds and Beasts; it is but what Men have lost, and they have gathered up: Thou may'st well allow Owls, Daws, Buzzards, Wood-cocks, Apes, and Asses, to talk together in old Times, when as we had the same Creatures ordinarly in every Pulpit: so that what were Fables in Æsop's Time, were

too true of late.

But, Reader, I am to inform thee, That there came out lately a paltry Thing just of the same Shame and Bigness with this Book in thy Hand; and to complete the Cheat, it carries the same Name, and bath counterfeited its Ornaments, the Pictures. The Brat might as well have came into the World, with the Renowned Title of Tom Thumb, as he called, The Fables of Æfop. Certainly. the Pye-corner, Book-binder forgot himself when he contrividit; for be hath been at the Expence of Paper and Ink, to fet forth the Tales that bis Grannam told bim in Winter-Evenings, which I suppose might be all the Difcipline of his Education: Could be not have plain'y told. That he presented him with a Piece of Antiquity, called Mother Shipton's last Words; it would better have Suited with the Matter of his Nonsense, than to call it The Fables of Alop, the Pictures would have fitted

To The READER

it as well. I can affure the Reader, that he shall in this Book find fair Dealing. The Life of Æ fop is exactly translated out of the Greek Copy, and the Fables with the like Care, both in Profe and Verfe: which is eafily discerned by comparing of that Counterfeit, which is called The Fables of Alop, and only in Profe: So with this, I take my. Leave of the Man that bath taken fo much Pains to deceive the World, and referr my Book and my felf to thy Ingenuity. If with the Sugar of these Fictions, thou take down the wholesome Pills of the Moral, the Author bath his End in Writing, and I mine in Publishing. Let Children took upon the Pictures, look thou further; if thou read the Fables, thou mayst be as merry as others with Sack and Claret; if thou read the Application, thou mayst learn as much as in the Schools of the most severe Philosophers. Farewell, and enjoy it either for Delight or Profit, or which is best of all) for both together.

F. E.

These Two Useful School-Books are sold by the Booksellers of London and Westminster.

R Hetorices Elementa Quæstionibus & Responsionibus explicata, in Usum Schola Mercatorum Scissorum.

The English Rudiments of the Latin Tongue, Explained by Question and Answer; which are so formed, that a Child, omitting altogether the Questions, may learn only the Answers, and be fully instructed in the Rudiments of the Latin Tongue. By W. Dugard.

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of the COCK.



HE Cock, whilft he turned over the Dunghill, found a precious Stone, saying, Wherefore do I find a thing so bright? If a Jeweller had found it, none would have been more jocund than he, because he knew the Price of it; but indeed it is of no use to me, neither do I greatly value it: Yea, truly, I had rather have a Grain of Barley, than all the Jewels in the World.

The Moral.

Understand by the Jewel, Art, and Wisdom; by the Cock, a facish Man and voluptuous. Neither do Fools love Liberal Arts, Seeing they know not the Use of them: Nor a voluptuous Man, for that Pleasure only delights bim. How with 36 ipicali sideoni

A Cock (the Dunghill scraping) chanc'd to 'spy Among the Dirt, a precious Jewel lie, Which he disdaining, cries, what Profit can This yield to me? If happily a Man, Knowing the Vertue, had this Jewel found, Twould make his Heart with present Joy abound; But in my Eye one Barley corn is more Than all the Jewels on the Indian Shore.

The Moral.

The precious Stone described here, implies High-prized Arts, and their rich Mysteries: The Cock, a fordid Creature, whose Desire, Like the dull Swine, that wallows in the Mire, Doth greater Joy in Earthly Pleasures find, Than the Endowments of a Vertuous Mind.

FAB. 2. Of the Wolf and the Lamb.



AH

A Wolf drinking at the Head of a Fountain, faw a Lamb a-far off below drinking. He runneth and caunteth the Lamb, for that he troubled the Fountain. The Lamb trembled; belought him that he would spare him, being innocent; that he could not himself trouble the Drink of the Wolf, seeing he drank

drank far beneath. The Wolf on the other fide thundreth, taying, Thou Varlet, thou pleadest to no purpose; thou always dost me Mischief; thy Father, Mother, all thy hateful Generation is constantly against me. I will be revenged on thee to Day.

The Moral.

It is an Old Saying, That it is an easie Matter to find a Staff to beat a Dog. A Man in Power, if he lift to hurt, easily takes Occasions of doing Mischief; He hath offended sufficiently who cannot resist.

Thirsty Lamb walks to a River-side, Where she is by a rav'nous Wolf espy'd: Whose currish Nature, still on Mischief bent, Thus picks a Quarrel with the innocent And harmless Beast: What, Villain! mov'd thee fhus. Just in our Presence, as in Scorn of us, E'er we could drink, to foul the Chrystal Spring? The Lamb affrighted at his menacing, Begs for his Life, Shall Innocence thus fpeed That neither hurts in Will, nor yet in Deed? I drank below, but you drank far above. Could this the Fountain, upward lying, move? That Streams run backward is to me a Wonder. With that the Wolf 'gan horribly to thunder, And answers, Slave, thou ly'ft! have I not feen How ready thou and all thy Friends have been To crofs us still; for which, without Delay. Thy Blood for all those former Wrongs shall pay.

The Moral.

So great Men ofcentimes o'ersway with Might, The Poor, against Respect of Law or Right.

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ESOP's Fables.

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F A B. 3.

Of the Moufe and the Frog.



A Mouse waged War with a Frog. They fought for the Soveraigney of the Fen. The Battle was fierce and doubtful. The crafty Mouse, lurking under the Grass, sets upon the Frog by Ambuscado. The Frog being better in Strength, and more able in Valour and Leaping, challengeth his Enemy to the open Field. Each of them had a Spear of a Bulrush; which Battel being seen a far of, the Kite maketh haste unto them, and whilst neither of them heeds himself for Eagerness of fighting, the Kite snatcheth and teareth in pieces both the Champions.

The Moral.

In like manner it happeneth to factious Citizens, who being inflam'd with a Desire of Rule, whilst they contend amongst themselves to be made Magistrates, do put their Estates, and also their Lives very often in Danger.

THE Frog and Mouse at Variance did stand, Who should be King, and rule the moorish Land; And therefore to decide this fatal Jar, They undertake a long and doubtful War.

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The crafty Mouse in Ambush closely lies,
That she th' unwary Frog might so surprize:
The Frog suspects the Plot, and therefore she
To open Combat dares her Enemy,
Not willing to prolong the War. Agreed,
Both Parties meet, each brandishing a Reed,
Instead of Spears; while at each other's Sight
Their Courage makes them eager of the Fight:
Which scarce begun, the Kite comes slying by,
(To both of them a fatal Enemy)
And stooping, quickly parts the Warriors Fray,

The Moral.

Making both Mouse and Frog become her Prey.

So factious Men, inflamed with Defire
Of bearing Rule, imprudently aspire
Beyond their Reach, and foolishly contend;
But haften their own Ruin in the End.

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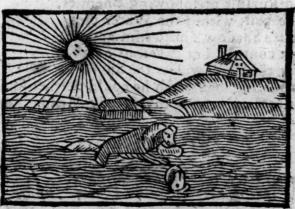
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F A B. 4.
Of the Dog and the Shadow.



A Dog swimming over a River, carried a piece of Flesh in h.s Mouth. The Sun shining, as it fell out, the Shadow of the Flesh shined in the Water;

R. 3. which

which seen, he greedily catching at it, lost that which was in his Jaws. Therefore being daunted with the Loss both of the Thing, and also of his Hope, first he was astonished, afterwards getting Heart again, he barked out thus: O Wretch! there wanted Moderation to thy Greediness. There was enough, and more than enough, if thou hadst not doated: now thou hast less than nothing by thy Foolishness.

The Moral.

We are put in mind of Modesty by this Fable; we are put in mind of Wisdom, that there be a Moderation in our Desire, lest we loose certain Things for uncertain. Surely that Sannio in Teronce speaks cunningly; I, quoth he, will not buy Hope at that Rate.

BY Chance a hungry Dog had robb'd the Pot,
Or from the Cook a piece of Flesh had got;
Wherewith he nimbly cross the River slies,
To shun Pursuit of following Enemies,
But as he past, within the Water clear,
The Flesh's Shadow did to him appear;
Who not content, but covetous of all,
Dives for the Shadow, lets the Substance fall:
So both being lost, when he could neither find,
He cries, Fool, thank thy greedy Mind.

The Moral.

Be not too covetous t' increase thy Store, But what thou undertak'st consult before; Lest Fortune may thy Undertaking cross, And thou buy future Hopes with present Loss. of the Lion and the Beasts.

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THE Lion had made a Covenant with the Sheep, and with certain other Beasts, that the Prey should be common. They go a-hunting, a Hart is taken, they divide him; every one beginning to take up their several shares, as it was agreed, the Lion roareth out, saying, One part is mine, because I excel you all in Dignity; a second Part is mine, because I most excel in Strength. Furthermore, I challenge a third part, because I have sweat more in catching the Hart; and lastly, unless you grant me a fourth part, farewel Friendship. His Fellows hearing this, do depart empty and still, not daring to mutter at the Lion.

The Moral.

Faithfulness hath been ever rare; it is more rare nowa-days: But it is and hath always been most rare amongst
potent Men; wherefore it is better that you live with your
Equal. For he that liveth with a potent Man, must necessarily part oft-times with his own Right: you shall have
equal Dealings with your Equals.

B. 4:

A General

General Day for Hunting being decreed Amongst the Beasts, they mutually agreed (The Sport being ended) equal Share should fall Of what they flew, to recompence them all. So out they go to hunt the nimble Hart; Who flain, each Beast according to Defert Expects his Share. To whom the Lyon thus First speaks: You know, my Friends, that unto us Belongs one Part by Right of Dignity; A second too pertaineth unto me, In that my Strength doth above yours excell; A third is also mine, you know it well, 'Cause in Pursuit I took the greatest Pain; A fourth Part new there only doth remain, Which grant you must the Quarrel for to end, Or else of me for ever lose a Friend. So all the Beafts depart, nor durst they show An angry Look, although deluded fo.

The Moral.

As here the Lyon (Right pretending) claims
The other Due, so for unlawful Gains,
(Injustice oft prevailing) poor Men stand
Aloof, whilf others do possess their Land;
Not daring seck their own, so much the Fear
Of Greatness awes them, tho' great Wrongs they bear.

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ÆSOP's Fables.

F A B. 6.

Of the Wolf and the Crane.



Bones stuck in his Throat. He goeth about, defireth Help, but no one helpeth him. All say, that he had got a just Reward of his Greediness. At length he induceth a Crane by many Flatteries, and more Promises, that her long Bill being thrust into his Throat, she would pluck out the Bone which stuck in it. But she asking her Reward, he mocketh at her; Thou Fool, quoth he, go thy way; hast thou not enough that thou livest? thou owest me thy Life: If it had pleased me, I might have bit off thy Neck.

The Moral.

It is a common Saying, That is loft which thou doft to

an ungrateful Man.

Hunger fore bit the Wolf; which he to ease, Roving for Prey, upon a Lamb did seize, And it devoured: but through too much haste Of feeding, cross his ravenous Throat stuck fast One of the Ribs; which so the Wolf did pain, That he to many often did complain; But none would lend him Help. At length he goes, And to the Crane his Griefs sad Causes shows;

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Entreating her to use her best of Skill,
And down his Throat by thrusting her long Bill
To draw the Bone that did afflict him so;
For which she should not unrewarded go,
But have her full Content. The easie Crane
(Won with fair Words, and hope of suture Gain)
Effects the Cure, and then demands her Pay;
To whom the ungrateful Wolf did scoffing say,
What Pay, sond Fool, canst thou expect of me?
Is't not enough that thou escapeds free,

Not hurt at all, when I with little Strife Had Power but now to take away thy Life? The Moral.

To gratify ungratefull Men, doth prove Thy Loss and Harm: — On others place thy Love

F A B. 7.

Of the Country-man and the Snake.



HE Country-man brought home a Snake, which he found in the Snow almost dead with cold. He laid him to the Fire. The Snake receiving Strength and Poison from the Heat, afterward not enduring the Flame, infected all the Cottage with hissing. The Country-man runneth unto him, and snatching up a Hatchet.

Hatchet, expostulates with him the Wrong with Words and Blows, Whether he would thus requite him? Whether he went about to take away his Life from him who gave him his Life?

The Moral.

It comes to pass sometimes, that they will do you hurt to whom you have done good; and that they will deserve ill of you, of whom you have deserved well.

IN Depth of Winter, numb'd with Cold, a Snake Seeming half dead, upon the Ground did lie, On which a Husbandman did pity take

As he by chance that way was passing by; So bears her home, then lays her by the Fire,

The Heat whereof did foon the Cold expell, That fuddenly the Snake began t' respire,

And feeling Strength with her old Venom swell; But quite forgetful of the Good receiv'd,

Or what the Man to save her Life had done, whereof she almost lately was bereav'd,

To throw abroad her Poison she begun, And hissing, slies at him with all her Might;

Which he perceiving, fetcheth Weapons ftraight, Replying, Villain, dost thou thus require

My Kindness, and my Love pursue with Hate? For this Ingratitude thy Life shall pay, And what I sav'd, I now will take away.

The Moral.

So oftentimes we by Experience see
Those prove our greatest Enemies, whom we
Do most befriend; and those to whom we show
Most love, to us most spiteful often grow.

of the Boar and the Ass.



Whilit the fluggish Ass mocked the Boar, he was wroth, and gnashed his Teeth, saying, O thou most floathful Ass, truly thou hast deserved Ill; but altho' thou hast been worthy of Punishment, yet I am unworthy to be revenged of thee: mock on; the using 'st do it safely, for thou art out of Danger for

thy Sluggishness,

The Moral. Let us do our Endeavour, that when we bear or suffer Things unseeming us, we speak not, nor do Things unworthy of us: for evil Men and desperate for the most part do rejoice, if any good Man do resist them. They realue it much that they should be accounted worthy to be avenged of Let us imitate Horses and great Beasts, which pass by little barking Curs with Contempt.

W Hile the dull As the flurdy Boar derides, The Boar, whom Moderation wisely guides, Replies, Dull Villain, that the World may see How much I slight they Scoff, although from me

Thou just Revenge deserv'st, jest on thy fill, Thy Baseness guards thee, and withholds my Will. The Moral.

Be not much mov'd when bold Aspersions grow; Lest false Untruths like Verities may show.

FAB.

F A B. 9.

Of the City-Mouse and Country-Mouse.



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T pleased the City-Mouse to walk into the Country. A Country-Mouse saw him, inviteth him; Preparation is made, they go to Supper. The Country-Mouse fetcheth forth whatsoever he had laid up for Winter, and bringeth out all his Provision, that he might satisfy the Daintiness of so great a Guest, notwithstanding the City-Mouse frowning, condemneth the Penury of the Country; and then highly extols the Plenty of the City. Returning home, he leadeth the Country-Mouse with him into the City, that he might make good in Deed that which he had in Words boafted of. They go to the Banquet which the City-Mouse had gorgeously prepared. As they were at the Banquet, the Noise of a Key is heard in the Lock. They tremble and run away as fast as they could. The Country Moufe both unacquainted and ignorant of the Place, had much ado to fave himfelf. The Servant departing, the City-Moufe returneth unto the Table, calleth the Country-Moufe. He scarcely having put away his Fear, creepeth out, and asketh the City-Mouse, inviting him to drink, Whether this Danger be often? He answered, that it was daily, and it ought ought to be flighted. Then faid the Country-mouse, Is it daily? Verily your Dainties favour more of Gall than of Honey; I, in truth, had rather have my Penury with Security, than this Plenty with such Anxiety.

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The Moral. Riches have indeed a Shew of Pleasure, but If you look within them, they have Danger and Bitterness. There was one Eutrapelus, who when he would hurt his Enemies most of all, made them rich. faying, He would revenge himself of them, for that they should receive with

their Riches a great Bundle of Cares.

THE City-moule, that many Days had spent Within her native Soil, on Travel bent -The Countries sweet Varieties to see, Is by a Country-mouse met happily; Who entertains her with the choicest Fare Her Ladder did afford: nor did she spare For any Cost, which the delightful Field, To welcome unexpected Guests could yield. Yet this pleas'd not the City-mouse; the Meat. Seem'd much too coarle for her nice Chaps to eat: And therefore the intreats the Country moufe To walk with her, and view her City-house, To fee what Entertainment she could give, And how deliciously she still did live. So both agree, and to the City come; Which enter'd, they approach a spacious Room, And after Welcome given; a dainty Feast The City-mouse provided for her Guest. Both feat themselves, and heartily to feed; But 'midst their Junkets, with unwelcome Speed They hear a turning of a Key, whose Fear Enjoyns them quickly to forfake their Chear, And shift into a Hole, from whence they see One of the Houshold Servants hastily Enter the Room, (the which unufual Sight Doth much the trembling Country-mouse affright) But he not staying long, the City Dame Returneth to the Banquer whence the came ;

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And calls her Friend, off'ring a choicer Bit
To her, than any she had tasted yet.
But Fear had spoil'd her Stomach, so that she
(Glad to depart) replieth, If this be
The Sauce you have unto your City-Fare,
Give me my own; tho' coarse, 'tis void of Care:
Such Fears perplex not us, nor Griess molest
Our homely Roofs; we undisturbed rest, (great,
Tho' coarse our Fare; when Dangers more than
Attend the dainty Junkets which you eat.

The Moral.

The Poor Man's Happy Life is here express'd,
While he Content with his Estate remains,
Above the Rich, although of Wealth posses'd:
For Care to get, or Fear, to lose his Gains,
Doth so perplex his troubled Mind, that he
Scarce lives a Day or Hour contentedly.

F A B. 10. Of the Eagle and the Daw.



A N Eagle having gotten a Cockle, could not pluck out the Fish by Force or Art. A Daw coming unto her, gives her Counsel: She perswaded her to soar alost, aloft, and cast down the Cockle from on high uponthe Stones; for that it would so come to pass that the Shell would be broken. The Daw tarrieth upon the Ground, that she may wait for the Fall. The Eagle throweth it down; the Shell is broken; the Fish is snatched away by the Daw; the Eagle being mocked, grieveth.

The Moral:

Do not give Credit to every one, and take heed that you's look into the Counsel which you shall receive of others: For many being consulted with, do not give Counsel for theme who ask Counsel of them, but have an Eye to themselves.

THE Eagle finds a Cockle, and with Pains,
Labours for what the fasten'd Shell contains;
Which the sly Daw beholding, with Deceit,
Pretends t' instruct the Eagle how to get
The Fish with greater Ease; and bids her sly
A-lost, and with the Cockle mount the Sky,
Then let it fall against some Rock, that so
The Shell might open with a sudden Blow:
Which done, the Daw, that surely watch'd her Prey,
Snatches the Meat, and nimbly slies away,
Leaving the cheated Eagle all alone,
Her said Mishap and Folly to bemoan.

The Moral.

Do not Belief in every one repose;
For seeming Friends prove oft the greatest Foes.
In sairest Meadows dangerous Adders lie,
And most Deceit is clad with Flattery;
Which in de uding Councellors is shown,
Not for thy Gain, but Profit of their own.

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of the Crow and the Fox:

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Crow having gotten a Prey, maketh a Noise in the Boughs of the Tree. A Fox-cub feeth him jetting, runneth unto him. The Fox doth very kindly falute the Crow, I have heard, quoth he, very often, that Fame is a Liar, now I find it in very deed; for as by chance I passed by this way, 'spying you en a Tree, I came running unto you, blaming the Report. For the Report goeth, that you are blacker than Pitch, and I fee that you are more white than Snow. Truly, in my Judgment, you surpais the Swans, and are fairer than the white Ivy. If so be that as you excell in Plumes, you so excell also in Voice; in truth I will call you the Queen of all Birds. The Crow being allured by this pretty Flattery, prepares himself to sing, but the Cheese falleth out of his Bill as he was preparing to fing, which being snatched up, the Fox-cub laugheth heartily. Then at length it shames the miserable Crow, she vexeth at her self, and the grieveth at the Shame, accompanied with the Loss of the Thing.

The Moral. Some are so greedy of Praise, that they love a Flatterer with their own Reproach and Loss. Such filly Men are made a Prey to Parasites. If so be that you

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will avoid Bonfting, you may easily soun that pestiferous fort of Flatterers. If you will be Thraso, you shall never want a Gnatho.

The Crow had got a Prey, and with it flies
To feed upon a Tree; which Vulpis eyes,
And fain would gull her of it; wherefore he
To work his Plot, thus greets her craftily;
Hail, Mistress, hail, Fame's Untruths now I sing,
And to your Worship joyful Tidings bring:
Fame stiles thee black as Soot; but I have found
Her Rumours false; in Whiteness you abound
Beyond the Snow, or Lilies of the Field:
For which the joyful Crow seems Thanks to yield,
Clapping her Wings; but as she strove to speak,
The Bait she had dropt from her empty Beak;
Which the Fox nimbly catching, leaves the Crow,
To learn more Wir when she is statter'd so.

The Moral.

Affect not empty Titles, nor the light
And windy Praises of the Parasite:

For they for their own Ends do most applaud;
Which being obtain'd, they slight whom they disfraud.

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F A B. 12.

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Of the Lion worn out by Old Age.



A Lion which had made very many Enemies by his Cruelty in his Youth, paid for it in his Old Age. The Beafts recompence him like for like. The Boar fetteth on him with his Tusks, the Bull with his Horns; especially the young Ass desiring to abolish utterly the old Name of Sluggishness, layeth at him lustily with Words, and with his Heels. Then the Lion sighing deeply, saith, Those whom I have hurt in Times past, hurt me now again, and deservedly; but they whom I have sometimes done Good unto, do not now do me Good again; yea, even they hurt me without Cause. I was a Fool that made to many to be my Enemies; but more foolish that trusted false Friends.

The Moral.

Be not lift up in Prosperity; be not sierce. For if Fortune shall change her Face, they whom you have hurt, will avenge themselves. And see that you make a Difference amongst your Friends; for there are certain that are not your Friends, but at your Tables and Fortunes: which

Which Estate in every deed as soon as ever it shall be changed, they also will be changed: you shall be well dealt withal, if they be not Enemies. Ovid complaineth justly:

New Foes I found when Auster fill'd my Sail; The Wind proves cross, my Friends unfriendly fail; Neptune begins to frown and curl the Wave, My Friends are gone, the savage Sea's my Grave.

And too unjustly meaner Beasts did wrong,
Now for his Tyranny doth pay: The Boar
With his sharp Tusks his aged Side doth gore;
The Bull assaults him with his Horns; the base
And sordid Ass, with undeserv'd Disgrace,
Spurns at him too, the which perplexed more
The noble Beast, than all the Blows before.
Who thus cries out, I oft have injur'd them,
And justly merit they should me contemn:
But the dull Ass, whom I esteem'd my Friend,
Forsakes me too! Unhappy I! to lend
Affection to his Baseness, and to move
The Wrath of such as would more faithful prove.

The Moral

If Fortune raise thee to a high Digres.

Of bearing Rule, let not thy Actions be

To much severe, but such, as Justice may.

Command the Vulgar duly to obey:

Lest Fortune change, and theu, of Friends forlorn,

Be made of thy Inseriours a Scorn.

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of the Dog and the Ass.

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I / Hilft the Dog fawned upon his Master and the Family, both the Master and the Family make much of the Dog: The Ass seeing that, groaneth very deeply: It began to irk him of his Condition; he thinks it was not fairly carried, that the Dog should be welcome to all, and be fed from his Master's Table, and so attain that by Idleness and Play; and contrarily, himself to carry Pack saddles, be beaten with a Whip, never to be idle, and yet be hated of every Body. If these things be gotten by fawning, he determineth to follow that Art which is fo profitable; therefore on a certain time to try the Matter, he runs forth to meet his Master returning home, leaps upon him, beats him with his Hoofs. His Master crying out, the Servants run unto him; and the foolish Ass, which thought himself civil, is beaten with a Cudgel. The Moral.

All of us cannot do all Things, as Virgil saith in his Bucolics; neither do all Things become all Men. Let every one desire that, let him try that which he is able. For we know that is spoken more significantly in Greek, An

Ass to the Harp; so also Boetius, An Ass put to the Harp. Nature resisting, our Labour is in vain. You shall neither do or say any thing, if Minerva be unwilling; wirness Horace.

HE strong-back'd Afs, whose Labour to his Lord, Commodity and Profit did afford. Perceiving oft the little Dog (whole Use No Profit to his Master could produce, But kept for Pleasure only) sport and play. And fawning on his Master, every Day Fed well, and liv'd at Ease, while he with Pain Still wrought, and yet could no fuch Love obtain; Grows envious, and resolves the like to try: So leaping on his Master, lovingly He paws at him with his Fore-foot, then lays His Nose close to his Lips, and loudly brays, Frisking about in such a rustick fort As a rude Ass could do to shew him Sport. Whereat the Master, much affrighted, cries For Help: His Servant to him quickly hies, Who feeing how bold the fordid Ass did grow, Requites his Pastime with a cruel Blow, Thrashing him well, 'till he with Griefrepents, And quite forfaketh fuch fond Compliments.

The Moral.

'Twould prove a Thing preposterous to see

A Buffoon plac'd i' th' Seat of Dignity:

As much ridiculous it is for one
To meddle with another's Function,

And they but triste Time who think they can

Reach th' Apprehension of another Man.

For let them strive 'till Death, none can partake

Of every Art, Nature doth Artists make.

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ESOP's Fables.

FAB. 32.
Of the Lion and the Moufe.



THE Lion being weary with heat and with running, rested under the Shadow upon green Leaves. A Company of Mice ran over his Back: he awaking, catched one of many; the Captive beseeching him, cryeth, That he was not worthy that the Lion should be angry at him. He bethinketh himself, that there was no Praise in the Death of such a silly little Beast, lets go the Captive. And not very long after, as the Lion by Accident runs thro' the Forest, he falls into Snares. Roar he may, get forth he cannot. The Mouse heareth the Lion roaring pitifully, knoweth his Voice, creepeth into the Holes, seeketh the Knots of the Snares, findeth them being sought, gnaweth them in pieces being sound; the Lion escapeth out of the Nets.

The Moral. This Fable perswadeth great Mens Clemency. For as Humane Things are unstable, so mighty Men themselves sometimes need the Help of the Baser: Wherefore a wise Man, altho he may, will be afraid to burt any Man whomsoever. But he that feareth not to burt another, doth exceeding foolish. Why so? Because although trusting in his own Power, he feareth no Man; it will peraduenture come to pass afterwards that he may fear. For

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it is evident that hath happened to famous and great Kings that they have either needed the Favour of base Men, or

feared their Anger.

Pprest with Heat, a Lion in the Shade For his Repose his wearied Limbs had laid. And fell asleep; bout whom a Troop of poor And little Mice, that never durst before Approach his Presence, merry Pastimes make, 'Till with their Sport the angry Beast they wake, Whose Fury forc'd them all to fly; but one Which not so nimble as the rest, alone Is left behind, and by the Lion caught, Whereat amaz'd, the filly Mouse befought The noble Lion, Vengeance not to flow For this her first Offence, but let her go. The Lion foon confenteth; fince the Blood Of one so base could do him little good: And so the Mouse departs; but e'er the Day Was fully spent, the Lion seeking Prey, And traverfing the Forest, chanc'd to be Entrapped in a Net unwarily. So struggles to get loofe, but prov'd too weak, With all his Strength, the intangled Net to break. Wherefore for Help a hideous Noise he makes, And with his Roaring all the Forest shakes. Which when the Mouse now heard, she runs with Remembring how the Lion once her freed: And though but weak, by gnawing of the Net, The stronger Lion did at Freedom set: So Thanks on both fides given, they part agen, The Mouse to'r Hole, the Lion to his Den. The Moral.

Though smiling Fortune seem a while to bless
And raise thee to the Height of Happiness;
Insult not o'er the Weak, lest Fortune may
Divert her Smiles, and thy Estate decay;
And thou as much in need of others stand,
As they of thee, when thou didst them command

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FAB. 15.



A kite lay lick in his Bea at the Point of Death; he intreats his Mother to go and befeech the Gods. His Mother answered, That there was no Help to be hoped for from the Gods, whose Holy Things and Altars he had so oft violated with his Rapines.

The Moral. It becometh us to reverent the Gods. For they help the Godly, but are against the Ungodly; being neglected in Prosperity, they will not hear us in our Misery. Wherefore be mindful of them in Prosperity, that they may be present, being called upon in our Adversity.

HE young Kite fick, belought his Dam to pray, And for his Health upon the Gods to call:

But she replied, Son, thou every Day

Didst in thy Health into Deboistness fall; And thinkest thou the Gods will Comfort lend. To thee, whom thou so highly didst offend? The Moral.

In they best Days, let not too haughty Pride
Put up thy Thoughts, so causing a Neglect
Of God, whose Laws should be thy chiefest Guide;

Lest He, whose Pow'r can raise, and Wrath deject, When in thy Need His Aid thou dost implore, As much scorn thee, as thou didst Him before.

FAB.

F A B. 16.

Of the Swallow, and other Birds.



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A S foon as the Flax began to be fown, the Swallow perswadeth the little Birds to hinder the sowing, saying often, That Snares were making for them. They laugh at her, calling the Swallow a soolish Prophet. The Flax now growing up, and waxing green, she admonished them again to pluck up that which was sown. They laughed at her again. The Flax waxeth ripe; she exhorts them to destroy the standing Flax. When they would not hear her advising, no, not then indeed, the Swallow leaving the Company of the Birds, gets unto her self the Friendship of Men, enters a League with him, dwells with him, cheareth him with singing: Nets and Snares are made of the Flax for the rest of the Birds.

The Moral.

Many neither know how to provide well for themselves, nor will hear him who adviseth them well; but when they are in Dangers and Losses, then at length they begin to be wise, and to condemn their own Sluggishness. Now are they wise enough; This and that, say they, ought to have been done. But it is better to be Promethous than Epimethous. These were Brethern; the Names

Names are Greek, one of them took Counsel before the thing was to be done, the other after the thing was done: Which the Interpretation of their Names declareth.

HE painful Husbandman his Ground doth fow With fatal Hemp-Seed Him the Swallow spies, And knowing what great Danger thence would grow To all the Birds, with haste away she flies, And counsels them, That they with speed repair.

And (e'er the Seed a deeper Root did take)
To spoil and pick it up with greatest Care,

Lest if thereof the Fowlers Nets should make, It prove the Ruin of them all, and they With Loss of Life repent their fond Delay.

But the dull Birds, void both of Cares and Fears,
Slight her Advice, until the curfed Grain
Sprouts forth, and Green upon the Ground appears.

Whereat the wifer Swallow once again
More earnestly perswades them not to lose

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So fit Occasion; but while yet they may Pervent a future ill, their Strength to use, And not to let the Time quite slip away,

Until the Hemp grown fully ripe, at last All Hope to ruin such a Foe be past.

Yet still the Birds her Counsel do neglect, For which the Swallow quite forsakes the Field,

And as they her, so she doth them reject, And her safe Nest among the Houses build,

Where she at quiet rests, when hourly Cares
And Fear of Death the others do perplex,
While the sly Fowler with his Hempen Snares

And crafty Gins each Minute doth them vex, So that not Day nor Night they truly can Assure their Safety, if espy'd by Man.

The Moral.

Thus they who slight good Counfel, headlong run On Mischief, and repent when th' Hurt is done.

FAB.

F A B. 17.

Of the Frogs and their King.



HE Nation of the Frogs, when it was free, befought Jupiter, to give them a King. Jupiter laughed at the Request of the Frogs. They notwithstanding were instant again and again, until they inforced him. He cast them down a Beam. That vast Weight shakes the Water with a great Noise. The Frogs being terrified, are filent. They adore their They come nearer by little and little; at length casting away Fear, they leap upon him, and down again from him. The fluggish King is made a Scorn and a Contempt. They importune Jupiter again; they befeech him to give them a King which may be valorous. Jupiter gives them a Stork. He walk. ing thro' the Fen very stoutly, devoureth what Frogs soever he meeteth with The Frogs then complained in vain of the Cruelty of this King. Jupiter heareth them not, for they as yet complain, even at this Day; for the Stork going to Rest at Evening, they coming forth of their Dens, do fecretly murmur with a hoarse Croaking; but they sing to the Deaf. For Jupiter will have it so, that they which prayed against a mild King, should now suffer an unmerciful The one.

The Moral.

It is wont to full out to the common People even as to the Frogs, who if they have a King somewhat more mild, they charge him to be suggish and cowardly, and wish that at length they may have a Man; and contrarily, if at any time they get a valiant King, they condemn his Cruelty, and commend the Clemency of the former. Whether it be for that we always missise our present Estam, or because it is a true Word, That new Things are better than old.

HE Frogs defire a King, and for that end, To Jupiter their earnest Prayer send. Jove smiles to see their Folly, and denies Their Suit at first ; but tired with their Cries, He'mongst them throws a Log, whose heavy Fall With Terror so amaz'd the Frogs, that all Crouch down for Fear, and with Amazement stand, In Readiness t' obey their King's Command, 'Till waiting long, when they at last perceiv'd 'Twas nothing but a fenfeless Log, bereav'd Of Life and Motion, all the Frogs bestride His lumpish Back, and their mild King deride: Defiring Jove to give them one, that may With awful Pow'r the Moorish Empire sway, .. And not a lifeless Block. Jove therefore sends The Stork to them, which, stalking proudly, bends His Mind to Tyranny, devouring still The Frogs, to please his Appetite and Will. Weary whereof, the Frogs repine again; But Jove will hear them now no more complain: The Stork must govern still, since, not content, They murmur'd at a peaceful Government.

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How good so e'er the King, we daily see
Subjects repine; and if he peaceful he,
They count him dull; if much severe, they cry,
And murmur hourly gainst his Tyranny,

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FAB. 18. Of the Dove and Kite.



HE Doves on a Time made War with the Kite, whom that they might conquer, they chose the Hawk for their King. He being made their King, playeth the Enemy for their King. He plucketh and teareth them in pieces, no less greedy than the Kite. The Pigeons reqent of their Enterprize, thinking it had been better for them to indure the Wars of the Kite, than the Tyranny of the Hawk.

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The Moral. Let it grieve no Man too much for his own Condition; for, as Horace fays, Nothing is every way happy. I indeed would not wish my Lot to be changed, so that it be tolerable. Many having gotten a new Condition, have wished the old again. We are almost all of us of such a sickly Disposition, that we grow weary of our selves.

The Doves, too weak with such a Foe to fight,
The Sparrow Hawk to be their King elect,
Hoping he would their Innocence protect,
And quell th' insulting Kite. But he possest
Of Rule, with greater Cruelty opprest
The harmless Doves; who now with Sorrow rue
Their hasty Choice, since to their Loss they knew,
'Twas safer with the Kite at War to be,
Than to indure the Spar-Hawk's Tyranny. The

The Moral.

Change seldom brings a better; every one Should therefore rest content, and covet none.

FAB. 19. Of the Thief and the Dog.



A Thiefon a Time reaching Bread to a Dog that he would hold his Peace, the Dog answered, I know thy Treachery. Thou givest me Bread that I should leave off barking: but I hate thy Gift; for if I shall take thy Bread, thou wilt carry all things out of the House.

The Moral. Beware you let not go a great Benefit for a small. Take heed you trust not every Man; for there are Men who will not only speak courteously, but also deal kind-

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A Thief with a felonious Intent,
By Night to rob a House, in secret went;
A Dog espies him; but the crasty Knave,
To please the Cur, and his Discov'ry save,
(Lest he should bark too loud) offers him Bread,
Which the good Dog refusing, answered,
Villain, thou giv'st a Morsel, but wouldst do

A greater Harm, should I but suffer you.

The Moral.

Beware to whom you trust, or Faith impose, Lest for a little Gain, you greater lose.

FAB.

FAB. 20.
Of the Wolf and Sow.



THE Sow pigg'd. The Wolf promiseth, that he will be the Keeper of her Young. The Sow answered, That she had no need of the Service of the Wolf; if he would be counted religious, if he desired to do an acceptable thing, let him go further off; for the Office of the Wolf did not consist in his Presence, but in his Absence.

The Moral.

All Things are not to be believed of all. Many will proffer their Pains, not for the Love of thee, but of them-felves, seeking their own Profit, not thine.

HE Sow had litter'd, when the Wolf to her With seeming Care his Service did preferr, To guard her Pigs, lest Danger perchance might (The Sow being absent) on her young ones light. But the wise Sow replies, She needed none To guard her Young, her self could do't alone;

Knowing his Absence safer far would be To her and them, than the Wolf's Company.

The Moral.

It is not safe to trust or credit all, Lest some, pretending Love, intend thy Fall.

FA B.

of the Birth of the Mountains.



O Noe there was a Report that the Mountains were in Travail. Men come, and stand round about, expecting some Monster, not without fear. At length: the Mountains bring forth; there comes out a Mouse. Then all the Spectators were ready to die with laughing.

The Moral. Horace toucheth this Fable, Mountains in Travail are; the Wonder's thus,

A Mouse comes forth: O most ridiculous!

It also notes Bragging: For Braggars, when they profess and boast of great Things, scarce perform small. Wherefore those Thraso's are justly a Matter of Jests and Scoffs. This Fable doth also forbid vain Fears. For the Fear of the Danger is for the most part greater than the Danger it self: It is many times ridiculous which we fear:

Deliver'd of a monstrous Prodigy.

Men easie to believe, and glad to know
Whereto th' Event of this Report should grow,
In Troops slock thither. So the Time drew nigh
Of this long look'd-for strange Delivery.

And from the Hill's vast Womb skips forth a Mouse,
To the Spectators so ridiculous,

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That seeing they deluded were, retire, And laught at what before they did admire.

The Moral.

Great Boasters here are shown, deluding some With vaunting Words: But when to Proof they come, And Men expect like Actions, they appear So vain, they menit nothing but a Jear.

of the Hound that was despised by his Masten.



HE Master eggs on the Hound, which was now grown old; He calls on him in vain; his Feet are slow, he maketh no haste: He had caught a wild Beast; the wild Beast slips out of his Teeth His Master chides him with Stroaks and Words. The Dog answered that he ought of right to be pardoned; that now he was grown old, but he had been stout when he was young; but as I see, quoth he, nothing pleaseth without Prosit. You loved me when I was young and able to catch the Prey; you hate me now slow and Toothless: But if you were thankful, whom you loved in Times past being young, for your Benefit sake; you would love now, being old, for the sake of his prositable Youth.

The Moral.

The Dog said well: For as Ovid said, Nothing is loved but that which brings Profit. Behold, take away from a greedy Mind the hope of Gain, no Body will be sought for. There is no Remembrance of a past Commodity, and the Favour of a future not great; the chiefest Thankfulness is for a present Benefit. Indeed it's a Shame to be spoken, but if we confess the Truth, the common sort doth approve Friendship by their Profit.

Hound grown weak with Age, not able now To keep the Chafe, and fuch like Pastime show, As in his Youth he did (yet willing still, Equal t'his Power, to please his Master's Will) The Game being started, follows; and at length Fastens; but wanting his accustomed Strength, Lets go his Hold, and loseth quite his Game, Nor able longer to purfue the same. Which when the Huntsman sees, he angry grows, And beats the half lame Dog with many Blows. Yet all would not prevail, the Hound no more Could gain the Ground which he had loft before; But panting falleth down, for which the Man With Fury threatens the poor Cur again, That he should lose his Life, since now unsit For Use, he longer did not merit it. The Dog replies, Sir, if you grateful were, You ought to remember still the faithful Care-And Service of my Youth; and not when Age Hath weaken'd me with underserved Rage Hasten my Death; but as for Profit then, So do for Love, and cherish me agen.

The Moral.

So we behold too often in this vain
And thankless Age, for the Desire of Gain
Old Servants shaken off, although their Care
Tenrich their Masters their undoing were.

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F A B. 23.
Of the Hares and the Frogs.



wind, the trembling Hares begin to fly away hastily. But as they were slying, there being a Fen in their way, they stood doubtful, incompassed with Dangers on both sides. And which was a Provocation of greater Fear, they see Frogs drown'd in the Fen. Then one of the Hares, wifer and more eloquent than the rest, said, Why do you so vainly fear? we have need of Courage; we have indeed Nimbleness of Body, but we want Courage. This Danger of the Whirlwind is not to be run from, but to be slighted.

The Moral.

In every thing there is need of Courage. Virtue without Confidence lieth under Foot; for Confidence is the Captain and Queen of Virtue.

A Ffrighted with the Noise of sudden Storms, The light-foot Hares for sake their open Forms, And to the Woods retire. But there the Noise Doth more increase, for the Winds louder Voice Roar'd mongst the Trees. From hence again they fly, Seeking a Place of more Security.

But

But far they had not gone, when in their Flight A Pool their Journey stopt: Which did so fright The trembling Hares, that all amaz'd they fit; At length one finds a Breach, and thinks it fir Through that to run, and make no longer stay: But this Plot fail'd them too; for in their way. As they should pass, a standing Pool they spy, Wherein a Multitude of Frogs did lie, As they supposed, drown'd; and therefore Fear Commands them further not their Course to steer. So they consult what now is best to do: Backward they dare not, forward cannot go: Lest while they shun the Storms, the present Waves If they should enter, might become their Graves. Amidst this general Fear, up started one (More folid than the rest in Judgment grown, By Age and long Experience) who thus faid, Stand not amaz'd, my Friends, nor be difmay'd: Though Storms at first affrighted us, yet they Cannot still last for yet admit they may, Our warm and Fur-lin'd Coats can well with hold The strongest Storms, and shield us 'gainst the Cold Yet those are weak Supporters to the Mind: That best withstands the Power of the Wind. And if our selves with Patience we can arm. Wee foon shall see the Fury of this Storm Waste its own Strength. She scarcely this had said. But the inraged Tempest was allay'd.

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The Moral.

Man like the Hares, with adverse Trouble crost,
Must not at first despair, as if he'd lost
All Hope of suture Help, but stedfast stand,
(Arm'd with the Shield of Patience) 'gainst the Band
Of the World's greatest Tempest, which once pass.
He shall arrive t' eternal Rest at last.

Topografies Andreas of the Manuar

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F A B. 24. Of the Kid and the Wolf.



When the Goat was going to feed, she shut up her Kid at Home, charging him to open to no Body, until her self should return. The Wolf which had heard that afar off, after the Departure of his. Dam, knocks at the Door, counterfeits the Goat's Voice, commanding the Doors to be opened. The Kid perceiving the Deceit, saith, I will not open them: For although they Voice imitates the Goat's, yet indeed I see a Wolf through the Chinks.

The Moral.

For Children to obey their Parents, is beneficial to them felves; and it becomes a young Man to give ear to an old-

THE Goat went out into the Field to feed,
Leaving at Home her young and tender Kid,
Commanding her, that she should ope the Door
To none, till her return. The Wolf that bore
No good intent, in ambush lies hard by,
And hears their Talk; who therefore presently
Knocks at the Door, and feigns a Goat-like Voice,
But the young Kid replies, Friend. cease your Noise.
Here.

Here is no Entrance; for your Feigned Note Tells me you are a Wolf, and not a Goat.

The Moral.

Do as thy Parents did, and be not led Astray by Counsel of each foolish Head.

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F A B. 25.

Of the Hart and the Sheep.



Hart accuse the a Sheep before a Wolf, crying out, that she did owe him a Bushel of Wheat, but the Sheep indeed was ignorant of the Debt; yet nevertheless, by reason of the Wolf's Presence, promise the that she would pay it. A Day is appointed for Payment; it comes; the Hart warns the Sheep of it, she denieth it: for what she had promised, she excuses it done for Fear, and the Presence of the Wolf; and that a forc'd Promise ought not to be kept.

The Moral:

The Sense of the Law is, It is lowful to drive back Force by Force. From this small Fable a certain new one dotherise, That it is lawful to repel Craft by Cunning.

Tho:

Long due to him, and now demandeth it.

Before the Wolf. The Sheep durst not deny,
Tho' guiltless, when her greatest Foe was by,
But freely it confest; and so a Day.

Appointed was, when she the same should pay;
Which drawing nigh, the Hart demands his Due,
To whom the Sheep replies, My Friend, to you
I nothing owe; once I confest for fear,
But now deny; The Wolf's not present here.

The Moral:

Force and Fraud are good Weapons to defend, Where Fire and Fraud are used to offend.

F A B. 26.

Of the Country-man and the Snake.



A Certain Country-man had foster'd up a Snake, and on a time being angry, strikes the Beast with his Staff: He escaped not without a Wound. Afterwards the Country-man falling into Want, supposed that Mishap befell him for the Injury done to the Snake. Therefore he humbly requesteth the Snake, that he would come back. He saith, He did for-

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ke, orve give him, but that he would not return; and that he could not be fafe with the Country-man who had fuch a great Staff at home. That the Mark of the Wound was gone, yet the Remembrance thereof still remained.

The Moral.

It is scarse safe to give Credit to him the second time, who hath once violated his Faith. Indeed to forgive an Injury is truly a Point of Mercy. But to look to a Man's self, is both benefitting, and a Point of Wisdom.

A Country-man once kept a Snake, which he Had foster'd long, till one Day suriously He struck the same; for which the injur'd Snake Flies to the Wood, and did his House forsake. She being gone, the Man at length grew poor, Yet could no Reason call to mind therefore, Unless the Absence of the Snake; since he Without Desert abus'd her wrongfully; He therefore nimbly to the Thicket slies. To seek her out, whom he at last espies; And seeming greatly for his Wrong to mourn, Asks Pardon sirst, then begs she would return, And live with him again. The Snake replies, Although the Wound were cur'd, his Injuries Were not forgot; nor would she venture more

The Moral.

To live where the had found fuch Wrong before.

Once trust thy Friend, a Second Time beware. It's Noble to forgive; but have a Care.

FAB.

ÆSOP's Fables.

FAB.

of the Fox and the Stork.



Fox invited a Stork to Supper; the poureth out the Food upon the Table, which being liquid, (the Stork in vain attempting with her Bill) the Fox licketh up. The poor Bird goeth her way deluded, is both ashamed and grieved at the Injury. A few Days after she returneth, and inviteth the Fox, There was fer a Glass-Vessel full of Meat; which Vessel, since it was of a narrow Neck, the Fox might behold the Meat, and also be hungry: taste he could not; but the Stork easily fucked up all with her Bill.

The Moral.

Laughter deserves Laughter, Jest deserves Jest, Deceit deserves Deceit, and Fraud deserves Fraud.

HE Fox to Supper did the Stork invite, The Stork accepts his Kindness, and at Night Meets with her Promise to partake her Share (As the supposerh) of most dainty Fare. But the fly Fox deceitfully provides Nothing but liquid Stuff, which spreading glides A11

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All thin about the Table; fo that she Could nothing eat, while the Fox hastily Licks it all up. The Stork but little shews Of outward Anger, but away the goes Hungry as when she came. But many Days Were not outworn, when she again repays The Fox with like Deceit; invites him home, To dine with her: The Fox doth kindly come, Where she provides a Vessel made of Glass, Fill'd full of Liquor too, whence nought could pass To feed the hungry Fox; besides the Neck Too narrow for his Head, when her long Beak Sucks it all out. Yet kindly fhe intreats Her Neighbour Fox to tafte of fuch course Meats As she prepar'd. But he, poor hungry Cur, Seing himself requited well by her For his old Craft, with Shame departs away To his own home, his Hunger to allay.

The Moral

An ancient Proverb Says, 'Tis not Deceit,
Decivers to delude; as here wee See
The Stork, instructed by the Fom's Wit,
Retorts upon him his own Knavery.

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F A B. 28.

Of the Wolf and Painted Head.



A Wolf oft turneth about a Man's Head found in a Carver's Shop, wonders at it, thinking, that which indeed was, that it had no Sense. O fair Head, faith he, there is in thee much Art, but no Sense.

The Moral.

Outward Beauty is acceptable, if the Inward be present. But if we must want one of them, it is better to want the Outward than the Inward; for that without this doth sometimes bring Hatred, and a Fool is so much more odious, by how much he is more beautiful.

Which viewing well, on all sides cast his Eyes;
But when he saw and rightly understood

the was not what it seem'd in outward Show,

O Head most fairly fram'd! cries with Disdain, That Man should so much Skill on thee bestow, Yet neither Sense nor Art in thee remain.

The Moral.

External Shape and Beauty of the Face Decks not a Man; but the internal Grace.

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FAB. 29. Of the Chough.



A Chough adorned himself with the Feathers of a Peacock. Then seeming to himself very brave, scorning his own kind, he betook himself to the Company of the Peacocks. They at length understanding the Deceit, stript the silly Bird of his Colours, and whipt him. Horace in his First Book of his Epistles, relates this little Fable of a Jackdaw. He saith, That on a Time, a Jackdaw being deckt with Feathers, which she had gathered together, that had fallen from other Birds, afterwards when each Bird had taken away her own Feather, she became ridiculous. Lest if perhaps the Flock of Birds shall come to fetch again their own Feathers, the Jackdaw caused Laughter, being stript of her stollen Colours.

The Moral.

This Fable reproveth them, who carry themselves more leftily than is fitting, who live with them that are both Wealthy and more Noble; whereby they oft-times become Poor, and are scorn'd. Well doth Juvenal advise, This Sentence descending from Heaven, PVDD: Seculor, that is, KNOW THY SELF.

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THE Jay her self with Peacock's Plumes adorns,
And fair in her own fancy, proudly scorns
Her sellow Jays; and doth associate
Her self among the Peacocks; but their State
Brooking no such Deceit, when they perceiv'd
Her soolish Pride, they quickly her bereav'd
Of these gay Feathers, with Disgrace expel
Her from their Presence quite, again to dwell
Amongst her Equals, who with Scoss deride
Her borrowed Shape, and too ambitious Pride.

The Moral.

Ambitious unthrifts so, that vainly spend Their Wealth, and bove themselves aspire, i' th' end, When they no longer can their Pride maintain, Prove Beggars, reaping nothing, but disdain.

F A B. 30.

Of the Fly and the Ant.



A Fly contended with an Ant, bragging that she was Noble, the other Ignoble, that she did slie, the Ant creep; that she was conversant in Kings Houfes, that the other did lie hid in holes, gnaw Corn, and drink Water; she boasted that she fared sumptuously, and yet not with standing obtain'd these things by Idleness.

ness. On the contrary, the Ant gloried, that she was not Ignoble, but content with her own Birth: That the Fly was a Vagrant, she her self constant in a Place, and that Grain and running Water did savour as well to the Ant, as Pasty and Wine to the Fly; and that she obtained these things not by sloathfull Idleness, but by diligent Labour. Furthermore, That the Ant was marry and safe, beloved of all, and to conclude, a Patern of Labour; that the Fly was full of Anxiety, always in Peril, troublesome to all, hated of all, and sinally a Pattern of Sloathfulness. That the Ant, being mindful of Winter, did lay up Provisions aforehand. That the Fly did live for a Day, either to be continually hungry, or certainly to die in Winter.

The Moral.

He that goes on to Speak what he will, shall hear what he will not. The Fly, if she had spoken well, had heard Well. But I assent unto the Ant, for a mean Life with Safety, seemeth to be more desirable than a glorious Life

with Danger.

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HE boasting Fly upbraids the painful Ant. That she Ignoble was, and much did want The Dainty fair, whereon Flies daily fed, While in the Courts of Kings their Lives they led. Sucking the felf-same Liquor, feeding too On the same-Meat as Princes use to do. But she, poor Emmer, on the Ground did creep. And her base Dwelling but in Mole-hills keep, Feeding on Roots, and thinnest Water made Her choicest Drink. But the Emmet answering, said, Fond Braggard, cease thy boasting; tho' our Fare Be not fo rich as yours, yet know we share Nothing but what we rightly call our own, And truly labour for; whereas you none Possess at all, but what you get by stealth, And secretly purloin from others Wealth-For which y'are scorn'd of all, and scarce can move One Minute safe; we purchase all Mens Love, And

And by our painful Industry to give
Instructions to her Creatures, how to live,
Storing for Winter; you perchance a Day
May richly feed, and all the Summer play
And hunt abour; but if one nipping Frost
Present it self, your Pleasures all are lost,
Not able to withstand the smallest Cold,
Nor yet for Want of Food your Lives to hold
One little Winter; while in midst of Heat,
We gather Sustenance with Pain and Sweat,
That by our Gath'rings we may live at Ease,
When you, for want of due Relief, decease.

The Moral.

The Gallant's Riot, and his wain Expense is here exprest; The Plough-man's Providence: Where, while one wastes, the other gathers Wealth, And, though obscurely, lives in perfect Health.

of the Toad and the Ox.



A Toad being ambitious to match an Ox, stretch'd out herself. Her young one exhorted his Dam to desist from her Enterprize, for that a Toad was nothing

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ro an Ox. She swelled the second time. Her young one cryeth out, Mother, altho' you burst, you will never overcome the Ox. And when she had swelled the third time, she burst.

The Moral.

Every one hath his own Gift. This Man surpasseth in Beauty, another in Strength; one in Wealth, another in Friends, It becometh every Man to be content with his own. Another Man is able of Body, thou in Wit. Wherefore let every one consider himself; and let him neither envy his superiors, which is miserable; nor desire to contend with him, which is a Point of Fally.

And envying to see so large a Creature,
How he in Greatness did her far excell,
Collecteth all her Venom, 'gins to swell,
And questions of her Daughter standing by,
Whether the Ox or she seems in her Eye
The fairer now. The Daughter answer'd straight,
Good Mother, cease your Swelling, lest too late
Your Folly you repent, and burst; for strive
'Till Death, you can to no such Height arrive.
Yet ne'ertheless the Toad attempts again;
The third Time too, until with extreme Pain
The Poison bursteth through her tender Skin,
Not able longer now to keep it in.

The Moral.

Nature all Gifts bestoweth upon none; Some wise we see, some fair, some crooked grown; Wherewith all should content them, and not be Envious at another's Quality.

F A B. 32.



A Lion came to devour a Horse: But wanting Strength, by reason of his Age, he began to think on some Cunning; he protesseth himself a Physician, delays the Horse with a long Circumstance of Words. The Horse sets Deceit against Deceit, and Fraud against Fraud: He seigned that he had lately pricked his Foot in a thorny Place, besetcheth the Physician to look into it, and pull out the Thorn. The Lion consenteth. But the Horse, with all the Force he could, smites the Lion with his Heel, and forthwith betakes himself to his Feet. The Lion with much ado at length recovering himself, for he was almost killed with the Blow, saith, I have a just Reward for my Folly, and he is rightly escaped away, for he hath revenged Deceit with Deceit.

The Moral.

Dissembling is worthy of Hatred, and to be catcht with Dissembling. An Enemy is not to be feared, which openly shows himself an Enemy. But he that pretends good Will, when he is an Enemy, he only indeed is to be feared, and most worth of Hatred.

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Hungry, yet weak with Age, a Lion's Mind Is to devour a lufty Horfe inclin'd: Yet durst not seize on him by open Strength; And therefore with himself thus plots, at length T'infinuate with, and by fome fly way The Horse into his Power to betray. The Lion therefore feigns himself to be Skilful i'th' Art of learn'd Chyrurgery, Boasting what wonderous Cures he had done. But th' Horse perceives his Craft; and making moan, Replies, Grave Sir, none hath more need of you, Nor more defires your Help, than now I do. For leaping Yesterday the Hedge, a prick Stuck in my Hoof, and there fo fast doth stick, That I by no Means can pluck out the same, But fear, if it should Fester, 'twould me Lame. Your kind Affistance therefore, Sir, I beg. The Lion wills him to shew him his Leg. Which lifting up, the Lion comes to view The Place; close looking, the Horfe backward threw His hardned Hoof, and on the Forehead ftrook The Lion, that he fell'd him, then betook Himself to nimblest speed, and Posts away, Leaving the Lion, who fore wounded lay Strugling for Life; which he recovering, faid, Thus for my Folly I am well appaid.

The Moral.

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He is the fearfull'st Foe, who by Presence Of Love feeks t' undermine poor Innocence; And Merits most Revenge; when open Foes May easly be withfood with open Blows.

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of the Horse and the Ass.



Horse trimmed up with Trappings and a Sadle, ran along the High-way with a very great neighing. But by chance a loaden As hindred him as he was running. The Horse fuming with Anger, and fiercely chewing his foaming Bridle, Why, quoth he, thou dull floathful Als, doft thou hinder the Horse? Give way, I say, or I will trample thee un der my Feet. The Afs, contrarily not daring to bray, gives place quietly. But as the Horse was swiftly flying forward, and straining on his pace, his Groin burst. Then being unfit for Rate and Shew, he is fript of his rich Harness and is fold to a Car-Man. Afterwards the Ass feeth him come with a Cart, and faith unto him, Ho, good Sir, what brave Furniture is there? where is your gilded Saddle, your studded Girth? where is your glittering Bridle? O Friend, it must needs so happen to you, being so proud.

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The Moral.

Most Men are puffed up in Prosperity, being neither mindful of themselves nor of Modesty. But because they grow Froud in Prosperity, they fall into Adversity. I would advise advise them to be warry, who seem to themselves to be hap py: For if the Wheel of Fortune shall be turned about, they will find it a most miserable kind of Adversity, to have been in Prosperity. That evil also is added unto the Heap of their Missortunes, that they shall be despised of those whom they themselves have despised; and those will laugh them to scorn, whomethey themselves laughed at.

Stately Herfe with Trappings richly decked 1 Champing the foaming Bir, meets in his way A loaden Ass, whom he thus proudly checkt, Villain, how durft thou thus our Journey flav? Quickly give place, and ftop not my career. Lest with my Feet I force thee, if thou stand In this Presumption long. The Ass for Fear. Though leaden fore, obeyeth his Command. And lets him pass. The Horse runs swiftly on. Needing no Spur, the Courage of his Mind Hurry'd him forward. Far he had not gone. But burst a Gut, and became broken Wind. Which when his Mafter faw, and that his Horse Wanted that Swiftness as before he had, Deems him not able to maintain the Course, And fit for nothing but a Carriers Pad; He therefore fells him unto one, that straight Loads his proud Back with Hampers: Whom the Ass -Meeting again out of his stately Gate, Thus scoffingly derideth as they pass; Alack, my Friend, wher's now thy golden Bit? Thy stately Saddle? What's become of all Thy rich Attire? O how bereft of it Didst thou into Contempt thus basely fall?

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The Moral.

Many in prosp'rous State are puffed so, They scarce Themselves, or their own Beings know, Till adverse Fortune turning her cross Wheels.
They headlong to their own Destruction reels.
And only this to their sad Fate can say,
I once was rich, now fall n am to decay.

F A B. 34.

Of the Birds and four-footed Beasts.



HE Birds had a Fight with the four-footed Beafts. There was Hope on both sides, Fear on both sides, and Danger on both sides. But the Bat deferting his Fellows, falls off to the Enemy. The Birds overcome, the Fagle being General and Leader; and they condem the Renegado Bat, that he should never return unto Birds, and that he should never fly in the Day-time. This is the Reason that the Bat never slyeth but by Night.

The Moral.

He that denieth to be Partaker of Adversity and Danger with his Fellows, shall be without Prosperity and Safety with them.

Betwixt the wing'd Inhabitants of the Air, And four-foot Beasts, fierce Wars incensed were, The Fight was fierce and doubtful; but the strong And active Beasts seem'd the best Warriours long. For For which the Bat for skes her winged Crew, And treacherously into their Army slew. But when the Birds the Eagle choien had To lead their Host, and him the Sov reign made, The Birds o'erthrew the Beasts: So now the Bat Would fain again into the Birds retreat. But not admitted, they her guilty find Of highest Treason, and her straight consin'd From their Dominions, charging her no more On pain of Death by Day in Air to soar; But lurking from the Sight of them, by Night, When others go to rest, begins her Flight.

The Moral.

No faithful Subject ought for Refuge fly From his own Country to an Enemy. For who his native Soil leaves in Diffress, Ought ever to be barr'd her Happiness:

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FAB. 35: Of the Wolf and the Fox:



A Wolf when he had sufficient Booty, liv'd in Idleness. The Fox cometh unto him, inquireth of
him the Cause of his Retiredness. The Wolf perceiving that there was a Plot laid for him, dissembleth
Sickness to be the Cause; desires the Fox to go to
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pray unto the Gods for him. She grieving that her Deceir succeeded no better, goes to a Shepherd, acquaints him that the Den of the Wolf was open, and that the Enemy being secure, might easily be overthrown unawares. The Shepherd falls on the Wolf, slays him. The Fox enjoys both the Den and the Prey, But she had but a short Comfort of her Wickedness, not long after the same Shepherd taketh her.

The Moral.

Envy is a filthy Thing, and sometimes destructive, even unto the Author himself. Horace in his first Book of his Epistles,

The Envious Man repines, and frets to fee His Neighbour flourith in Prosperity. A greater Torment than an Envious Mind.

Sicilian Tyrants never yet could find.

Lutted with over feeding in his Den, The Wolf takes his Repose, whose Presence when The Fox long mist, he straight suspects that he Had some Provision gather'd secretly, Which kept him in, desirous of a Share; For which he strait doth to the Wolf repair, And with fair Language greets him, asking, Why So long they wanted his good Company? The Wolflikes not his coming, and complains A fore Disease his Absence now constrains, Wishing the Fox his friendly Pray'rs to send To Jove for him, that his Disease may end. So the deluded Fox departs, much griey'd That he in's Expectation was deceiv'd: And changing Grief to open Malice, flies To call the Shepherd, shewing him where lies The lurking Wolf. The Shepherd plac'd his Net And kill'd the Wolf. Which done, the Fox did get Poffession of his House and Prey; But there He long time staid not fafe; for in that Snare-Which

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Which caught the Wolf, the Fox entangled lay, And, for his Treachery, his Life did pay.

The Moral.

Sicilian Tyrants never yet could find A greater Torment than an envious Mind; Which gnaws the Heart until it does deprive It self of Joy, to see another thrive.

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FAB. 36. Of the Stag.



A Stagbeholding himself in a clear Fountain, commends the high and branching Horns of his Fore-head, but condemns the Smallness of his Shanks. By chance while he thus museth and judgeth himself, in comes the Hunter. The Stag fleeth more swiftly than Darts, and the East-Wind driving the Storms. The Dogs pursue him fleeing. But as he entred into a very thick Wood, his Horns were hamper'd in the Boughs; and then at length he commended his Legs, and condemned his Horns, which causeth him to be a Prey unto the Dogs.

The Moral. We seek Things to be shunned, and we shun Things to be desired. Those Things please, which hurt us; and those Things displease, which do us good. We desire Happiness before we know where it is: We seek the Excellency of Wealth, and the Highness of Honours: We think:

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Happiness to be plac'd in these Things, in which notwithflanding there is much Labour and Pain. That our Lyrick Poet signifieth notably.

Fierce Boreas rends the lofty Pine:

Ambitious Towers fall low: Shafts that fly from Jove's Hand Divine.

Easily the Mountains bow.

HE glorious Sun displays his Beams Upon the fair and glittering Streams, Whither the Hart repairs to drink; And flanding on the River's brink, Grows proud to fee the spreading Horns Which his most stately Brows adorns, But looking further, when he spies His little Feet and slender Thighs. Dilmay'd he flands that they should be Supporters of fuch Majesty. While musing thus, at length he hears The Noise of Hounds; when struck with Fears Away he posts, and takes the Wood. Where he suppos'd most Safety stood: But in his Flight his ragged Horns. Still fast'ning mongst the thickest Thorns, With held his Swiftness, so that he Became a Prey unto his Enemy. Who thus complains before his Death. Why, Boaster with unhallowed Breath; Didft thou commend thy Branches fo, Which now do prove thy Overthrow; And thy fwift Feet more proudly fcorn, Which had'st thou kept the Plains, had born Thee swifter than the whistling Wind, And thy Pursuers left behind?

The Moral.

So useful Things too often we reject,
Because not fair in show, but still respect
The World's gay Vanities, which rather throw
Destruction on us, than a good bestow.

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Of the Viper and the File.



A Viper finding a File in a Shop, began to gnaw it. The File smiled, saying, What Fool? What dost thou? Thou mayest wear out thy Teeth, before thou canst waste me, which am wont to bite upon the Hardness of Brass.

The Moral.

Again and again see with whom thou hast to do. If you whet your Teeth against the more hardy, you shall not hurt him, but your self.

A Viper finds a hardned File, and gnaws
The fame for Anger, 'twist her pois nous Jaws,
To whom the smiling File replies, Fond Ass,
What dost thou attempt? Thou mayest devour Brass
With far more ease than me; for strongest Steel
Yields to my Strength; if it my Harshness feel.

The Moral.

Contend not rashly, lest o'ercome with Strength, Wholly the Harm redound to thee at length.

FAB

of the Wolf and the Lambs.



ON a Time there was a League between the Wolves and Lambs, with whom by Nature there is Discord. Hostages were given on both Sides The Wolves gave their young ones, the Sheep a Band of Dogs. The Sheep being quiet and feeding, the young Wolves how for defire of their Dams. Theavethe Wolves rushing in, cried out, complaining that they had broken Fidelity, and the League, and tore in Pieces the Sheep, being left destitute of the Guard of the Dogs.

The Moral.

It is a Folly, if in a Truce you deliver your Guard to the Enemy. For he that was an Enemy, hath not yet perhaps left off to be an Enemy: Yea; perchance he will take accasion to set upon you, being destitute of help.

What have by long Experience seen,
What have between the Wolves and Sheep hath
Eut now a League is made, and Pledges are
On both sides given; lest a surure War
Unjustly might arise. The silly Sheep
Teliver'd up their Dogs, were wont to keep
Their Confines safe: The Wolves with willing Heart
I not the Sheep do with their young ones part:

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Who absent the young Wolves strait hows and ery, Wanting their Dames to suckle them. Which Noise When the Wolves heard, knowing their young one's They the unguarded Sheep at Pasture take, (Voice,

And them a Prey to their Injustice make.
The Moral.

When thou a League concludeft with thy Foe; Consult what Pledges from thy part may go,

Lest weakned by their Absence, thy base Foe,

Make that Pretence to work thy Overthrow.

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of the Wood and the Clown.



A T what Time the Trees spake, a Country man came unto a Wood, desiring that he might take a Helve for his Harchet. The Wood consenteth. The Countryman having fitted his Harchet, began to cut down the Trees. Then, and indeed too late, it repented the Wood of her easiness to yield. It grieved her that her self was the cause of her own Ruin.

The Moral.

Beware of whom you deserve well. There have been many who have abused a Benefit received, to the Destru-Elion of the Author.

When Hen Trees had Speech, tis said in time of Yore,
A Countryman demanded from their Store,
That they to him would one small Shrub afford,
To make his Ax a Helve; the Trees accord.
But he no sooner fitted had the same,
When back again unto the Wood he came,
And lopt down all the Trees: Who mournful cry,
And weep for their too great Facility;
That they by greating his Desire, had won

That they by granting his Defire, had won.

Their own fad Ruin and Destruction.

The Moral.

Beware to whom thou givift; for some there be

of the Members and the Belly.

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ON a Time the Foot and Hand accuse the the Belly, that their Gains were devoured by its living idle. They command that either it labour, or that it desire not to be maintained. It intreateth once and again, yet not with standing the Hands deny Sustenance. The Belly

Belly being emptied by Hunger, when all the Joints began to fail, then at length the Hands would be of ficious, but now too late: For the Belly being weaks, through lack of use, refuseth Meat. So whiles all the Members envy the Belly, they perish with the perishing Belly.

Even as it is in the Society of the Members, so it is into the human Society. One Member needs another; a Friend i needeth a Friend Wherefore we must use mutual Offices, and mutual Works. Neither Riches, nor the Top of Preferment, can sufficiently defend a Man- The only and chief? Strength is the Friendship of many.

HE Hands and Feet the Belly did accuse Of Sloth, and now to feed it do refuse. Bidding her labour too, elfe she no more Should that devour which they did labour for-The Belly intreats earnestly, but they The more deny, and her Complaints Gainfay. Until through want of Food the 'gins to faint. While all the Members Sufténance do want : Which Hands and Feet perceiving, and how Breath Began to fail, for fear of hafty Death, Their Folly they repent, and now would fain Recover Strength, and fall to Work again. But 'tis too late, for being at first deny'd, The whole Decay can never be fupply'd, Since the chief Member aying, Hands and all Supportless, must in the same Ruin fall:

The Moral.

Look what Estate we in our Bodies see,
The same Concordance must in Kingdoms be:
Friends must their Friends support, and all unite,
T' uphold the Chief; lest while his Good they slight,
If in the State a Dissolution grow,
They pluck on them a gen'ral Overthrow.

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FAB.

of the Ape and the Fox.



THE Ape prayeth the Fox that she would give her part of her Tail to cover her Buttocks; because that was a Burden to her, which would be of Use and Honour to her. She answered that she had nothing too much, and that she had rather have the Ground swept with her Tail, than the Buttocks of the Ape should be covered.

The Moral

There are who need, there are others who have too much: Yet not withflanding it is not the manner of the Rich to accommodate the Needy with their Superfluity.

A Tail-less Ape intreats the Fox, whose Tail,
Bushy and great, upon the Ground did trail,
To lend her part, since he some well might spare,
Having too much, and not his Store impair.
Friend, quoth the Fox, content thy self; for were
My Tail twice bigger, thou gett'st not a Hair.

Amonst the Dirt my Tail should rather slide; Than the least Scruple cover thy backfide.

The Motal.

Too many Misers so, e'er to the poor

They'll give a doit; will tet them starve at Door.

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F A B. 42.

Of the Stag and the Oxen.



HE Stag flying from the Hunter, betook himfelf. into an Ox-house. He prayeth the Oxen that he might hide himself in the Crib. The Oxen tell him, that he cannot be fafe, for that the Master and Servant would be there anon. He faith, that he should be fafe, so that they would not betray him. The Servant entreth in, feeth him not, being hid in the Hay, goeth out. The Stag began to be proud, and to fear nothing now. Then one of the Oxen, being grave both in Age and Counfel, faith, It was an easie thing to deceive him, which is a Mole, but that thou shouldest escape the Master, who is as quick-sighted as Argus, this is the Labour, this the Work. By-and-by after the Master entreth in; who that he may correct the Overfight of his Servant, viewing all things with his Eyes, and groaping the Ctib with his Hand, layeth hold of the Horns of the Stag under the Hay. He cries out unto his Servants. They run unto him, inclose the Stage, and take him,

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The Moral.

In adverse and perillous Cases, safe Shelters are hard to be found; either because Fortune doth still pursue Men in-Misery, as it hath begun; or else because they being hindred by Fear, and void of Counsel, do betray themselves through want of Wit:

Hunted Stag an open Barn eland. And in he ran, in hopes themself to hide ;: Praying the Oxen that their Crib might be A Cover for him in's Extremity. Free Leave they grant, but Safety they deny: For that their Owner or his Hind would spy His branched Head: The Stag with Thanks repays Their Kindness, and in full Confidence lays His Safety on their Secrecy. With this Enters the Hind; who finding nought amifs, Departs, the Stag unseen. Who now right glad, As if the worst was past, did nothing dread. To whom a grave wife Ox replies, Forbear To be secure, when there's most Cause of Fear. This Hind's a Mole, our Master's full of Eyes. Soon after this, their Master comes, and pries. In every Place and Corner, to correct His Servant's Carelefness, his Hind's Neglect. Eccling the Crib, to learn what store of Hay Was fruft therein, his Hands he chanc'd to lay On the Stag's Head: Then bid his Man appear. To shut the Doors, and so they take the Deer.

The Moral.

The Stag implies, what poor Shifts fearful Men.

Distracted trust to, still the first in Ten.

The Oxen, bonest Nature do express,

Willing to succour any in Distress.

The Hind the usual Neglect implies

Of Servants, and the Husbandman that pries

And oversees each Corner, points unto

What each good thriving Husbandman should do:

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F A B. 43.

Of the Lion and the Fox.



Lion was fick ; the Beafts visited him ; the Fox alone deferring her Duty, the Lion fends an Embaflage unto her with a Letter, admonishing herto come: That the Presence of her would be most acceptable to him, being fick; neither should there be any Danger wherefore the Fox should fear. For first of all, the Lion was indeed most friendly to the Fox, and therefore defired to speak withher: and further more, that he was fick, and kept his Bed; that altho' he would do him harm (athing that was not intended) yet he could not hurt. The Fox writeth back, That she wishesh that the Lion may recover his Health, and that she would pray for that to the Gods; but yet that she would not come to see him: That the was terrified with the Footsteps; which indeed fince they were all towards the Lion's Den, none returning back, it was a Sign that many Beafts had entered in, but that none had come forth.

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Horace. I will tell that which once the wary Foxanswered the fick Lion, Because the Footsteps terrifie, all of them looking towards thee none back again.

The Moral

Take beed how you trust Words. Unless take good beed, you shall of be deceaved. We are to take a Conjesture both of Words and Deeds; and by one to judge of the other.

Royal Brute, through Age unapt to take A Prey abroad, his Den's Trap doth make : Feigns himfelf fick, and when the small Beasts came On lingle Visits, he devour'd the same. The wily Fox excepted, most Beasts went, As bound in Duty. Then the Lion fent An Embaffy to Reynard, to request A Visit of him, since he lov'd him best; And therefore long'd to fee him. There's no dread Of Violence; for he was now ev'n dead With Pain, and could not, if he would, offend; Nor would he, though he could, so dear a Friend, Whom he defires to fee without Delay: Reynard fends word, That he to youe-will pray For his Lord's Health; though he too fee him dare Not come: the Footsteps of those Beasts appear, Teaching him Wariness, fince all do go

Towards the Den, but few or none come fro.

The Moral.

Whereon you ground your Confidence beware, Seging fair. Words are often but a Snare.

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F A B. 44.

of the Fox and the Weafel.

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chance crept into a Corn-Chamber through a narrow Chink. In which when the had been well fed, and afterward trying to go forth again, her Belly being over-full, hindred her. The Weafel far off feeing her, struggling, at length admonished her, that it she desire to get out, she return to the Hole slender at which she entred in when she was empty.

The Moral.

You may see many to be merry and chearful in a mean Estate; word of Cares, without any Troubles of Minds But if these shall become Rich, you shall see them to go heavily, and never to look merrily, full of Garking, and overwhelmed with Troubles of Mind. Horace in the first Book, Epist. 7. Sets out this Fable thus:

By chance a gaunt Fox had crept thro' a narrow Chink into a Corn-Chamber; and being fed, assayed in vain to go

forth again when her Relly was full.

Recorns with the Man, goeth i

To when a Weasel far off, Said, If thou wilt go hence, make thy Self empty, so mayest thou pass thro' the narrow Cranny, which thou wentest in at, when thou wast empty.

A Fox

A Fox with fasting long; thin, lean and poor, Seeks Entrance at a Farmer's Grain'ry Door. But being lockt, at length he views a Place Broke in the Wall, which he might easily pass, And in he goes; where meeting his Desire, He stuft his Gut so full, that to retire, When he attempted, he could find no way, His big swoln Belly did his Passage stay. Whom thus the Weasel counsels, if from thence He would depart, he must have Patience

Until his Pauch as empty grew and thin, As 'twas at first when he there entred in.

The Moral.

The Fable shews how glad and void of Care
Many with mean Estates contented are:
But stuft with Wealth, what Troubles of the Mins
And anxious Fear, rich Misers daily find.

FAB. 45.

Of the Horse and the Stag.



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THE Horse waged War with the Stag But being at length driven forth of the Pastures, he craves the help of a Man. Returns with the Man, goeth into

the Field He that overcome before, now is made the Conqueror. But yet nevertheless the Enemy being overcome and brought under, the Conqueror himself must needs serve the Man: He bears the Rider on his Back, and the Bridle in his Mouth.

The Moral.

Many strive against Poverty, which being overcome by good Fortune and Industry, they oft-times lose their Liberty. For being indeed Lords and Conquerors of Poverty, they begin to serve Riches, are tormented with the Whips Covetousness, and are checked with the Bridles of Niggard-liness; neither yet do they keep any Mean in getting, neither yet indeed dare they (a just Punishment of Covetousness) make use of the Means they have got. Horace saith concerning this Matter in his first Book. Epist. 10.

The Stag being too hard for the Horse in fight, drove him from the common Pasture, until the Horse being too

weak in that long Fight,

Implored the Help of Man, and taketh the Bridle.

So after the violent Conqueror departed from the

He throweth not the Horse-man from his back, nor the

Bridle from his Mouth.

So the foolish Manthat feared Poverty, loseth his Liberty, which is better than Gold, and shall like a Wretch carry his Master.

And he shall be a Slave for ever, who will not be content

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The Horse repuls'd, is driven t' open fight.

The Horse repuls'd, is driven t' open fight.

Wherefore to get his Honour lost again,
He humbly supplicates the Help of Man,
Who mounted on his back, with Spear and Shield,
His Presence makes the Hart forsake the Field,
And sly amain. So he that was before

Vanquish'd, is now become a Conqueror.

Yet not quite free, but as a Subject still To Man, Man rides and rules him at his Will.

The Moral.

As here the Horse suppress his mightiest Foe, Yet still a Subject stands; so those that grow To great Estates, from anxious Cares not free, Live in an everlasting Slavery.

FAB. 46.

Of the two Young Man and the Cook.

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Two Young Men pretend to buy Meat at the Cooks. Whilft the Cook was otherwise busit, the one filching Meat out of the Basket, giveth it to his Fellow to hide under his Garment; the Cook when as he saw that a piece of Meat was stollen from him, began to accuse both of them of Thest. He that had taken it away, swears by Jeve, that he had none of it; and he that had it, for wears it likewise, that he took none of it. To whom the Cook saith. To me indeed the Thief is now unknown; but yet by whom you swear, he looked on him, he knows him.

The Moral.

If we have committed any Sin, Men do not presently know it; but God feeth all Things, who fitteth upon the Heavens, and feeth into the bottomless Deeps : which, if Men would consider, they would fin more sparingly, and more warily.

Wo crafty Knaves, well vers'd in flight of Hand. Into a Gook's Shop went, where they demand What Price Meat bears. But while the bufie Cook Went to the Fire upon his Roast to look, One shatch'd a Piece of Meat, the which (to save His future Oath) unto his Mate he gave, Who had a Cloak his Knavery to hide. The Cook, returning to his Chapmen, 'fpy'd SomeMeat was gone: then ask'd them, Who 'twas took His Meat away that hung on fuch a Hook? The Thief raps out an Oath, That he had none Of the Cook's Meat, if any Piece was gone. And the Receiver dares as boldly fwear, He then took none, if any such there were. Then quoth the Cook, The Thief I cannot learn; But that God knows, by whom you both have fworn.

The Moral.

All fecret Thoughts are open to God's Sight: And he that fees in Secret, will require

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F A B. 47: Of the Dog and the Butcher.



Hen a Dog had stollen a Piece of Flesh from a Butcher in the Shambles, he presently ran way as fast as he could. The Butcher being troubled for the Lofs of the Thing, at first held his Peace. By and-by, recollecting his Mind, he thus cried to him afar off, O thou thievish Cur, run secure, thou may'st go fcot-free; for thou art fafe by reason of thy Swiftness; but hereafter thou shalt be looked unto more narrowly.

The Moral.

This Fable fewerh, That for the most part all Men de become then at length more wary, after they have received a Lois.

Sly Cur in the Shambles had descry'd A busie Butcher turn his Head aside From his Stall's End, whereon a Calves-pluck lay; Off plucks he it, and therewith ran away. By this the Butcher turn'd his Head again, And fees him run. But fince he cannot gain His Pluck, he plucks up a good Heart, and fays, Well, thou fly Cur, for this time go thy ways:

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But henceforth I will watch you, that you shall Snatch no more Calves-plucks from my once-robb'd. (Stall.

The Moral.

Some Men are careless, 'till by Damage taught, That by Experience Wit is dearly bought.

FAB. 48. of the Dog and the Sheep.



A Dog sueth the Sheep, crying out, that she did owe him a Loaf which she had borrowed. She denied it. The Kite, the Wolf, and the Vulture are called in for Witnesses. They affirm the Matter. The Sheep is condemned. Being condemned, the Dog violently carries away, and teareth her in pieces.

The Moral.

That very many Men are oppressed by faile Witnesses, as every one knoweth, so also this little Fable most excellently sheweth.

A Dog the harmless Sheep arraigns, Pretending she from him detains A Loaf of Bread by Bond long due; So Censure ach way doubtful flew;

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'Till Witnesses produced are On the Dog's Part, too potent far For th' injur'd Sheep, whose Innocence (Arm'd with an unitain'd Confcience) Proof sufficient as she thought. No other Testate with her brought. When the Vulture, Wolf, and Kite. The Sons of Murder, Rapine, Spite, And Enemies to an honest Cause, (To many such abuse the Laws) With execrable Oaths averr The Debt firm from the Dog to her. Fair Justice then, whose clearest Eye Through ev'ry Corner cannot pry Of reriur'd Souls, inforced stands With equal and impartial Hands. The Rigour of the Law to lay Upon the Sheep, who must obey. Though wrong d, and fubject to her Foe. Ev'n as he pleaseth, suffer : so No fooner was the Sentence past, But he with more than cruel Hafte, His Malice grown to Ripeness) slew The filly Beaff, to feaft the Crew That like to him in Blood delight: No present Friend to aid her right. antor Wirociles They affirm the Mati

en is condemned moral and consect the Den local and consecution was a second consecution of the consecution

The worst of Hate and Envy here is shown,
When to the Height of Wealth the Rich are grown,
That they, by bribing of false Witness, can
O'erthrow the poor, tho' honest-dealing Man;
And him not only into Prison lay,
Rut often take both Life and Goods away.

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Of the Lamb and the Wolf.



THE Wolf meets the Lamb accompanying a He-Goat; asketh him, Why (having left his Dain) he would rather follow the stinking Goat; and per-swadeth him that he would return to the Dugs of his Dam, strutting out with Milk; hoping that so it would come to pass, that being led away, he might pull him in pieces. But, quoth the Lamb, O Wolf, my Dam committed me to this Goat; to whom the chief Charge of preserving me is given. I must obey my Dam rather than thee, who desirest to seduce me by those Words, and being led aside presently to tear me in Pieces.

The Moral.

Trust not all Men, for many, while they seem willingly to do others a Pleasure, in the mean time consult for themselves.

Hungry roving Wolf met somewhat late A Lamb that had a He-Goat for his Mate : 19905 The Wolf feigns loving Counsel, asking why 1990 The Lamb hath left his Dam, t'accompany and local The rank He-Goat? advices him return 1990 Unto his Dam's sweet Udder, which doth burn 1990 And Inches

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Surcharg'd with Milk, that when the Lamb should His Guardian, he of Life might him bereave. (leave The Lamb replies, My Dam bad me attend My Guardian, and not elsewhere to intend. 'Tis better to obey my Dam, than be Seduc'd to Death by your feign'd Love to me

The Moral.

Be not too light of Gredit. Many feign Gold Will to others, for their proper Gain.

P A B. 50.

of a young Man and Cat.



When as a certain young Man did take Delight in loving a Cat, He wearied Venus with his Supplications, that she should transform the Cat into a Woman. Venus pitied him, and heard his Suit. There is a Metamorphosis made, which wonderfully pleafeth the doating amorous young Man; for she was altogether plump, fair, and very pretty. At length they go to their Bed-Chamber, they laugh and sport. And not long after the Goddess, being very desirous to try whether the Cat had, with her Body, changed her Manners, sends in a Mouse thro' the Cranies. There-upon

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upon there falls out forthwith a Matter worthy of Laughter and Sport. The little Woman presently makes after the little Beast being espied. Venus being wroth with the Woman, changes her Face into a Cat: She changes her Hands into Feet, her Arms into Legs, and a Tail is added to her changed Body.

The Moral.

They that run beyond Sea change, the Air, but not their Mind.

It is too hard a thing to leave Custom. Although you drive away Nature with a Pisch-fork, it will return again.

Upid it feems had ffruck a young Man's Love, As toward a Cat he did Affection move So firong, that the Young Man to Venus flies, And on the Knees unto the Goddel's cries-To hear his Suit, and fuddenly estrange The Car's rough Form, and her to Virgin change. Panus confents, and to the Young-man's Eye The Cat was metamorphos'd presently. Some time appointed for their VVedding was, And all that Day in Joy and Mirth did pass. To Bed they go. But long they staid not there, When like kind Lovers, as they sporting were, The Bride espies a Mouse, leaps from her Bed, And, as when Cat the was accustomed. Pursues the Vermine, and forfaketh quite All right of Love, or conjugal Delight. For which the Goddess angry, in disdain Transforms her to her ancient Shape again.

The Moral.

This Fable shows how hardly wicked Men
Their Nature leave, and not return agen:
And that although their States may alter, they
Retain il Manners to their dying Day.

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FAB.

F A B. 51.

Of the Husband-man and his Sons.



agreed among themselves. I hoat the Father laboured to reconcile, putting a Bundle of Wands before them, commanded every one of them to break the Bundle, which was bound with a little short String. Their tender Age endeavours in vain. Their Father unties the Bundle, and gives to every one a Wand. Which, when every one according to his Strength easily broke; O, quoth the Father, my Sons, while you agree together, you are invincible; but if you will needs fall out one with another, and stir civil Discord, you will at length be a Prey to your Enemies.

The Moral.

This Fable shews small Mutters increase by Peace, but great Things decay through Discord.

A Certain Man had many Sons; which he Perceiving very often Disagree, Strove to compose them; to which End commands A Bunch of Rods bound up with Osier Bands Should unto him be brought, which being done, In order he presents it to each Son,

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Bidding them try their Strength to break the same.
The Lads essay by Turns, but all in vain.
The Father doth unbind the Bunch, and reach
Each Son a Rod, which soon are broke by each:
So Lads, quoth he, if thus in Love you close,
You'll thrive; if not, you'll perish by your Foes

The Moral.

Weak Things grow strong by Unity and Love: By Discord strong Things weak and weaker prove.

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F A B. 28.

of the Country-man and the Horfe. . O ,d



THE Country-man led forth an empty Horse and the Ass hard loaden into the Way. The Ass being weary, intreats the Horse, if he wish thin well, that he would ease him of his Butden. The Horse denies to do it. At length the Ass being over-loaden with his Burden, lies down, and dyes. The Master lays all the Burden, and also the Hide of the dead Assupon the Horse's Back; with which, when he was weighed down, Alas for me, quoth he, deservedly I am now thus tormented, who refused to help the poor loaden Ass.

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The Moral.

We are advised in this Fable to succour our distressed Friends. Our Country, saith Plato, challengeth a Part of our Birth to it self, and our Friends a Part.

A Nover-laden Ass upon the Way,
A lighter-buiden'd Horse doth humbly pray
To ease him of some Fardels which he bore;
Then adds this Motive, That he is so sore
And weary, he, without some present Aid,
Must yield his Life, his Strength is so decay'd.
The Horse resuleth help. The poor Ass straight
Falls dead, oppress with his fore loading Weight.
The Owner forthwith loads the Horse with all
That the Ass bore, his Burthen, Hide, and all.

Wherewith he griev'd, faid, he was justly us'd, That to relieve th' oppressed As refus'd.

The Moral.

Help and relieve poor Men oppress and vext; For ought you know your Turn may be the next.

of the Collier and the Fuller.



THE Collier invites the Fuller to dwell with him in the same House. It is not, my good Friend, saith the Fuller, either Pleasure or Profit to me: For I greatly sear less that the Things which I scour clean, thou wilt make as Black as a Coal. The

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The Moral.

We are advised in this Fable to converse with unblameable Men. We are admonished to decline the Company of wicked Men, at the Plauge it Jeff. Company (faith Campanus) draws a Man; Commerce dives into Mens Minners; and just so every one becomes, as they are, with whom he Consorts.

THE Collier, living in a House alone
Intreats the Fuller, that he'll please to dwell
In part thereof. Nay, that can ne'er be well,
Replies the Fuller, for 'tis ten to one
But what I found my Time and Pains to white.

But what I spend my Time and Pains to white, Your Coals will black it like the Dev'l ere Night. The Moral.

Awoid deboift Society, left the Shame Of noted Vice thy better Deeds defame.

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FAB. 54.

Of the Fowler and the Stock-Dove.



THE Fowler goes a birding; spies afar off the Stock-Dove building in a high Tree; he hastens to him, and devises Plots against him. By chance he treads upon a Snake. The Snake bit him. He be-

ing on the sudden affrighted with the Mischief, Wretch that I am, quoth he, while I lay in wait for another, I my self am undone.

The Moral.

This Fable shews, That sometimes they are circumvented with their own Devites, who plot new Designs.

A Fowler aiming at a Stock-Dove, which fate
Neftling upon a Tree, it was his Fate
To tread upon an Adder underneath.
The Leaves, whose Sting gives to the Fowler Death.
He now expiring, makes his grievous Moan,
Ah me! poor Wretch! thro' haste I loose my own,
Seeking another's Life. My Heart-strings feel
I aim'd not with my Eye, but with my Heel.
The Moral.

Oft-times we bear the Evil we contrive

For other Men. IN Thoughts thus justly thrive:



A Certain Trumpeter is taken by his Enemied is led away: he trembles; defires, that being innocent, they will spare him, profelling, That he bearing

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ing no Arms, but a fingle Trumpet, neither would nor could kill any Man: They on the other fide, thunder at him with fierce Language and Blows: Thou pleadest nothing, thou Villain! thou art most obnoxious, and here forthwith shalt be tortured, that seeing thou, according to they own Confession, art unskilful in military Matters, with that thy Trumpet dost stir up and provoke the Courage of others.

The Moral.

Some Mon offend grievously, who advise Princes, who are otherwise prone enough to do Mischief, to do unjustly. Why dost thou doubit say they, Hast thou forgotten that thou art a Prince? It is not lawful for thee to do what thou wilt? Thou art above the Laws. The Name of Lawbreaker cannot be imputed to thee, who hast a Sovereignty over the Laws themselves. Thy Subjects enjoy nothing but what is thine. Thou canst both save and destroy. It is in thy Hands to augment in Wealth and Dignity whomsoever thou pleasest. Where thou pleasest, thou hast Power to take away: Some Things condemn or commend other Men. Every. Thing will be commendable for you.

A Captive Trumpeter requests the Foe,
To spare an Innocent, and let him go;
Urging, That he the Life of no Man sought;
He still unarmed was, nor ever fought.
Slave! faid the Foe, thou didst far greater Ill,
That unprovok'd, sett'st others us to kill.

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Those Men most guilty are, whose dry Commands.

And evil Counsels kill with others Hands.

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Day, the Volt feeing the Dog's Neck to be wore; VVbat is the Meaning of it. O Dog, (late the the Neck without Hair? It was my work without Hair? It was my work

of the Wolf and the Dog.



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HE Wolf, by Accident, meets the Dog in the Wood before Day. He salutes and welcomes him; finally asks him, how it comes to pass he is so spruce? To whom he replied, It it my Master's Care that does it : When I fawn upon my Master, he makes much of me; I am fed from my Master's sumpruous Table; I never sleep in the open Air. It is unspeakable how acceptable I am to the whole Family. Verily (faith the Wolf) thou art most happy, O Dog, who hast got so bountiful and courteous a Master, O that I might dwell with him, I should esteem no Creawolf extremly desirous of a new Condition, promiles to bring it about, that he should be a Retainer of his Master, if so be he would abate somewhat of his former Fierceness, and would be content to become a Servant. It is determined; and it was the Pleasure of the Wolf to walk to the Village. They have a great deal of very pleasant Discourse upon the way. A little after, when it was break of Day, the VVolf feeing the Dog's Neck to be worn; VVhat is the Meaning of it, O Dog, (faith the Wolf) that I see thy Neck without Hair? It was my

wont, saith the Dog, being somewhat fell, to bark at, and sometimes to bite both Friends and Foes. My Master taking that ill, gave me many a Blow, forbidding me to set upon any besides the Thief and the VVols: and so by cudgeling I am subdued, and become more tame, and this is a Badge of my native Churlishness. Which the Wolf hearing, I will not, such he, purchase the Favour of your Master at so dear a Rate. Farewell therefore, O Dog, with that thy Servitude; I think my Liberty much better.

The Moral.

It is a more desirable Thing to be a Master of a mean Cottage, and to live upon brown Bread, than to live in Fear and Danger, tho' in a King's Palace, and to enjoy the most costly Fare: For Liberty is banished out of the Court, where Wrong must be taken, and passeth out with Silence.

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ER full broad Day, a Wolfand Dog do meet Within a Wood; each kindly other greet. The Wolf ask'd how the Dog fo smooth and fair Became? He fays, 'Twas his Lord's Love and Care Who from his Trencher feeds him, and ofe Brokes His fawning Sides, the like do all the Folks: The Wolf this hearing, for fuch Blifs doth long. Thinks happy he, could he to fuch belong: A Place is promis'd, if he will but ferve, And somewhat from his wonted Fierceness swerve. Agreed, to Town they march. By this, broad Day, The Dog's gall'd Neck doth to the Wolf display: Whose Reason ask'd, My Fierceness, quoth the Dog. Intitled me unto a weighty Clog. I being curft alike to Friends and Foes, My Master honour'd me with many Blows: Giving me Charge no living thing to bite, But Wolves and Thieves, who rob both Day and Night. Thus was I tam'd : Yet Aili about I bear This Mark of innate Curftness ev'ry where. The Wolf this hearing, faid, I will not buy Your Master's Friendship with my Liberty.

Then

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Then bids the Dog farewell, Go ferve thy Friends; For my hard Fare, my Freedom makes Amends.

The Moral.

Great Mens Acquaintance and their dainty Chear, Exchang'd for Liberty, are bought too dear.

F A B. 31.

Of the Husband-man and his Dogs.



THE Husbandman when he had wintered certain Days in the Country, began at last to want Necessaries. He slaughters the Sheep, and afterwards the Kids, and last of all he slays the Oxen, that he might have wherewithal to support his thin Body, almost consumed with Want. The Dogs seeing that, resolve to provide for their own Safety by running away, thinking with themselves that there was no living long, when the Master spared not the Oxen, which were so useful for all Country Employments.

The Moral.

Be wary unto what Family thou fellest thy felf for Gain. Some Masters are most inhumane. For many at present are grown to that Madness, that by Misfortune, Mischief and Detriment, they wilfully kill their Servants.

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A N Husband-man belieg'd with Frost and Snow, To Market for Provision could not go. In this Distress full many Days he past, Winter still lasting, he was forc'd at last To kill his Sheep and Goats, and they being spent, His Oxen too, to give his Guts content. This his Dogs seeing, ran for Life away; Not daring till the Beeves were eaten, stay, Though they should share the Bones: For if he kill His Steers, say they, who us'd his Ground to till, His Sheep that cloath'd him, will our Master spare Our Lives, who useless and devouring are?

The Moral.

Ill-natur'd Men make all their Servants Slaves, With whom the best no better Fare than Knaves.

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F A B. 58.

Of the Fox and the Lion.



THE Fox, which faw the unufual Pierceness of the Lion, viewing by chance that kind of Greature once and again, trembled at him, and shuaned him. When as now the third time she met the Lion, the Fox

Fox was fo far from fearing any thing that the confidently went to him and faluted him.

The Moral

Custom makes us all more venturous, even with those whom before-times we scarcely durst look upon.

HE Fox, that never in his Life before
Had feen a Lion, nor what awe he bore
In his dread Countenance, at first dismaid,
Durst not approach him, ev'n to Death asraid:
The second time he meets him, whose sierce sight.
The trembling Fox did, in some Measure, fright.
But not so much as first. But when that he
The third time met him, his Timidity.

Quite shaken off, the Fox was grown so bold, That he durst Conf rence with the Lion hold.

The Moral.

So Custom makes Men fearlest, and what were Dreadful before, become familiar.

P A B. 59: Of the Fox and the Eagle.



THE Fox's Whelps ran abroad; which being taken by the Eagle, implore the Help of their Dam. She runs to fuccour them, and intreats the Eagle to let:

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fer go the captivated Whelps. The Eagle having gotten her Prey, flies to her young ones. The Fox taking a Fire-brand, follows her, as if she would burn up her strong Holds. V Vhen now she climbed up the Tree, the Fox said, Now defend thy self, and thy young ones, if thou canst. The Eagle trembling whilst she feared burning, saith, Spare me, I pray thee, and tay young ones, and whatever I have of thine, I will restore thee.

The Moral.

By the Eagle understand such Men who are powerful and of a daring spicit: By the Fox understand poor Men, whom wealthy ones study to oppress with Calamities and Reproaches. But sometime even the Ants have their Gall, and the most impotent have sometime a Romar to right an Injury received.

A Brooding Eagle for her Eaglets stole
A young Fox-Cub, that strayeth from his Hole.
The Bitch-Fox hearing her distress d Cub cry,
Forth of her Hole came running hastily.
Praying the Eagle she would let him go,
VVhich when the mounting Eagle would not do;
The Dame a Fire-brand takes, and vows that she
Will burn the Nest. V Vish that she climbs the Tree;
The Eagle seeing that, Let me alone,
She says, and I will reader thee thine own.

The Moral.

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Wrong not the Poor for thine own wellfare fake: There's none so mean, but due Revenge may take.

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entitle in idea.

F A B. 60.

Of the Husband-man and-the Stork.



the Country-man spread his Net. The Cranes are caught, likewise the Geese, as also the Stork. She begs Pardon, proclaiming her Innocency, and withal professing, that she was neither the Grane nor the Goose, but the best of all Birds, because she us'd to be dutiful to her Parents, when they were very aged. The Husband man answers, None of these I regard. Seeing I have taken thee with Offenders, with them shalt thou also die.

The Moral.

He that commits a Fault, and he that adjoyns himself to wicked Companions, shall suffer the Punishment with them.

A Farmer pitch'd a Net for Cranes and Geefe,
That fed his new fown Seed, but among these
A Stork caught, likewise humbly dorn implore
For Life; since she was never there before.
She a poor Stork (that doth her Parents feed
And succour, when distress with Age or Need)
No Goose or Crane is; therefore freed may be,
If not for Pity, for her Piety.

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The Farmer says, Altho' nor Goose nor Crane You be, you die, since you with such are ta'en. The Moral.

Hence pliant Natures may learn to descry, And sounthe Danger of ill Company.

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of the Cock and the Cat.



THE Cat came to eat the Cock, and having no Cause sufficient to wrong him, began to accuse the Cock, saying, that he was a clamorous Bird, and that with his shrill Voice he awoke Men sleeping in the Night. He pleads himself innocent, seeing that he called up Men to their Work. The Cat in the mean while thunders at him, saying, Thou Varlet, thou hadst as good say nothing; thou hast to do with thy Mother, neither dost thou contain thy self from thy Sister. When the Cock endeavoured to clear himself in that, Neither shall this avail, quoth the Cat, still suming, I will forthwith tear thee asunder.

The Moral.

It is an old Saying, Saith William Gaudanus, It's an easie Matter to find a Cudgel to beat a Dog. A wicked Man right or wrong will ruine thee.

Cat upon the Cock lays violent Hands, With full Intent that watchful Bird to kill. Of whom the Cock before his Death demands, Why fo unjustly the his Blood would spill? The Cat replies, Villain, when Men should rest. And undisturbed in their Houses lie, Thy Nightly Crowing their found Sleep molest; Which to prevent, thou instantly shalt die. Alas! quoth Chanticleer, my Voice affrights Not any, but more helps than damnifies. By that Men know the Wasting of the Nights, And with the early Morning when to rife. Admit, quoth Pufs, I grant thee this Excuse, Yet greater Crimesthan that hang o'er thy Head, Thy Kindred thou incestuously dost use, Not sparing those are nearest, but dost tread With equal Lust thy Sisters, and ev'n her Who hatch'd and gave thee Being; does not then This merit Death? No, answers Chanticleer; Nature confines not us, as she doth Men, Wholly to one. Tush, quoth the Cat, I see You're frequent in your Babbling, when you pleafe Thy empty Pleadings nothing profit thee, Nor to my eager Appetite give Ease. Thy Life I covet, and 'tis that alone, Without Excuse, which I must seize upon.

The Moral.

So Great Men crust the Poor, and make their Will The only Cause of their Oppression still.

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F A B. 62.

of the Shepherd's Boy and the Husbandman.

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A certain Boy fed his Sheep in an open Meadow A and three or four times in jest crying out, That the Wolf was coming, raised the Husbandmen round about. They being often in this manner deluded, when they were called in earnest, came not. In the mean time, the Sheep are made a Prey to the Wolf.

The Moral.

If a Man accustom himself to Lying, he is scarcely bealieved when he tells the Truth.

A Shepherd's Boy with many Mocks did keep On higher Grounds a scatter'd Flock of Sheep. He jesting oft, as if the Wolves were nigh, Cry'd out for Help, as in Extremity, Toneighb'ring Plough-folk, they their Work leave off, To help the Knave, who thanks them with a Scott. At last the Wolves indeed come, then the Boy Cries, Neighbours, help, the Wolves my Sheep destroy; Theost-deluded Plough men now refuse To help, lest he again their Help abuse,

And so the Sheep the Wolves Prey die; whilf he In Eurnest grieves his jesting Mockery.

The Moral.

A constant Liar shall not find Belief,
Though Truth he tell. The Cripple no Relief
(That once was known to counterfeit) shall find,
Although he ne'er so accurately bind
His pliant Leg to his most supple Thigh;
Nay, bough it broken were, and lame he cry,
By Jove t feign not! and shed many Tears;
Yea, though by dread Osiris self he swears
Himself a Cripple. All will answer thus,
Think not to purchase double Fools of us;
We have been soold already: Would you speeds
Seek Strangers to believe you, if you need.

FAB. 63.
Of the Eagle and the Crow.

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HE Eagle flies from an high Rock upon a Lamb's Back; the Crow feeing that, Ape-like, defires to imitate the Eagle, lights upon the Ram's Elecce; alighting is hindred; being hindred; is caught; being caught is thrown to the Boys.

Let no Man value himself by the Vertue that is in others, but his own. Measure thy self, saith Horace, by thy own Foot; defire that, and attempt that which thou art able to perform.

THE Eagle seizes on a Lamb for Prey, And mounting, lightly beareth it away: Which th' apish Crow perceiving, thinks that she Might as advent'rous as the Eagle be: And with as good Success, and equal Pow'r. Seize on another Lamb, and that devour. With which Surmize puft up, the fwiftly flies, And with loud screaming, shrill and hideous cries. Intangled to her Glaws within the thick Rough curled Wool, and there so fast did stick. That rising, as fhe thought, to bear with her The Lamb aloft, the neither it could ftir, Nor yet her felf get loofe: Which Conflict ftraight The Shepherd fees, and hastes to terminate. Seizing the vainly guilty, takes the Crow, Then clips her Wings, and to his Boys did throw The filly Bird, who with her sport and play, While she from them cannot escape away: But thus lamenting cries, O now I fee That simple Crows will never Eagles be.

The Moral.

So Men who vainly 'bove themselves aspire, E'er they possess the Height of their Desire, Not only fail in their Attempts, but fall Beneath themselves, inserior to all.

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FAB

of the Envious Dog and the Ox.



HE Dog lying down in the Manger full of Hay, the Ox came to feed; the Dog rouzing himself prohibits him. A Mischief go with thee, quoth the Ox, with that thy Envy, who wilt not eat Hay thy felf, nor suffer me.

The Moral.

Many are of that Disposition, that they envy others in what they themselves, thro' Inability of Mind, are not able to attain.

A N envious Dog, that sleeping lay
Upon a Bundle of fresh Hay,
Snarles at the Ox, which thither came
Hungry to feed upon the same,
And drives him back: whereat the Ox
This Curse upon the Dog invokes,
May the Gods so punish thee,
As thou with Spleen opposest me;
Who that whereon thou canst not feed,
With-holdest from me in my Need.

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The Moral.

I' th' World too many such like Men there are,
Who rather than they''ll ought to others spare.
For their Relief, will to themselves detain a man book
Things of Small Use, perhaps of smaller Gains and

FAB. 65.

of the Jack-Daw and the Sheep.



THE Jack Daw chats upon the Back of the Sheep: the Sheep faith, If thou shoulst so chatter to a Dog. thou shoulds have some Mischief done thee. But, saith the Jack-Daw, I know over whom I may insult; I molest them that are quiet, and am courteous to them that are spiteful.

The Moral.

Bad Men are always ready to contest with a weak and honest Man. Every one that is most Innocent, is dashed against the Ground; but no Body cries out against a misthievous and hasty Man in his own Hearing.

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A Jack-Daw on a Sheep's Back proudly stands,
And seemingly the harmless Beasts commands,
With a harsh Voice. To her thus spake the Sheep,
Wherefore dost thou such hateful Noises keep,
And me disturb? If here a Dog were nigh,
You durst not lift your Voice up half so high.
That's true, replies the Daw, I domineer
Only o'er them that dare do nought but fear.

The Moral.

This Fable shews, that bonest hamless Men
Oft greatest Injuries do Suffer; when
A dogged wrangling Neighbour lives at Rest,
As if none durst disturb, or him molest.

F A B. 66.

Of the Peacock and the Nightingale.



Wife of the highest Jove, that the Nightingale sung sweetly, and that the was derided by all for her Hoarseness. To whom June replied. Every one hat his peculiar Gift from above; the Nightingale in sing-

finging, thou in thy Plumes incomparably furpasselt. It becomes every one to be content with his own Lor.

The Moral

That which the Gods bestow, let us receive with a thankful Mind; and let us not pursue greater Things. The Gods do nothing rashly.

HE Peacock hearing the melodious Strains Of the fweet Nightingale, fadly complains To Jove's great Sifter, that his squeaking Voice Yielded no Sound, but a harsh hateful Noise, Scorned by every Man: While that small Bird With ravishing Notes so much the Affection stir'd Of all her Hearers, that they'd list'ning stand To her tun'd Song; his screaming was disdain'd. To whom thus Juno answers, hath not Jove To thee given stately Feathers, far above The glory of other Birds? then rest content. As she in Voice excels, in Ornament. You her furpass : And Jupiter bestows His feveral Gifts as from his Pleafure flows,

The Moral.

Men ought not with cross murmuring repine Against the Justice of the Power Divine; Nor envy others Gifts, for none can be Possest of every Thing, but as we see Some Men bove others unto Honours rife: In poorer Men, God that defect supplies. Person wishes colored in a season Med and the season wishes a colored second wide and mice and mice and mice

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of the Old Wealel and the Mice.



The Weatel, by reason of old Age, decaying in Strength, was not able to pursue the Mice as formerly. She begins to use her Wits, and lurks in the Meal heap, hoping by that means easily to hunt. The Mice run together, and while they eagerly fall to the Meal, are every one devoured by the Weasel The Moral.

Where one is destitute of Strength, he had need of Wit. Lysunder the Lacedæmonian used to say, the Foxes Skin is to be pieced, where the Lions Skin rannot reach: Which may he spoken more clearly thus, Where Virtue fails, make use of Policy.

A Weasel, Weak through Age, could not pursue, Nor hunt the Mice, as she was wont to do: Therefore she thus contrived to conceal Her self close cover'd in a Tub of Meal, Whether whole Regiments of Mice did use

Still to repair, as to their Rendezvous. The Weafel which lay there perdue, now rifeth

From thence, as from an Ambush, and surpriseth
The Captive Vermine, and by this Device
Vanquish'd whole Troops, and slew them in a trice.
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The Moral:

When Weapons cannot, Wildom may prevail. Where th' Lions Shin is Scant, the Foxes Tail Well piec'd doth well; tis I rudence to unita Counsel with Courage, Policy with Might.

FAB.

of the Country man and the Apple-Tree



HE Country-man yearly gathered most pleasant Apples, from a Tree which he had in the next Field, and when he had gathered them, he prefented the choicest to his City Landlord; who was so taken with the incredible Pleasantness of the Apples, that at length he removed the Tree to his own Field, which being very old, presently withered, and so the Apples and the Tree in like manner perished. Which when it was told to the Master of the House; alas, quoth he, it is a difficult matter to transplant an old Irce. It had been fufficiently enough (had I known how to have bridled my Appetite) to have gathered the Fruit. The Moral.

Those who are over wise, and pursue unlawful Things, are too foolish. He that can bridle his Desires, is the misest Man.

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A Country Swain i' th' Country every Year
Gathered sweet Apples from a Tree h'had there,
With these he posts to th' City, where he sought
His Landlords Friendship with the Fruit he brought.
His Landlord much delighted with the taste
Of these delicious Fruits, contrives in haste
How to remove the Stock and all; the Fruit
Could not suffice, unless he see the Root.
No sconer was the Stock digg'd from the Station,
But dies and withers in the Transplantation.
Which when the Landlord heard, he thus did sigh,
Uttering these sad Complaints, What Fool was I,
That with the Fruit could not contented be!
I've lost the Apples, while I sought the Tree.

The Moral.

These rash and hair-brain'd Men that won't be rul d By the Advise of others, oft are fool'd In their Attempt. The moderate Man's the sole Subject of Wit, Discretion wins the Goal.

F A B. 69.

Of the Lion and the Frog.



THE Lion feeming to hear a Voice, started up: He stood still, not without Fear, expecting some great great things. At length a little Frog came out of the Water. The Lion laying alide all fear, made hafter and spurned the little Beast with his Feet:

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The Moral.

This Fable forbids vain Fears; as that Fable which was made by William Gaudanus, concerning the Muntains bringing forth.

A Lion at the croaking of a Frog,
Stood just as if he were become a Log,
With great Amazement, wondring at the Cause
Or mystick Meaning of his hideous Voice.
At length (as thus he long time pausing stood)
A little Frog came crawling from the Mud;
Whom when his re-crected Thoughts did meet,

With Scorn he spurn'd, and trampled under Feet.

The Moral:

The Fable of the Mountain that did teem
And travell'd with a Mushrome Mouse, doth Jeem
An Hieroglyphick of the Eear of those
Who are affrighted e'er they see their Foes:

of the Pilmire, Fowler, and Dove.



THE Pilmire being a thirst, came to the Fountain to drink. By chance she fell into the F 5 Well; well; a Dove helped her afar off by a Bough that was cast off from a Tree. The Pismire crawling up the Bough, is saved. The Fowler is at hand to take the Dove; but the Pismire doth not suffer him, biting him by the Heel. The Dove slies away.

The Moral.

This Fable elegantly teacheth us to give Thanks to them. that deferve it.

HE little Pismire thirsty, goes to drink: Where, as the fippeth at the Rivers brink, A floating Wave o'erwhelms her, nor could she Escape its Force, till from a neighbouring Tree A gentle Dove crops off a tender Twig, And dropt it in the River: On which Sprig The half drown'd Pismire crawls, and 'scapes to th' Safe from the Danger she was in before. (shore, This done, a crafty Fowler, viewing where The Dove fate pearch'd, approacheth her, and there Begins to place his Nets; the Ant descries His cunning Practice, and for Courtefies Receiv'd, that he might not ingrateful prove, Thus plots a Way to free the harmless Dove: The Powler being bufie at his Work (Though closely from the Pidgeons Sight he lurk) The little Pismire; bites him by the Heel: Which fooden fmarting, when the Man did feel, Lofing his hold, the Nets fall from his hand; The Norte whereof makes the Dove understand The Fowler's Mifchief, and with winged freed Fly wifely thence, from fo great Danger freed.

The Moral.

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If Things irrational so grateful be,

Learn, Man, what Duty doth belong to thee;

For if thou any Man ungrateful call,

Of had thou givest him the Titles all.

F A B. 71.

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Of the Peacock and the Pye.



A Flock of Birds as they freely roved up and down, wished themselves a King. The Peacock thought himself first worthy to be chosen, because he was the most beautiful. He being made a King, O King, says the Pye, if, while you reign, the Eagle should begin to pursue as strongly as he was wont how couldst thou drive him away? how couldst thou save us?

The Moral.

In a Prince not formuch his Form, as his Fortitude of Body, is to be marked; and there is need of Wisdom.

HE winged Nation, that of old flew free,
By all Means govern'd by a King would be.
Valentine's Day th' appoint with one Confent,
To chatter their diurnal Parliament.
The fet Day dawning, every Bird his Mate
Selects, fecluding none to agitate:
In well fill'd Senate, up the Peacock flarts,
And more to take his Auditors, he parts,

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And spreads his gaudy Train; then strutting, thus Speaks to the rest, Since 'tis agreed by us This Day a King to chuse, 'tis fit you know His full Endowments, on whom you do bestow Our Soveraigney. Know first, our King must have A graceful Form and Personage, to behave Himself like other Princes, without these, His other Parts are but Deformities. This being voted by the Birds, again The Peacock struts, and more displays his Train, King in Conceit already, thus renews His Oratory: What Bird here that views The Beauty of our Personage and Gate, Tho' ne'er fo proud, will think himself our Mate: With this, the Birds Eyes blinded, passtheir Votes He should be King, and with their various Notes. Sound out his Vivat. But the wifer Pye Makes to the King this short, but sharp reply; If in thy Reign (as 'tis most like) some Foe Affault us, Where for Succour shall we go? Can that gay Brav'ry, when for Aid we fly To hide us there, repulse the Enemy?.

The Moral

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When Princes are Elective, one endu'd
Wish Prudence, Vigilance, and Fortitude,
Ought to be chose, and not whose outward Form
Doth promise much, and nothing can perform.

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of the Sick Man and the Physician.



The Physician had a sick Man in Cure; at length he dies: then the Physician says, He hath perished by Intemperance.

The Moral.

Unless every one leave Drunkenness and Lust when he is young, he shall never come to old Age, for he shall have a very short old Age.

A Rare Physician had a Man in Cure,
That a long time did grievous Pain endure,
His Malady unknown: Yet still the Sot
Ply'd him with Purges, Clysters, and what not?
That he might learn (such is the Use of those
Hedge Doctors still) the Nature of each Dose,
Unknown to him before, and try which Pill,
What Drug is hot or cold, doth ease or kill.
The Man, this tampering, to a Fever brought,
Whereof he dies. But when his Kindred sought
What his Disease was; the Doctor reply'd,
Thro' some Intemperance 'twas your Kinsman dy'd.

The Moral.

Intemperance effeminates the Soul

And Body both, and doth destroy the whole

State of Mans Life, by hast ning an old Age,

Stopping our Journey ere we've rid a Stage.

FAB. 73.

Of the Lion and other Beasts.



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The Lion, the Ass, and the Fox go a hunting. A great Prey is taken; it is commanded to be divided. The Ass, laying to every one their Parts, the Lion roars: he takes hold of the Ass and tears him. Afterward he committeth that Business to the Fox, who being more crafty, when a great deal the best part was laid before the Lion, he reserveth scarce a little part for himself. The Lion asked by whom he was so taught? To whom he answered, The Calamity of this taught me, shewing him the dead Ass.

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He is bappy whom other Mens Harms do make to beware.
The Royal Lion, Fox, and Ass do make to beware.
A Hunting Day, an ample Prey to take.

A well-grown Calf, which in three equal Parts. The Ass divides, and each to each imparts. The Lion raging, roar'd to see his Share No more than those of his mean Subjects are; And in Contempt, the stupid Ass doth slay, Bidding the Fox divide the doubled Prey. The cunning Fox but two Shares made of all; The Lions very great, his very small.

And being ask'd who to divide him taught; Reply'd, The Justice on the Ass was wrought.

The Moral.

That Man is Provident and Wife alone,
By others Dangers that avoid his own.

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F. A. B. 70. Of the Kid and the Wolf.



THE Kid looking out at the Window, durst provoke the Wolf with Railings, as he passeth by.

To whom the Wolf faid, Thou dost not rail on me, thou wicked Creature, but the Place.

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The Moral

Both the Time and Place always give Boldness to a Man

Kid fafe hous'd, out of a Window spies A Wolf pass by, which with foul Obloquies. He doth falute, of which the worst and chief Were harmful, useless, glutton, Butcher, Thief. The Wolf replies, A Wretch, 'tis thy strong Place, And not thy Valour, doth me thus difgrace.

Come forth, and to your Skin I'll wage a Groat. I'll teach your ill-tun'd Tongue a better Note.

The Moral.

In Times and Places privileg'd some dare Speak big; and they most often Varlets are.

> F. A.B. Of the Ass.



HE Ass complaining of the Cruelty of the Gardener, prays Jupiter to give him another Mafter. Jupiter hears the Prayers of the Afs, and giver him a Tile-Maker; with whom when he carried Tiles and heavier Burthens upon his back, he came again

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WA SM nore mild. Jupiter laughed. But he did not desist to be instant, and to pray whilst he had forced him. He gave him a Tanner, whom when the As knew, he saith, Woe is me, who whilst I am content with no Master, have at last happened upon him who will not spare my very Hide, as I suppose.

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The Moral.

We always distike those things which are present, and desire new, which (as the Proverb is) are no better than the old ones.

A Gard'ners Ass, that carried each Day
Some Things to Market, unto Jove did bray,
Entreating for another Master; he
Held his then Owners Usage Cruelty.
This Sult is granted, and a Tile-man giv'n.
But now alas! the grumbling Ass is driven
A longer way with greater Loads. Again
Therefore the Ass doth unto Jove complain,
A milder Owner begging. Jove says nay.
Yet since the Ass incessantly doth bray,
A Tanner given is; whom when the Ass
Had per sect notice of, reply'd, Alas,
Those I resus'd were mild ones, but this Man,
When I am dead, my very Skin will tan.

The Moral.

Who with their present State are not content, Still worser find for their just Punishment.

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of an Old Woman and her Maids.

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A Certain old Woman had many Maids in her House, whom every day before it was light, at the crowing of the Cock which she kept in the House, she called up to their Work. The Maids at length being moved with the daily Tediousness of their Work, kill the Cock, hoping that he being killed, they should sleep till Mid-day. But this hope was frustrated, for the Mistress when she knew that the Cock was killed, commanded them afterwards to rise at Midnight.

The Moral.

Many whilft they study to soun one grievous Evil, fall into a worse; it is a common Saying, He falls into Scylla,

who would foun Charybdis.

A N aged Worldling many Maids did keep,
Which never could beyond Cock-crowing fleep,
For then their Beldam chim'd them up, whilft they
Stretching, as they reach'd for Sleep, would fay
Hey ho for Husbands, that we longer might
Lie in our Beds, nor rife before the Light.
At length the Maids, tir'd with their daily toil.
Behead the Cock, and his alarm quite spoil;
Hoping

Hoping withour Disturbance they should rest

The Cock's remov'd, but fee what Change befel Their Dame thence-forth at Midnight rings a Bell.

The Moral.
When you would shun a thing distassful, see You don't incur a worse Calamity.
Fools to one Vice, when they another shun,

As from one Gulf, into another run.

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THE As thought that the Horse was happy, because he was fat and lived in Idleness, but he said, That he was unhappy, because he was lean and poor, and every Day was used by his cruel Master to carry Burdens. A while after they called to arms; then the Horse could not keep the Rider from his Back, nor the Bridle from his Mouth, nor the Darts from his Body. The As seeing this, gave great Thanks to the Gods, that they had made him a Ass, and not a Horse.

The Moral.

They are miserable whom the Vulgar account happy, and there are not a sew happy who think themselves miserable.

nable. The Cobler Cays that a King is happy, whom be feeth to have all Things at his Will not confidering in how great Matters and Troubles he is employed, when in the

mean Time he is merry with his Powerty.

Poor lean Ass, who daily underwent Great loads, was with that course of Life content But meeting with a War Horse full of ease And pamper'd Flesh, ('twasthen a time of Peace) Ah then unhappy him; but richly bleft He thought the Horse, because he then had Rest. Soon after this the Horse to War was sent, Where Wounds and Toil he had, small Nourishment,

Whom when returning Lame, the Ass doth see, He's well content with his lean Drudgery ..

The Moral.

Clowns envy Kings, their flate and dainty Fare: When they in happier Conditions are: Great Gares to fober Sadness drive the King, When every Clown in Jollity doth fing.

> F A B. 78. of the Lion and the Goat.



BY chance the Lion feeing the Goat walking up-on a high Rock, admonisheth him that he would

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would rather come down into the green Mead. The Goat answereth, I would perhaps if thou wert absent who dost not persuade me that I should take any pleasure from thence, but that thou mightest have something that thou mayst devour, being ready to save for Hamger.

The Moral.

Trust not all Men, for some give thee Counsel, not for thy

A Lion seeing on a Mountain steep,
A shaggy Goat her safer Mansion keep,
Above his keach, plots how he may betray
Or bring her down, to make her so his Prey;
And thus begins, Why. Fondling, dost theu seed
On barren Rocks? these fruitful Meadows breed
More sweet and pleasant Herbs for Taste or Scent,
And much more useful for thy Nourishment;
When upon Rocks grows none but wither'd Grass,
korched with Heat. The Goat replies, Alas!
Tis my ill Hap: but there secure I live,
Nor to thy Flatteries will Credit give.

Should I come down to feed one Hour with thee,
I scarcely should another Minute see.

The Moral.

In not fair Words perswade you, 'till you know the Causes whence such zuile-full Speeches flow. If we intend well, good Deeds shall supply Their Place; if ill, Malice and Enmity.

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of the Vulture and other Birds.



HE Vuiture makes as if he would celebrate his Birth-day: He inviteth the Birds to Banquet; for the most Part they come: He entertains them coming with Joy and Favour; but the Vulture teareth them, being entertained.

The Moral.

They are not all Friends who speak one fair, or bear us in Hand, that are willing to do us a Courtefie. Hereupon saith Ovid, Oftentimes Poison lurks under the Hyblean Hony.

THE Vulture makes a solemn Festival,
And to that sumptuous Feast inviteth all
The Birds. They, not mistrusting Danger, comeThe Vulture leads them to a spacious Room;
Which enter'd, straight she maketh fast the Door,
And surely locking them within her Pow'r,
Beyond the Expectations of her Guests,
Instead of them, herself alone she feasts,

And murders all, not sparing one to be The sad Relater of this Tragedy.

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The Moral.

Tis dangerous to trust professed Foes;
For by fair Words gilt o'er with feigned Shows
Of seeming Love, more Blood they do devour,
Than twenty Battles sought with equal Pow'r.

FAB. 80. Of the Geefe.



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HE Geefe together with the Cranes spoil a Field, who being heard, the Country-men come out presently upon them. The Crans seeing the Country-men, sly; the Geese are taken, who being hindred by the Heaviness of their Body, could not sly away.

The Moral

When a City is taken by the Enemies, a poor Man easily gets away; but a rich Man being taken, is made a Slave. In War, Riches are rather a Burthen, than for Use.

A Clown's Corn field, when leaving all in halte,
To them with all his Servants maketh speed.
The watchful Cranes soon by their Flight were freed,
Butthe dull Geese, clog'd with their Bodies Weight,
Their Foes, pursuing, quickly ruinate.

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The Moral.

When Fowns in War are taken, poor Men may Withdraw themselves, the Rich remain for Prey,

FAB. 81.



Justicer being very desirous to know who of all Mor-Justicer being very desirous to know who of all Mortals brought forth the most beautiful young ones, commander to call every Creature from every Place, They go to Jupiter from every Place. Now all kinds of Birds and Cattle are present, among whom when the Ape came carrying her deformed young ones in her Arms, no body could forbear to laugh; also Jupiter himself laughed greatly. Then immediately the Ape her self said, Yea, and Jupiter himself knoweth, who is our Judge, that my young ones do excell all, as many as are here present.

Every one thinks his own the Fairest, as the Proverb bath it. And elsewhere in Theocritus in his Idyls, Those Things that are not fair, seem fair to one that loves. To we calls the Beasts, and wills them all to stand For Censure which is fairest. His Command They all obey; the watry Fishes too, And Birds of the Air to that Assembly slew.

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None absent but the Ape; yet she, tho' late, Comes with her young one, imitating State Of the most Noble; but her antick Gests Raise but a Laughter among all the Beasts, To scoff her naked Buttocks. Friends, no more, Quoth the old Ape, I doubt not but before From hence we part, you all abash'd will stand, When Jove to me and mine gives th' upper-hand For Feature and rare Form, for in my Sight None of you equal us, if Jove judge right. At which a fecond Laughter rose through all The Beafts; and Jove into like Mirth did fall; Replying, Foolish Ape, this fond Applause Of thy own felf, Derision from us draws: Hence then, and better learn thy felf to know, For who extol themselves, their Folly show.

The Moral.

Most think their own by Nature fairest are,
Which if with Judgment to others they compare,
Appear but mean. Twill prove the safer then
To leave the Censure to judicious Men;
Lest, Ape-like, we, while our selves we praise,
The common Scorn of every Jester raise.

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F A B. 82.

Of the Oak and the Reed.



Infolency, fet upon the Reed, saying, If now thou hast a couragious breast, go to, and come and sight with me, that the Event may shew which of us two excelleth in Strength. The Reed nothing wondring at such great Exultations of the Oak, and vain cracking of his valour, answered thus, I refuse now the Combat, neither doth it grieve me for my Lot. For although I am moveable on every side, yet I overcome the shrill sounding Tempests: You, if that King Eolus shall send forth once his strugling Winds out of his Cave, will fall down, and shall then be laughed at by me.

The Moral. This Fable declares that they are not always the most valiant who insult over others, being pro-

woked by no Injury.

Which flood most firm and strong, or low did To forcing Winds, the unmoved Oak-Tree (yeild Deriding the Reed's Flexibility, To see it like a Wave tost ev'ry way

To each fmall blaft; when at one constant stay

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She still remain'd. The Reed gives not Reply,
But stands quite mute, 'till the Wind rising high,
A violent Gust came tumbling o'er the Field,
And past the bending Reed, but soon compell'd
The Oak to stoop, and from the Ground did tear
Her Roots that erst so strongly grounded were.

The Moral.

Men like the Reeds, whose easie Nature wind And wheel about, as they Occasion find To meet their own Ends, endure longer far Than those who Stubborn and Contentious are.

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FAB. 83.

Of the Fisher-man and the little Fish.



The Fisher-man having cast his Hook, that was covered with a Bait, into the Water, pulled out a little Fish; the captive Fish beseecheth and entreateth, that he would suffer him, being a little Fish, to escape and depart, that he might grow bigger, that so he might enjoy and have him when he was bigger. The Fisher-man answereth, I buy not Hope with Money; for I was always of that Disposition, that whatsoever I could catch, I had rather take it away presently.

The Moral.

This Fable admonisher hus that we should not let go certain.
Things for the Hope of uncertain; for what is more foolish, as
it is in Cicero, than to grasp Things uncertain for certain?

And little Creature fadly does implore,
That he would spare her Life, since useless she
Was not yet grown to full Maturity
Of Years or Greatness; but if he would please
To let her taste the Pleasure of the Seas,
And feed but for one Year, she willing then,
Grown bigger, would return to's Hook agen.
No, quoth the Fisher, I will never buy
My Hope at such a Rate, uncertainly

To wish hereafter that I now possess, And so bemoan my own dull Foolishness. The Moral

The Proverb Says, One Bird in Hand. Is worth Two which in Bushes stand.

of the Ant and the Grashopper.



to the Floor to the Sun. The Grashopperseeth, runneth, and asketh for a Grain. The Antsaith, Why do not you, after my example, gather to you whatsoever

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ever you can in the Summer, and add to your Heap? She answereth, That the Time was passed over by her in singing. The Ant laughing, If, saith she, you are wont to sing in the Summer, deservedly now you must suffer Hunger.

The Moral.

We are admonished by this little Fable. whilf the Strength of the Body is present with us, to seek those Things by which our weak Old Age may be satisfied; by Winter understanding Old Age, by Summer Youth and the Flower of Age.

THE Grashopper in Winter feeling Want, Goes for Relief unto the painful Ant; Who answers thus, How comes it that you are So needy grown? Was not the Summer fair, And seasonable too, cloathing the Ground With Fruits that did most plenteously abound? And coulds thou then neglect to gather Store For Winter, that thou wantest now, before That Season half is spent? T' whom this Reply The Grashopper returns: In Summer, I VVith my shrill Voice did pleasant Musick make For Mens Delight, when as abroad to take The Pleasure of the Fields they walk - If then, Answers the Ant, you so could pleasure Men VVith your Shrill Notes and Songs in Summer's Prime, You best were now to dance in WVinter Time, Lest if it chance to freeze, the VVinter's Cold Upon your half-stanu'd Carcafe take such hold, That should you get a Cough, your hoarser Throat Next Summer scarce would yield so sweet a Note.

The Moral.

Our careless Epicureans so, not mindful to prepare
For future Times; but wasting all, to Begg'ry driven are;
And pine with Hunger, and with VVant opprest,
VVhen the Industrious Man with Store is blest.

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F A B. 85.

Of the Lion and the Bull.



Goat. He with his Horns and ruffled Forehead threatned him. Unto whom the Bull, full of Anger, faith, Thy Forehead contracted into Wrinkles frighteth me not; but I fear the great Lion, who unless he were upon my Back, thou shouldest know that it is no small matter to fight with a Bull, and to swallow the Blood out of my Wound.

The Moral.

Calamity must not be added to those that are in Calamity. He is sufficiently miserable, who is once miserable.

Pursu'd by th' Lion, th' Ox his Life to save,
Maketh his Flight for Shelter to a Cave:
To whom the Goat an Entrance doth deny,
And with her Horns withstands him enviously.
For which the angry Bull, with bellowing Throat,
Thus vents his Threats against the shaggy Goat:
Though

Though basely now thou dost oppose my Flight, Were the pursuing Lion out of Sight, Whose Rage I shun, and therefore dare not stay, My Fury should inforce thee to give way:

But Time will come, when I, reveng'd of thee, Shall punish this thy abject Scorn of me.

The Moral.

As here the Goat not only Aid denies,
But seems to add to the Bull's Miseries;
So Men oft do: But 'tis as often seen,
Time changing, that such have requited been,
When these who were opprest, have rais'd their State,
And who oppos'd them, fall'n below their Hate.

F A B. 86.

Of the Nurse and the Wolf.



THE Nurse threatens the crying Child, Unless he holds his Peace, she would throw him to the Wolf. The Wolf accidentally hears that, and in hope of a Prey, tarrieth at the Door. The Child, Sleep coming upon him, is presently quiet. The Wolf returns to the Wood fasting and empty. The Fox inquires

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of him, where his Prey was? He sighing, answered, He was cheated; the Nurse threatned to cast the crying Child to me, but deceived me.

The Moral.

There's no Belief to be given to a Woman.

A Hungry Wolf walks forth to feek a Prey,
And by meer Fortune hears a Woman fay,
Chiding her froward Child, Forbear to cry,
Or to the Wolf I'll throw thee prefently.
Glad of this News, the Wolf expects the Child,
And waiteth at the Door; but straight with mild
Fair gentle Stroakings, and sweet Lullabies,
The Infant clos'd his Tear-bedewed Eyes,
And fell asleep; which when the Wolf perceiv'd,
And of his Expectation quite bereav'd,
With Blushes he returns unto the Wood,
To feek among the Trees some other Foods

The Moral.

This Fable may this Use to us afford; How little Trust is in a Woman's Word; The various Affections of whose Mind More often changeth than th' unconstant Wind.

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FAB. 87.

Of the Tortoise and the Eagle.



THE Tortoise began to be weary with creeping, and if any one would lift her up into the Air, she promiseth Pearls of the Red-Sea. The Eagle lifts her up, requires a Reward; she not having any thing, the Eagle scratcheth her with her Claws: So the Tortoise which desired to see the Stars, left her Lift among the Stars.

The Moral.

Be content with thy own Condition; Some there have been which if they had continued lowly, might have been Safe; being exalted, have fallen into Danger.

ON Promise that the Tortoise should descry
Jewels that did upon some Mountains lie,
The greedy Eagle with the Tortoise slew
So high, that neither Earth beneath them knew;
But the dull Tortoise failing Promise, she
Turning her sleshy Part, outragiously

Without all pity kill'd her, and that Hour The vainly-boasting Tortoise did devour.

The Moral.

He undisturb'd with Storms and Tempests rides;
Whose unaspiring Bark by th' calm Shore glides;
When those who proudly plough the troubled Main,
Lie ship-wreck'd, and their Anchors cast in vain;
So Man, who lists his Thoughts' bove his Estate,
Fails in th' Attempt, and hastens his own Fate.

F A B. 88.

of the Crab, the Mother and the Son.



THE Mother advised her Son that went backwards, that he would go forwards The Son answereth, Mother, go before, and I shall follow after.

The Moral.

Reprehend no Man for his Faults, whereof that thy felf mayst be reprehended.

Between two Crabs, the Mother and the Son,
A Conference held; the Mother thus begun
To check her young one, that he did not go
A comely Pace, but waddled to and fro.

Mend your Gate first, and I shall find the way.

The Moral.

First fet thy Self upright, and then Thou boldly mayst cheek other Men.

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F A B. 89.

Of the Sun and the North-Wind.



ftronger; they agreed to try their Strength upon a Traveller, and he should be the Conqueror which made him throw off his Cloak. The North-wind with a horrible Blust'ring set upon the Traveller; he notwithstanding doth not desist to go on, and foldeth his Garment about him. The Sun assumes his Force, who (the Storms by degrees being overcome, casts forth his Beams. The Traveller begins to wax hot, to sweat and blow; at length, being not able to go forwards, takes the cool Air, and casting away his Cloak, sits down under the shady Grove. So the Sun got the Victory.

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The Moral.

Beware diligently with whom you contend; for although thou art strong, yet perhaps another may be stronger; or if not stronger, yet more cunning; and so with his Policy overcome thy Strength.

HE Sun and Wind in Emulation 'rose, Which of their Powers were of greater Force, Ar length with one Confent they do agree, A Traveller's Coat should try the Mastery. The Wind forthwith his Blusterings began, With dreadful Noise affaults the trembling Man; Who still about him casts his Coat in Folds, And more the Wind doth struggle, more he holds. The Wind appeas'd, the Sun his Beams applies, While in dissolving Sweat the poor Man fries; Fainting with Heat, he to the cool Shade makes, To rest himself, and there his Coat forsakes. The conqu'ring Sun fo calmly clos'd the Day,

VVhile the rash VVind ashamed, shrunk away.

The Moral. So violent Threats and Rigour often fail, WVhere milder Courses oftentimes prevail.

> F A B. 90. Of the Ass in a Lion's Skin.



HE Ass comes into the Wood, finds the Lion's Skin, which he puts on, and returning to the Pattures, affrighted the Flocks and Herds, and makes them run away. He that loft him cometh, and enquireth

quireth for his Ass. The Ass seeing his Master, runs to meet him, yea, and comes upon him roaring, But his Master perceiving his Ears, which stood out. Others, quoth he, thou mayes deceive; but, O my Ass, I know thee very well.

The Moral.

Pretend not to what thou art not; boast not thy self to be learned, when thou art unlearned; nor rich and noble, when thou art poor and base; for when the Truth is found out, thou wilt become a Laughing-stock.

HE fordid Ass had found a Lion's Skin, And wraps himfelf unfeemingly therein: At which unufual Sight the trembling Herd Of Beafts amaz'd, are with his Prefence scar'd, And fly amain; but when his Master came Into the Fields, the Ass retires with Shame: For though a Lion he on every fide Appear'd, the Skin too short his Ears to hide; Display d him but an Ass; who at the Sight Of's Master, turns his Slowness into Flight, To shun his Presence, which beheld, the Man Cries after him, Friend, pray return again, Thou seemest as thou art to me; though here Thou dost thy fellow Beasts with Terrour scare. VVith that corrects his Folly with a Blow, That he no more may fo prefumptuous grow.

The Moral.

Seem what thou art, and not with borrowed Shapes.

Adorn thy self, like other worldly Apes.

If learn'd, dispute; if rich, or nobly born,

So bear thy self that thou deserve not Scorn.

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F A B. 91. Of the Frog and the Fox.



The Frog going out of the Fen, professeth Phyfick to the wild Beasts in the Woods. He saith, That he would not give place either to Hippocrates or Galen. The rest believing him, the Fox laughs at them; Shall this Frog be accounted skilful in Physick, saith he, whose Countenance is so pale; but let him cure himself. So the Fox laughs at him; for the Face of the Frog is of a wan Colour.

The Moral.

It is a foolish and ridiculous Thing to profess that which thou hast no Skill in.

Porfaking quite the Fens, the Frog would dwell Among the Beafts; does with Ambition swell, And boast her Skill in Physick, with what Art She Help to cure Diseases could impart, How dangerous soe'er. Most Beasts believe, Except the Fox, who will no Credit give To her proud Words, but questions, How can ye Think this vain Boaster's Skill exact to be, Whose Colour is so pale? First let her try To cure her own wan Look, e'er she apply

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Physick t' others. Doctors approv'd, we know Those are, whose Cures not Words but Art can show.

The Moral.

As empty Vessels give the greatest Sound, So Men least knowing, with most Brags abound.

> F A B. 92. Of the Curst Dog.



THE Master bound a Bell about the Dog which bit Men ever and anon, that they might take heed of him. The Dog thinking this was hanged about him as an Ornament for his Goodness, began to contemn his Fellows. There came one that was grave in Age and Authority to the Dog, and advised him not to mistake: For, quoth he, that Bell is hanged about thee as a Disgrace, not for any Credit.

The Moral.

A Boaster many times reputes that to make for his Commendation, which tends to his Discredit.

A Leering Cur did slily unaware
Oft bite before he bark'd; his Master's Care
Hanged a Bell on him, that Men might know
His currish Nature, and prevent him so.

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The Dog grows proud, and thinks his Bell to be Some Badge of Honour or high Dignity, Which his kind Master had on him bestow'd, But no such Favour to his Fellow show'd. At whose vain Pride one wiser than the rest, Thus checks him, Fool, what Fancy has possest Thy idle Brain, with Gladness to embrace That for thy Honour, giv'n for thy Disgace.

The Moral

Such are the Babblers of these Times, that boast, and in Acts glory, them anhonour most.

of the Camel.



THE Camel grieving within himself, complained that the Bulls went brave with two Horns, and that himself unarmed was exposed to other Beasts. He prays Jupiter to give him Horns. Jupiter laughs at the Folly of the Camel, and does not only deny his Desire, but shortens the Ears of the Camel.

The Moral.

Let every one be content with his Fortune; for many having pursued a better Condition, have met with a worse.

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That all the Beasts deride him in disdain;
Because no Ornament ador'd his Head,
When th' Ox, and many more were honoured
With comely Horns their Fronts to beautiste.
To whom the angry God gave this Reply,
Since, Fool, thy Folly leads thee to despise
Our Gifts, and covet others Dignities,
Henceforth we'll curb thy Pride, and thou shalt bear
No Horns, nay less, upon thy Head no Ear.

The Moral.

How mean soever thy Estate, Contented rest, nor emulate Another's Good; the Pow'r above Knows best where to dispence his Love.

> F A B. 94. Of two Friends and the Bear.



TWO Friends take a Journey: a Bear meets them on the Road. One of them climbing up a Tree, avoids the Danger; the other, feeing there was no Hopes of escaping, falls flat on the Ground. The Beast cometh to him, and touches him as he lay, and smells at his Mouth an his Ears:

The Man holding his Breath and Motion, the Bear, which spares the Dead, thinking it to have been a dead Carcass, departs without doing him any Harm. His Companion afterward demanding, What the Bear spake to him in his Ear? He adviseth me this, quoth he, that I never travel with such a Friend as you again.

The Moral.

Faithfulness is a rare Bird in the World, and like a black Swan. Adversity and Danger evidence a true Friend,

WO Men together travelling, met a Bear, At Sight whereof they much affrighted were; And doubtful what to do, straight one with speed Climbs up a Tree, and from the Danger freed, Becomes regardless of the other quite: Yet he not void of Shifts, invents a Slight To fave his Life, and on the Ground doth fall Flat on his Face, holding his Breath with all-The Power he had, to whom approach'd the Bear, And round about furvey'd him every where: But still he held his Breath. The Bear therefore, Which seldom feeds on Carrion, forbore To fearch him further, and fo onward bends; Who gone, the other from the Tree descends, And thus falutes his Fellow, Friend, what Chear? What did the wild Beast whisper in thine Ear? The other answers, He forewarned me To travel more with one fo false as thee.

The Moral.

Upon the Earth true Friends we find are rare.

As black Swans in the filver Rivers are.

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FAB. 95. Of the Bald Knight.

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HE bald Knight tied a Peruke to his Bonnet. He comes into the Field, while the sharp North Wind blew, and when he did not well heed his Peruke, on a sudden his Baldness appears. The Company loudly cry'd out, as also he himself laughs. What a Matter is it, quoth he, that borrowed Hair slies away, whereas heretofore mine own Hair is slown?

The Moral.

The Knight did well not to be angry, but to laugh with them that laughed. Socrates when he had received a Cuff on the Ear in the open Market, answers thus, It is a vexatious Thing for Men not to know when they ought to walk forth with their Helmets.

A Bald-pate Knight through Age or Accident, With Art supply'd that seeting Ornament; And worea Peruke. Walking, he beheld A Troop of Youths were sporting in a Field. Approaching them to view their harmless Play, His Cap of Hair forthwith was blown away. This mov'd the Youths to Laughter, whereat he Was tickled too, and laugh'd for Company:

Saying

Saying, No wonder strange Hairs off are blown, Since they could not keep on which were my own. The Moral.

When Men are jeer'd, it is the wifest way To jest it off, not to commence a Fray.

FAB. 96. Of two Pots.



Clay, the other of Brass. The Force of the Stream carries both away. The Clay-Pot fearing to be broken, the Brass-Pot bid it not fear, he would take sufficient Care that they should not be broken. Then the other answered, Whether the River dash me against thee, or thee against me, which way soever, I shall be in the Danger; wherefore most certainly I will divide from thee.

The Moral.

It is better living with an equal Companion, than with one that is more potent; for by the more potent thou may it be prejudiced, but not he by thee.

Within a Pool two Pots together meet (fleet One Earth, the other Brass; but the Earth too For the flow Brass, is swiftly born away:

The Brass-Pot calls, and prays the Earthen stay,

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That they might ride together. No, replies
The Earthen Pot, great Danger in it lies:
For should I float near thee, thy harder Side
Justled 'gainst mine by the unconstant Tide,
Would crush my brittle Ribs, and therefore I
At Distance hold the most Security.
The Moral.

Scorn not the Equals, nor affociate
Thy felf with those whose Pow'r exceeds thy State;
For if thou chance with such to disagree,
Thou canst not them, but they may injure thee.

F A B. 97.

Of the Country-man and Fortune.



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THE Country-man while he was at Plough, found a Treasure in the Furrows; he gives Thanks to the Ground which had brought it forth. Fortune perceiving that no Worship was given to her, thus spake to her self, This Fool having found a Treasure, is not thankful at all, but when he hath once lost it, he will with Cries and Prayers sollicite me first of all.

The Moral.

For a good Turn received we are thankful to him that merits well of us; but Ingratitude deserves to be deprived of that Good be hath received.

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A Man whose Plough-share had encountered A Pot of Gold, Thanksgiving offered Unto the Goddess of the Earth, and rears A green Turf Altar, which her Image bears; Returns to plough, without Devotion paid To Fortune. Whereat she offended, said,

I have no Thanks, by whom this Treasure came; But when 'tis lost, I shall bear all the Blame.

The Moral.

To those who Thanks deserve, still thankful be, Lest you want Help in worst Extremity.

FAB. 98.

Of the Peacock and the Crane.



HE Peacock and the Crane sup together. The Peacock boasts of himself, spreads his Tail, slights the Crane. The Crane confesseth the Peacock had fine Feathers; but he, while the Peacock scarcely could fly up to the House top, with gallant Flight could pierce the Clouds.

The Moral.

Let no Man under-walue another; every one hath his Lot, every one his Vertue. He that wants what Vertue thou injoyest, possibly may have what thou wantest.

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THE gay-plum'd Peacock, with a coy Disdain,
Slights the meanCloathing of the long-beak'd Crane,
And tells her, she much of her State did want,
And costly Rayment. Quoth the Crane, I grant
Thy Outside's fairer; but what Use, I pray,
Serve thy fine Plumes for? Mine inforce a Way
Thorow the purer Air, when thou alone
Stalk'st on the Earth for Boys to gaze upon.

The Moral.

Despise not thy Inferiours, because they Walk in a Homely Black, or Country Grey, While thou art clad in Silks: Their Minds may be Richer than all thy Golden Pedigree.

F A B. 99.

Of the Oak and the Reed.



BY a strong South-wind the Oak is shattered and cast into the River; and while it sloated, some of the Boughs hang upon the Reed, wonders that the Reed in so great a Wind stood safe: She answers, By yielding and giving way, I rest secure: I bend to the South and North-wind, yea, to every Wind; and no wonder that the Oak goes down, which is ambitious to oppose and resist.

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The Moral. Resist not him that is more potent; but overcome him by giving way and yielding: Which the most eloquent Poet Virgil teacheth elegantly:

O Sir! let's follow Fate, whate'er's our Doom: By Patience all Things we shall overcome.

A Fierce strong Wind an Oak top-heavy blew Into a River, on whose Bank it grew, Which sloating, spies a Plat of Reeds that stood And grew in despite of the Wind and Flood; The Oak then wond'ring at it, doth demand How a weak Reed 'gainst Wind and Stream could stand The Reeds return an Answer, brief, but plain, By moving I thus un-remov'd remain;

And I admire not that your hold you mist, Since you refus'd to yield, and would resist.

The Moral.

Contend not with the Potent, but give way; Their Rage and Fury will in Time decay.

> FAB. 100. Of the Tiger and the Fox.



THE Huntsman pursues the wild Beasts with Arrows. The Tiger bids all the Beasts stand away, he alone would maintainthe War. The Huntsman goes

on to shoot. By-and-by the Tiger is wounded; the Fox feeing him fly out of the Battle, and drawing out the Dart, asked him, Who had fo cruelly wounded fo fout a Beaft? He answers, He knew nor the Author of his Wound; but by the Largeness of the Wound. he guessed it was some Man.

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The Moral.

Valiant Men are most commonly Rash, whereas Art over comes Strength, and Policy Fortitude.

N Archer wounding many Beafts, the fierce And rav'nous Tiger thinks no Shaft can pierce His speckled Skin; and bids them no more fear. He'd guard them fafe from any Danger near. Which scarcely spoke, the Archer him espy'd, And lodg'd a deadly Arrow in his Side. Whereat amaz'd, the Tiger 'gins to start, And flying, breaks in two the wounding Dart. Whom the Fox meeting in his Flight, requests, That he would tell him among all the Beafts, Which gave him that fore Wound? The Tiger cries With fainting Voice, His fecret Enemies: He not descry'd when he receiv'd the same,

But furely thought it from some Archer came.

The Moral.

Some rashly so, with Valour Spurr'd, pursue Their fatal Ends, which Policy might eschew.

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F A B. 101. Of the Bulls and the Lion.



Here were four Bulls who resolv'd to live and die one with another. The Lion saw them seeding together, and altho' he was an hungry, yet while they were united, he was afraid to set upon them. First he endeavours by deceitful Words to divide them, then he tears them in pieces, being divided.

The Moral.

Nothing more firm than Concord. Discord renders even those that are valiant, feeble.

Pour Bulls at Pasture undisturbed feed,
By Beasts of Prey, while they within the Mead
Together keep; nor did the Lion dare
To seize on them 'till they divided were,
And by his Policy asunder led;
Then one by one upon each single Head
He violently slew, and piece-meal tore
Those whom he durst not venture on before.

The Moral.

Nothing's like Concord firm; but if they break That Knot, the strongest Kingdoms become weak.

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of the Fir-tree and the Bush.



THE Fir-tree is reported once to have despised the Shrubs. She boasts that she was tall, and was used in Buildings, and stood with a Sail in Ships, and that the Shrubs were low, base, and use-less, whose Answer was this, Thou indeed, O Fir-tree, boastest of thy Goodness, and insultest over our Unhappiness; but withal, neither dost thou relate thy own Mishap, and omittest our Benefit. When thou shalt be cut down with a sounding Ax, how would'st thou wish to be like us which are secure?

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The Moral.

The highest Condition hath its Unhappiness; and the lowest Condition its Benefit. To say no more, This State is secure and safe; that, not without Fear nor Danger. He race sings in his Lyricks,

The loftiest Towers are brought under:
The highest Mountains struck with Thunder.
A Stately Tree with tall aspiring height
Swoln proud, begins a little Bush to slight,
With these disdainful Words; Dost thou not see,
Deformed Shrub, my State excelling thee?
How useful now I am, and can support
The stately Palage of a Prince's Court,

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When useless thou rejected stand'ss, of none Regarded, but to feed the Fire alone; This taid, a Labourer with his keen Bill Hews down the Tree, the Bush stood growing still; Who answers thus in Scoss, If this be all Thy State, rare Tree, so suddenly to fall, I thank Dame Nature, who hath made me low, And after you to let me stand or grow.

The Moral.

Ambition, here described by the Tree,
Shews how unconstant worldly Honour be.
The Bush declares a mean Estate, content
Still with its own, not t' envy others bent.
The Labourer true Justice, which plucks down
Ambitious Pride, e'er to full height' tis grown.

FAB. 103.

Of the Lark and her Young ones.



The Larkadviseth her Young ones, being laid in the standing Corn, that, while she was absent, they diligently give heed whether there by any Speech concerning the Season of the Year. The anxious Young ones declare to their Dam (coming from feeding)

feeding) that the Lord of the Field had let out the work to his Neighbours. There's no Danger, quoth the Dam. On another Day, the young ones being in a Fright, tell her that the Friends of the Lord were intreated to reap. Again the Dam charges them to rest fecure. The third time, as soon as ever she heard the Lord himself, with his Son, determine the next Morning to enter the Harvest with a Scythe, now (quoth the Dam) 'tis high Time for us to be gone, I fear'd not the Neighbours and Friends, because I knew they were not forward to come. I stand in awe of the Masser, for the Business is a Delight to him.

The Moral.

We are sothful most of us in other Mens Business. But if thou woudst have any thing well looked after, commit it not to another, but look too it thy self.

A Lark in standing Corn had hatch'd a Brood, Which she commands (flying abroad for Food) To be attentive what the Owner said Of the Fields reaping. They, poor Birds, afraid, Tell her the Neighbours were to come next Day To reap the Corn; and wish themselves away. Fear not, my sittle Birds, reply'd the Dam; They will not come. Twas true; no Neighbours came. Next time the Dame came to her Young with Food, She was informed by her fearful Brood, The Owners Friends were bid next Day to come To reap the Field, and then would be their Doom. Chear up, my Birds, said she, we fear no Friends. Next Day they tell her, The Owner intends

To reap the Corn next Morning with his Son:

Nay then, said she, 'tistime that we were gone.

The Moral.

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Neighbours and Friends are backward; who intends
Thave things soon done, must make his hands his Friends.

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FAB.

of the Covetous and Envious Man-



Two Men prayed to Jupiter, a covetous and an envious Man. Jupiter sends Apollo, that by him he may satisfie their Desires. He gives them free Liberty to wish for what they would, on this Condition, that whatsoever one desired, the other might receive bouble. The covetous Man is at a long Stand, deeming nothing enough; at last he desires not a few things, his Fellow receives double. Moreover, the envious Man asked this, That he might lose one of his Eyes; deing glad that his Fellow should be punished with the Loss of both.

The Moral.

What can satisfie Covetousness? But nothing more mad than Envy, which if it may hurt another, cares not what Mischief it doth to it self.

A Covetous and Envious Man require
Jointly that Jove would grant them their Defire:
Jove fends Apollo t' hear their Suits, and grant
To each of them what may fupply their Want.
Who bids them speak the Full of their Demands,
And what the first ask'd, in the others Hands,
Should doubly be bestow'd: The covetous Man,
Whose boundless Wish no Treasure limit can;
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Strives therefore to be last, by his Delay, Hoping to bear a double Sum away.

Apollo then commands the other speak, Who willingly doth thus his Silence break, And of the God maliciously request, To lose one Eye; contented so to rest, That th'other might lose both. Ah! wretched

That th'other might lose both Ah! wretched Mind, Wou'd harm himself, to make another blind!

The Moral.

What more insatiate than the boundless Mind Of Usurers, to purchase Wealth inclin'd:
Unless by Envy equalized, whose Will Would wound it self to work another's Ill.

FAB. 105.
Of the Crow and the Pitcher.



THE thirsty Crowfinds a Pitcher of Water, but the Pitcher was deeper than that the Crow could come at the V Vater. She endeavours to pour out the Water, but cannot. Forthwith gathering little Pebbles out of the Sand, she cast them into the Pot. By this Means the V Vater is raised, and the Crow drinks.

The Moral.

That which sometimes thou canst not do by Strength, thou Shalt effect by Wisdom and Policy.

Crow, to quench her Thirst, seeks far and near For Water, but can find none any where, Save what i'th' Bottom of a Veffel lay Too deep to reach; which feen, she did essay To overthrow the Vessel, but in vain She strove, and could not her Desire attain. Who therefore now perceiving Strength to fail, Resolves to try if Policy can prevail; And gath'ring many Pebbles, dropt them in, Until the bubbling Water did begin T' ascend the Top. So she with Ease obtain'd

That which had else been from her Reach restrain'd.

The Moral.

Force is not always prevalent, but Wit And Policy oft-times the Conquest get. By that th' Epirean Scanderbeg withstood The Turk, and all his trembling Multitude. of the Lion and Huntsman.



The Lion wrangled with the Huntsman, and prefers his Valour before the Strength of Man. After a long Contention, the Hunter leads him to a stately Tomb, whereupon was engraven a Lion laying his Head in the Lap of a Man. The Lion denies that to be a sufficient Evidence, saying, Men may carve what they please; if Lions were Artificers, they would carve a Man under the Feet of a Lion.

The Moral. Every one to his Ability Speaks, and does what may be mest advantageous to his Party and Gause

A Man and Lion walking in their way
Espied a stony Pillar to display
Graven thereon the Image of a Man,
Which had a Lion conquered; so began
A while to gaze, then some Discourses hold,
Whilst thus the Man the Emblem did unfold:
See, mighty Beast, how strong and stout we are,
When one sole Man's become a Conqueror,
And masters one of you. To whom agen
The Lion answers, Could Beasts paint like Men,
You'd find that Lions on more Men have fed,

Than by Men ever have been vanquished.

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The Moral.

Vain Boasters here are shown, who brag t' have done Atts which they never durft to adventure on.

F A B. 107.

Of the Boy and the Thief.



A Boy fits over the Well weeping, the Thief asked the cause why he cried? The Boy answers, That the String breaking, he had let fall a Pot of Gold into the Water. The Man puts of his Cloaths, leeps into the Well, seeks it; not finding the Pot, he comes up out of the Well, and there finds neither the Boy nor his Coat; for the Boy had taken the Coat and run away.

The Moral.

They are sometimes deceived who use to deceive others.

A Sa young Boy sat weeping by a Well,
A Thief repairs to him, and bad him tell
The Causes of his Grief. The crafty Child
Replies, O Sir, This Rope hath me beguil'd,
Which when I thought to draw a Pot of Gold,
Too weak so great and rich a Weight to hold,
Afunder broke. The Thief believes the Boy,
And leaving's Cloak, descends the Well with Joy!
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But finds no Gold; his Labour was as vain, As his Desire was of unlawful Gain. So back he comes; but neither could he find The Boy, nor yet the Cloak he left behind: For while the Thief, in hope to get a Prey, VVent down, the Boy with it was fled away.

The Moral.

So Craft oft-times the Craftiest deceives,

And Nets for Thieves in their own Gunning weaves.

F A B. 108.

Of the Country-man and the Ox.



THE Country-man had an Ox which could not indure tying or yoaking. The Man, being cunning, cut off his Horns (for with the Horns he pushed) then he yokes him, not to the Waggon, but to the Plough, that, as he was wont, he might not kick his Master with his Heel. He held the Plough himself, being glad that by his Industry he had brought it to pass that he might now be safe both from his Horns and Heels. But what became of it? The Ox forthwith resisting, by scraping with his Heels, covers the Face and Head of the Country-man with Sand.

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The Moral.

There are some so untractable, that they can be dealt withal by no Cunning, by no Counsel.

A N Ox impatient to bear the Yoke,
Could not be tam'd, tho' many a furious Stroke
His Master lent him oft; but in proud Scorns
Would still oppose the Keeper with his Horns.
He therefore cuts them off, in hope that way
To curb him, and his Stubbornness allay.
But that prevail'd not: when the Ox did feel
The Want of Horns, he finds as light a Heel;
Which when his Master saw that he could find
No Means that might him to Subjection bind,
He sells him to the Slaughter; for Death can
Prevail above the Strength of any Man.

The Moral.

Rebellious Subjects, like the Ox must be Chastized so by pow'rful Majesty,
And if in Disobedience still they stand,
Feel the sharp Rigour of the Law's Command.

Of the Satyr and the Traveller.

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HE Satyr, which in Times past was held for God of the Groves, taking pity of a Traveller cover'd with Snow, and almost dead with Cold. brings him into his Cave, refreshes him with Fire, asked him the Reason why he blowed his Hands? That they may be warm, quoth he. Afterwards, when they fat down to Meat, the Traveller blow'd his Pancake, Being asked, Why he did it? That it might cool, quoth he. Forthwith the Satyr turning him out of Doors, fays, I will not lodge any Man in my Cave. that hath a Mouth of contrary Tempers. The Moral.

Beware thou entertain not a Man to live with thee, who hath a double Tongue, and who is a Proteus in his Language.

Satyr (fuch for Gods the Ancients held To guard the Woods) within a Defart dwell'd, And out of Pity to a Traveller gave Kind Entertainment, led him to his Cave, And bid himWelcome, where, with Cold, the Man Benumb'd, to blow his Finger's Ends began. The Satyr ask'd the Cause? The Man replies, His Breath did cause a Warmth thereon to rise.

This pass'd: The Satyr gives him Pottage hot And scalding, newly taken from the Pot. Into the which again the Man doth blow: Of whom the Satyr asks, why he did so? The Man replies, To cool them. Canst thou then, Says the old Satyr, heat and cool again

All with one Breath? None shall remain with me

Within whose Mouth is such Variety.

The Moral.

By Breath is here express a double Tongue,
That can speak fair, when the Heart intends most Wrong:
And to the Face, though golden Word to feign,
Behind thy Back will-slander thee again.

of the Boar and the Country-man.



THE Boar spoiling the Corn, the Country-man cut off his Ear; taking him the second time, he cut off the other. But the Boar coming again, he takes him and carries him into the City, designing him for the Dainties of his Master. The Boar being carved at Dinner, there's no Heart to be found. The

Master being angry, required it of the Cook. The Bayliff made Answer, Master, it is no wonder you find no Heart, I believe the foolish Boar had none: for if he had an Heart, at his Penalty he would not have come again into my Corn. This faid the Country man; but all the Guests set up a loud Laughter at the Folly of the Country-man.

The Moral.

The Life of many Men is so heartless, that you may question whether they have a Heart or no.

Clown cut off an Ear of a wild Boar That spoil'd his Corn, and bid him come no more. The Boar again is taken there; the Man Lops off his other Ear. But neither can That keep the Boar away, who comes again; And for his Folly is the third time flain. Which he a Prefent to his Landlord fent. Who him for it abates a Quarter's Rent. The Boar is dreft, and to the Lord's Board brought. But when in vain he for the Heart long fought: And found it not, he chases, and chides the Cook: Saying, That he, base Knave, the Boar's Heart took. Sir, under Favour, quoth the Clown, the Beaft Was never fure of Heart or Brains posselt: For had he either had, he had forborn

To urge his Death the third time in my Corn.

The Moral.

Some Men so live, that scarce can any know Whether they have a Heart or Brains, or no.

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e r F A B. 111.

Of the Ox and the Rat.



The Ox shakes his Horns, enquires for his Enemy, sees him not. The Rat laughs at him. Because thou art strong and huge (quoth the Rat) thou must not therefore scorn every Body. Now even the little Rat in spite of thy teeth hath hurt thee.

The Moral.

It is a common Proverb, which I might express more fignificantly in our own Language. Let no Man be too beedless of his Enemy; in the Latin thus: Nemo ho-

stem suum flocci pendat.

A N Ox the little Rat had spurn'd,
For which the angry Vermine turn'd,
And by the Heel the Ox did bite:
Toward her Hole then takes her Flight.
The Ox pursues, but cannot spy
The Vermine, she so close did lie.
Whereat the Rat thus scoss the great
And burly Beast, My Friend, retreat,
You vainly stay. I'm here secure,
And can thy Hates and Treats endure.
Learn therefore hence, let me advise,
No more small Creatures to despise:

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For Fro For now you fee a little Rat Can be reveng'd, if kicked at.

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The Moral

Grow not Secure, because you know Your Power stronger than your Foe: For watchful Foes, though weak, may be Revenged of an Enemy.

of the Country-man and Hercules.



THE Country-man's Waggon sticks in the deep Mire. The Country-man forthwith in a wretchless manner implores the Help of Hercules. A Voice thunders from Heaven. Fool, saith it, whip thy Horses, and set thy Shoulders to the Wheels, and then call upon Hercules; for then invocated, he will be present. The Moral.

Lazy Wishes come to nothing, which truly God hears not Help thy felf, as they say, and then God will afford thee Assistance.

A Clown, whose Cart stuck fast in dirty way,
Lying along to Hercules did pray
For Aid. A Voice in Thunder straight replies
From Heaven, Thou Lout, thou unform'd Lump, arise,
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And lay thy helping Hand unto some Spoke; So drive thy Herse, and then the God invoke; Who will not fail to help thee at thy Need, When as thy Pray'r is second to thy Deed, The Moral.

Mens lazy Prayers never reach so high As the Acceptance of the Deity: Let thy Endeavour with thy Vote still cleave, To ask in Faith, and thou shalt sure receive.

> FAB. 113. Of the Goofe.



Here was a Goose which layed Golden Eggs, every Day one. Her Master, that on a sudden he might be rich, kills the Goose, hoping to find a Treasure within her. But finding the Goose empty, the poor Man is amaz'd, and anxiously laments and takes on, that he had lost the Thing he looked for, and also his Hope.

The Moral.

Defires are to be moderated. We must take heed that we be not over-hasty and rash; for too much haste is hurtful and be that hunts after more than is sitting, sometimes meets nothing.

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ONE had a Goofe that every Day
Eggs of the pureft Gold did lay,
Yet not content with that, her Lord
Thought she more Profit might afford,
And make him quickly rich, if he
Should rip her, and possessed be
Of all her Store, not waiting still
For single Egg's, as pleas'd her Will
To bring them forth; which he effected,
But mist the Treasure he expected:
For she being dead, the Eggs were gone,
And in her Paunch he found not one;
But sighs that he had lost both Store,
And Hopes of ever having more.

The Moral.

Wouldst thou grow rich? Then limit thy Desire, And strive not in one Moment to acquire The Sum of all thy Hopes, lest seeking all Thou all do lose, and into Ruin fall.

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of the Ape and her two Young-ones.



THE Ape, as they say, when she brought forth. Twins, loved the one, and slighted the other: she was was with her Young ones, and when a Fright came upon her, she, to avoid the Danger, catches that which she loved, in her Arms, which (while she flies in all haste) she dashed against a Stone and killed: That which was disregarded, cleaved fast to her rough Back when her Dame sled, and so remained secure.

The Moral.

It often comes to pass, that Parents through their too much Indulgence, are an Occasion of much Evil and Danger to that Child which they affect most dearly, when as he, whom they least love, becomes the most hardy and honest.

A N Ape produced Twins, and did affect
One dearly, but the other quite neglect;
Whom as the Hunters one Day did-pursue,
While with all Speed she from their Presence slew,
Within her paws her Darling close she kept,
The other on her Back for Safety leapt,
And hung there close, not hindring her at all:
When followed hard, she let her lov'd one fall,
Not daring longer hold it, less both they
And she might so become the Hunters Prey.
And so that which she least affected, bore
With Life away: when Hounds the other tore.

The Moral.

Too too indulgent Parents so,
While they on one do tender grow,
Too nice an Education takes
From th' Hardness of his Youth, and makes
Him far more subject to Mischances stand,
Than those they softer d with less cockering Hand.

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He Ox being now grown ancient, daily drew the Plow, the Bullock being idle, skipt out in the Neighbours Pastures, and at length insults over the Fortune of his Elder. He boafts, that he knew not what belonged to yoke or tying, he was free and idle; but that his (sc. the old Ox) Neck was worn with Work: and lastly, that he was sleek and neat; but that he (fc. theold Ox) was rough and dirty. The old Ox at that time answers him nothing. Shortly after he saw this Boafter led to facrifice, and then after this manner he. speaks to him, What is your easie Life now come to? Your fecure Idleness hath brought you to the Slaughter. Now (as I suppose) you would rather advise me to labour, which guards me, than to Idleness, which hath brought thee to they Death. The Moral.

Work and Watchfulness is requisite to the right ordering of our Lives. But a slothful Person, and one that is given to pleasure, shall have that End of his Business, which he would be loth to have.

A N idle Calf whose Neck no Yoke had worn, Did an old Ox, that each day labour'd, scorn; Boast his smooth Neck, his Pasturage to free, Extreamly glorying in his Liberty. Then Then frisking round the Field, insults again
Over the Ox, and twits him for his Pain,
And yoke gall'd Neck. The patient Ox affords
The insulting Calf no discontented Words
Soon after this, the Calf is led away
For Sacrifice; to whom the Ox doth say,
Such the Rewards are of your idle Life,
Those fading Garlands, and the Priest's keen Knife.
Had you not better work'd, and Life extend,
Than through dull Ease to make so quick an end?

The Moral.

Industrious Men most often longer live, Then who themselves do unto Pleasures give.

FAB. 116.

Of the Dog and the Lion.



Wretch! almost famished, why dost thou coast over the Woods and By-Places? Look here, I am fat and fair liking; and this I get not by Toil, but Ease; then faid the Lion, Thou hast indeed thy Dainties, but withal thy Chains. Be thou a Slave, who canst live so; I am free, neither will I be a Slave,

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The Moral.

The Lion answereth handsomely; for Liberty & better than any thing what soever.

A Well-fed Dog did with a Lion meet,

A Both lean and wand'ring whom he thus did greet.

Why do you always traverie Field and Wood,

Half hunger-starv'd, to seek a little Food?

Behold how plump and sleek I am; and yet

I neither labour for my Food, nor sweat,

But live in Ease. Come then, ne'er dread a Chain,

A Clog or Whip, like dainty Fare to gain.

The Royal Brut replies, That he will starve, Before that he for Bits and Knocks will serve. The Moral.

They are not Men, but flavish Curs that shall For Belly-Chear their free-born Souls inthral.

F A B. 117. Of the Fishes.



THE River-fish is carried by Force of the Stream into the Sea, where boasting of her Nobility, she scorns the Sea-kind. The Sea-Calf would not indure this, but said, Then will thy Nobility appear, if thou beest taken with the Sea-Calf, and carried to the Market. I am bought of Nobles, and thou of the Vulgar.

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The Moral.

Many are so taken with a Desire of Glory, that they set out and boast themselves. The Commendation that comes from a Man's self, is no Commendation, but entertain'd with a Derision from the Hearers.

A River-fish was by the Stream convey'd Into the Sea, where he began t' upbraid The Sea-fish as ignoble, and to slight Them as but vile in his most noble Sight. The Sea-Calf brooks not this, but doth reply, Their Worth's best Tryal is in them that buy, Then it appears, when both are took and brought Into the Market; from whence we are bought By Peers and Gentry; whereas thou, poor Fish, No higher swimm'st than to a mean Man's Dish.

The Moral.

Mens Praises out of others Mouths are known, And sound much better than out of their own.

FAB. 118.
Of the Leopard and the Fox.



The Leopard, whose Skin is spotted, began to look big, the other wild Beasts, and the very Lions being Ai

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As All So' being scorned by him. The Fox comes to him, adviseth him not to be so proud, telling him he had indeed a specious Skin, but that himself had a specious Mind.

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The Moral.

There is a Difference and Order of good Things, the Goods of the Body exceed those of Fortune. It's fit the good Things of the Mind should be preferr'd before both.

THE Leopard looking on his spotted Skin,
Swells big with scornful Pride, and doth begin
All the wild Beasts to slight; the Lions too
Deformed in his pust-up Fancy shew,
Whom the Fox meeting, counsels to lay by
That unbecoming Pride; for outwardly
Though fair he seem'd to be, yet he should find
Others excel in Vertues of the Mind:
Which was the noblest Treasure, and will raise
To Bliss, when all his Earthly Pomp decays.

The Moral.

As th' Health of Body's more preferr'd than are
All Gifts of Fortune, how soever fair:
So 'bove both these, that Health esteem'd should be,
That keeps the Mind and Understanding free
From apprehending Fancies proud and vair,
Or other fond Diseases of the Brain.

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FAB. 119. Of the Fox and the Cat.



Hen on a time the Fox in Discourse, which he had with the Cat, bragged, that he had feveral Wiles, infomuch, that he had a Budget full of Tricks. But the Cat answered, That the had one shift only to reply upon, if any Danger should befall her. As they were talking, on a fudden they hear the Cry of-a fwift Pack of Hounds. Then the Cat leaps up into a very high Tree, whereas the Fox in the Interim, being furrounded with a Kennel of Hounds, is taken.

The Moral.

This Fable intimates, that one onely Device, fo that it be true and effectual, is better than many Deceits and frivolous Devices.

Eyeard fits boasting to th' Ingenious Cat, What fev'ral Shifts he had, first this, then that, When he intends his Hunters to delude: I must confess, (quoth Puss) they seem full good. And fafe withal; but I, alas, have none, Except it be one filly Scape alone;

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Which failing, I've no more. With that a Cry
Of full-mouth'd Hounds approach them suddenly,
Forcing th' affrighted Fox away to flee,
The nimble Cat skips up into a Tree,
And sits there safe; while the Dogs by her went
Unseen; but follow Reynard by the Scent,
Whose hundred Shifts avail'd him not at all,
The Hounds pursu'd him to his Funeral.

The Moral.

'Tis not a Multitude of shallow Drifts
Which shun imminent Dangers; for such Shifts
Are not half so much prevalent as one
With deep and solid Wit consulted on.

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F A B. 120.

Of the Ass and the Traveller.



When as two Men by chance had found an Ass in the Desarts, they began to contend between themselves, whether of them should lead him home, as his own; for he seemed to be offered by Fortune to both alike. In the mean time, whilst they wrangled about this Matter one with another, the Ass got away, and neither of them injoyed him.

The Moral.

Some men fall short of present Advantages, which thro' their own Ignorance, they know not how to make use of.

They chance to see a strange and stragling Ass, Without an Owner: wherefore they contest Between themselves who shall posses the Beast. They'd not be Sharers; one of them alone Vows to be Master of it all, or none.

And so to blows they fall. The Ass perceives The Strife, and swiftly from them slying, leaves The Place where they contend. Who being gone, Instead of all, the Wranglers purchas'd none.

The Moral.

The Travellers two wrangling Neighbours are, Who for Small Trifles frivolously jar, With vain Dissention, and too oft debate, Inriching some, themselves they ruinate.

F A B. 121.
Of the Beetle and the Eagle.



Beetle, on a time, being flighted by the Eagle, began to think of taking revenge any way. He fearched ne

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fearched diligently where the Eagle had built her Nest: The Beetle crept to it, and threw down her Eggs with the like Wile. When the Eagle had often changed her dwelling, and did no good she went to Jupiter, her Patron, and lays open her Calamity: he grants her leave to lay her Eggs in his Lap, which were like to be in safety in that place. But the peevish Beetle crept thither also, by the Welts and Plaits of his Garment, Jupiter never perceiving her. Then when Jupiter saw the Eggs moved, and did not well mind, being assonished at the Strangeness of the matter, shaking his Lap, threw them on the Ground.

The Moral.

This Fable admonisheth us, that no Man, though he be never so little, is to be contemned.

Mould be reveng'd whatever did betide. So having learn'd the Eagle's Nest, he slew Thither, and all the Eagle's Eggs down threw, And brake them all against the Ground: And still As th' Eagle shifts her Nest, he thither will, And doth the like. At last the Eagle moves Her Patron Jove. Jove her intirely loves, And grants his Lap to lay her Eggs in: there Her Eggs might be secur'd, if any where; But the still spiteful Beetle thither slies, And undiscern'd in Jove's Lap's Bottom lies; 'Till seeing the Eggs mov'd he knew not how, Jove shook his Lap, and all to th' Ground did throw.

The Moral.

Trust not in Might, to wrong or slight the Weak: The meanest Wretch his Spite may fully wreak.

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He hed F A B. 122.

Of the Hawk that pursued the Pigeon.



When the Hawk purfued a Pigeon with a speed dy Flight, entring into a Farm-house, was taken by the Country-man, whom he besought in a fair manner to let him go; for, said he, I have done thee no hurt. To whom the Country-man made this Answer, Neither hath this Pigeon hurt thee.

The Moral.

This Fable sheweth, That they are deservedly punished, who strive to hurt the Innocent.

And at the harmless Pigeon slew:
But before she her Prey had made,
Is in a Net by a Fowler stay'd.
Whereat amaz'd, the Hawk began,
Whence springs this Malice, envious Man?
I ne'er was bent to injure thee,
Why dost thou then injuriously
Thus me oppress? my only Flight
Was to suppress my Appetite;
A Custom frequent every Day,
And most in use with Birds of Prey

If, quoth the Man, your Hate be fo,
And 'gainst small Birds so potent grow,
That they for no Offence must die,
(Except to glut your Cruelty)
The Harm 'gainst them which you intend,
Oft falls upon your selves in th' End.
The Moral.

Ill Deeds have ill Success; and the se who steer
B' unjust Oppression others to deprive
Of Life or Fortune, in the End receive
The like Reward in the same Plots they were.

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· FA B. 123.

Of the Sick Als and the Wolves that came to wifit him.



N Ass was sick, and a Report had gone abroad, that he was like to die speedily. Therefore when the Wolves and the Dogs came to visit him, and asked of the young one, how his Father did? He answers thorow a small Crevis of the Door, Better than you desire.

The Moral.

The Fable Shews, that many pretend that they are troubled for the Death of others, whom yet they desire to die Suddenly.

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Sick of a strong Disease th' As keeps his Bed,
And by his Neighb'ring Beasts is visited;
'Mongst whom, the Wolf seems chiefly to deplore
The Asses Grief, and faintly at the Door
Asks of the young As how his Father sped?
'Twould joy him t' hear that he recovered.
To whom the Assreply'd, He's better far
Than towards him your feigned Wishes are.

The Moral.

So many Men seem pensive oft, and sad For others Harms, whereof they most are glad.

F A B. 124.

Of the Dog that worried his Master's Sheep, by whom he was hanged for it.



A Certain Shepherd committed the Tuition of his Sheep to his Dog, feeding him with very good Meat; but he oftentimes killed one Sheep or another, which when the Shepherd perceived, apprehending the Dog, was resolved to kill him. To whom the Dog faid, Why wilt thou destroy me? I am one of your Family,

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mily; rather kill the Wolf, who continually lays wait about your Sheepfold. Nay, quoth the Shepherd, I think you more worthy of Death than the Wolf; for he professeth himself an open Enemy, thou under the shew of Friendship, dost daily lessen my Flock.

The Moral.

This Fable shews, that they are much rather to be punished, who under the Colour of Friendship endamage us, than they who openly profess themselves our Enemies.

Shepherd had a num'rous Flock of Sheep. For whose Protection he a Dog did keep: And fed him highly, that the Cur might be More careful, and with fafer Custody Look to his Charge. Yet the infatiate Cur. Seeing Variety, did more prefer The Blood of tender Lambs, than all the Fare His Master fed him with; and would not spare The best in all the Flock, if the Delight Of fresh warm Meat incens'd his Appetite. The which his Master finding out, with rage, (For Patience could not fuch a Wrong affwage) Threatens his Death. The guilty Dog replies, Why must I die? Far greater Enemies Daily infest the Flock, the VVolves; let those Be put to death, who are professed Foes. Nay (quoth his Master) rather you must die; VVho under Friendship use Hostility.

The Moral.

This Fable shews the Danger which attends A Man to confident in home-bred Friends.

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FAB. 125.

Of the Coach-man and his creaking Wheel.



THE Coachman asked his Coach, Why that Wheel which was the worst creaked, when as the other did not so? To whom the Coach said, Sick People always use to be froward and complaining.

The Moral.

The Fable fignifieth, That Miseries are apt to provoke Men to complain.

A Coa ch-man driving in a full Career, A m idst his Speed, a creaking Wheel did hear More loud than all the rest. And asking why, Or where the Causes lay? this short Reply His Chariot made;

The Moral.

And groan when they the Pains of Sickness show.

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F A B. 126.

Of the Fox and the Goat.



Fox and a Goat being thirsty, went down into a VVell, where having quenched their Thirst, the Fox speaks to the Goat, who was looking about how he should get up, Take Courage, O Goar, (faith the Fox) I have invented a way how we may both return; for thou shalt rear thy felf straight up, holding thy fore-Feet against the Wall, and lean thy Horns forwards, holding down thy Chin to thy Breast; and I skipping over thy Back and thy Horns, and getting out of the Well, will pull thee out thence afterwards. Whose Counsel the Goat relying upon. and obeying, as he commanded, the Fox skipped out of the Well, and then for Joy, danced about the Brink of the Well, and was very marry, taking no Care at all for the Goat. But when he was accused of the Goat for a League-breaker, he answered, O Goat, if thou hadft had a Mind as full of Wisdom as thy Chin is of Hairs, before thou hadft gone down, thou wouldst have been certain how thou mightest have come out again.

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The Moral.

This Fable intimates, that a prudent Man, before he fets about any Business, should search diligently what the end will be.

HE Fox and Goat go to a Well to drink, Which being fo deep, that standing on the brink, They could not reach the Water, they descend Both in the Bucket, and obtain their End. So having quench'd their Thirst, when they defire To wind the Bucket upward and retire. Their Strength and Wit both fail'd them, that they Doubtful, what course is best to take in hand: But crafty Reynard (for the Goat too wife). For his Escape this Project did devise: Willing the Goat himself upright to raise, And 'gainst the Wall his foremost Feet to place, That fo his Body to full Length extending, The Fox might on his Shoulders straight ascending. Get forth, and hail out him, They both agree: And by this Means the Fox gets Liberty; Which he no fooner had, but he derides The filly Goat, who still i'th' Well abides, Railing that Reynard had unjustly done, To break his Word, and leave him there alone: Yet all his Passion was but spent in vain, Only the Fox returned thus again; My Friend, did you but half that Wisdom bear. As in your Face does Gravity appear, By your long Beard, you first would learn to shun.

A Danger e'er you headlong on it run.

The Moral.

Consult before you undertake A perillous Attempt, or make Choice of a Friend; for fear that he (Working on the Facility, To gain his Purpose) Fox-like Scorn, And leave thee in Diffress forlorn.

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F A B 127.

Of the Cock and the Partridge.



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Hen a certain Man had many Cocks at Home he permitted a Partridge which he had bought, to feed with them. But when the Cocks molested her, and pecked her with their Bills, the Partridge grieved very much at the Injury, thinking that because she was a Stranger, and not of that kind, those Injuries were done unto her: Afterwards when the Partridge saw the Cocks sighting among themselves, casting away Sorrow of Mind, she said, For the future, indeed, I shall not be grieved, for that I see such odious Contentions among themselves:

The Moral

This Fable sheweth, that wise Man take patiently the Wrongs done to them, especially by those that neither know how to spare themselves, nor their Friend.

NE having a tame Partridge, let her feed Among his Cocks; which such a hate did breed, That the bold Birds would never let her rest, But with their Spurs did strike, and still infest

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The harmless Partridge, who impatient bears
Their Injuries, and wails them with sad Tears,
The more, because a Stranger. But e'er long,
Diverting their sell Hate from her, among
Themselves the Cocks at variance sall, and turn
To mutual Discord. Leaving them to mourn.
The Partridge cries, If 'twist themselves they be so cross, I cannot blame their Hate to me.

The Moral.

No Wrongs unto a wise Man should appear Injurious or hurtful, when they are Offer'd by such, whose Discords hourly raise Mutual Sedition, and Domestick Frays.

FA B. 128.

Of a bragging Fellow.



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A Certain Man, that had travelled a while abroad, after that he was come again, in a bragging manner told, both many brave things he had gallantly atchieved in other Countries, and that the most of all, That he had out-leapt them at Rhodes;

and said, that the Rhodians that were present, would bear him Witness of the same. To whom one of them that stood by answering, said, O Sir, if that be true which you said, what need have you of Witnesses? Look you here where a Rhodian is; see! here is a Challenge to leap with thee.

The Moral.

The Fable sheweth, that where there is a real Testimony, there needs no Words.

Oft Travellers (I know not by what Fate) Their Vertues (boasting) feek to elevate, What rare Exploits they did in foreign Parts. How grac'd in Manners, and how skill'd in Arts: When they as empty and as frothy are, As if come lately from their Nurses Care. Such a New-nothing bragg'd what he had done. How many famous Prizes he had won By his Activity abroad; doth tell That he all Rhodes at Leaping did excel, To which those Rhodians which were present there, Without Record, still living, Witness were, With that a nimble Youth of costive Faith. Set him a Leap; and then replying, faith, If this be true you fay, what need you cite The Men of Rhodes for Witnesses? Our Sight Shall testifie; we'll give your Praises due. If by your Deeds you prove your Words are true. Here's equal Ground to that of Rhodes : lo! here I leap, let your Activity appear.

The Moral.

Where Proofs are wanting, Words are vain, nor can They credit get, but with a finaple Man.

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F A B. 129.

Of the Man that tempted Apollo.



A certain Fellow went to Delphos to attempt Apollo; having a little Sparrow under his Cloak, which he held in his Hand, and approaching to the Trivet, he question'd him, saying, Is that which I have in my right Hand, living or dead? Intending if he had answered, Living, to have produced it dead; if Dead, alive: for he might have killed it under his Cloak before he had brought it forth. But the God discovering his crafty Subtility, replied, O thou that comest hither to ask Counsel, do whether thou pleasest, for it is in thy Power to produce that which is in thy Hand, either living or dead.

The Moral.

This Fable declares, that nothing is hidden from, or can deceive the Divine Understanding.

A N unbelieving crafty Knave would try Th' Oracle of the Delphick Deity; Whether thence Truth or Error issued, In his Right Hand, which his Cloak covered.

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No No He held a little Sparrow, with which he Approach'd the Image of the Deity:
And thus demands, What in my Hand I have, Is it alive or dead? The fubtile Knave, Had the God answered, Dead, meant to produce The Bird alive, Apollo to abuse:
And if the God, It is alive, had said, The Knave would quickly her have squeezed dead, And shew'd it. But the Deity espy'd The Villains Crast, to which he thus reply'd; Whether thou wilt, it is at thy dispose, To kill or save the Bird thy Hand doth close.

The Moral.

Nought can be hid from God's all-feeing Eye, Nor any Craft delude the Deity.

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F A B. 130.

Of the Woman and her Hen.



A Certain Widow-woman had a Hen laid an Egg every day. The Woman thought, after the Fashion of the World (having a greedy mind) that the Hen would lay twice a day, if she used to feed

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feed her better; but the Hen growing fatter with more feeding, gave over laying that one Egg. So the Woman from that Time that the fought more after Profit, lost it, out of blind Defire to enhance it.

The Moral.

The Fable signifieth, that sometimes present Profit is lost by a Desire of more things.

A Widow Woman had a Hen did lay
(Not intermitting) one Egg every Day.
But yet the greedy Woman not content
To have of her that fair Emolument,
Simply conceived that her Hen would lay,
If the were better fed, Two Eggs a Day,
And cram'd her, till the Hen fo fat was grown,
Instead of two Eggs, she could lay not one.
The Moral.

Fat Panches make lean Pates, and dainty bits Enrich the Ribs, but bankrupt quite the Wits.

FAB. 131.

Of the Man when the Dog had bitten.



A Man bitten by a Dog, went about to every Body, begging Cure; and he met with one, who knowing the Quality of the Disease, said, If thou indeed

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deed, Friend, wouldst recover, take a piece of Bread dipped in the Blood of the Wound, and give it the Dog which bit thee, to eat. To which he made this Reply, Truly if I do that, I am worthy to be bitten by all the Dogs in the City.

The Moral.

Wicked Man receiving the greatest Favours, are encurraged to greatest Mischiefs.

ONE bitten by a Cur, inquires what Cure, What could asswage the Pain he did indure, Of one that came to visit him: Who said, Dip in the bloody Wound a Piece of Bread, And feed the Dog therewith. Not I, quoth he, For then from Wounds I never shall be free.

Were such an Act one bruited up and down, I should be bit by every Dog in Town. The Moral.

Some currish Natures Benefits requite
With Wrongs and Slanders, Injuries and Spite.

F A B. 132.

Of the Beaver biting of his Stones.



THE Beaver above all four-footed Beasts, is said to remain in the Water, and that his Genitals are very

very commodious for Physick, he perceiving himself near taking by the Hunters (for he knew the Reason why they pursued him) biteth off his Stones, and throwing them towards them that pursued him, by this Means escapes safe.

The Moral.

This Fable sheweth, That Wise Men ought by this Example to have no regard of their Wealth for the obtaining of Safety.

Aturalists say that Bevers most frequent
(As Otters do) the liquid Element
His Genitals a Sov'reign Medicine are,
For which respect Hunters no Labour spare
Him to attack. But by Nature's Foresight,
To save himself, he off his Stones doth bite,
In view of his Pursuers; wherewith they
(The purchase made) desist; he scapes away.

The Moral.

Thus wife Men save their Lives with their Wealth's loss, To keep his Gold, who would not part with Dross.

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An His Bu FAB. 133.

Of the Tunny and the Dolphin.



A Tunny, as he fled from a Dolphin that purfued him with a full Career, and was near taking, threw himfelf into a narrow Creek; the Dolphin also with his very Force, was dash'd upon another like unto it; at which the Tunny looking back, and seeing him gasping, said, Now Death is not at all grievous to me, seeing him who was the cause of my Death, perisheth with me.

The Moral.

This Fable sheweth, that Men bear their miseries patiently, when they see them miserable who were the causes of their miseries.

A Tunny by a Dolphin chas'd too close,
To make escape, above the V Vaters rose,
And shot himself upon a hollow Clist,
His Foe avoiding by a desperare Shift,
But not his Death: For the Clist being high,
Could not with Water her again supply.

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For want of which, she, ready to expire,
Beheld the Dolphin fetter'd in the Mire,
Through his o'er violent Pursuit, and cries,
O welcome Object to my dying Eyes!
Now Death's not grievous, since I him descry
Expiring too, who caused me to die.

The Moral.

Thus wronged Men are seem'd eas'd, to see Their Persecutor in Adversity.

FAB. 134.

Of the Fortune-teller.



Certain Fortune-teller, fitting in the Market, made a Speech. To whom one relates, that his Doors were broken open, and all the Goods that were in his House were taken away; at which Message, the Wizard groaning, hastned home: One seeing him running, cries, O thou, who couldest prophesie concerning other Mens Assairs, hast not rightly divined of thine own.

The Moral.

This Fable pertaineth to those, who notwithstanding they order not their own Business aright, endeavour to look to, and take care of other Mens, which nothing concerns them.

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A Fortune teller in the Market fate,
Telling the People their ensuing Fate.
Till one with Haste, e'en breathless running in,
And to the Wizard this sad News did bring;
Your House is robb'd. This made the Wizard start,
And hasten home-ward, But to shame his Art,
One scoffing says, Can he our Fates foretel,
Who knew not what at his own House beset?
The Moral.

Here their unfitting Care is fitly shown, Who care for Strangers Good, neglect their own-

FA B. 135. Of the fick Man and the Physician.



A Patient being asked of his Physician how he did, he replied, That he sweated beyond Measure. To whom the Doctor answers, That it was a good Sign, Being questioned another Day, how he felt himself? Very cold, said he, and have been so a long time; And that, said the Physician, is a good Sign too; being asked the third time, how he far'd? I am weak'ned, saith he, with a Flux; and that is also good, replies the Doctor. Asterward being asked of a Friend how he did? Well, answered he, but I am a dying.

The Moral.

The Fable shews, that Flatteries are to be reproved.

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Doctor having undertook to heal A Patient's Disease, his Pulse doth feel, And asks him how he far'd? The Man replies, A burning Heat o'er all my Body lies. A Sign of Health, the Doctor answers then: So parts, and the next Day returns agen, Propounding the same Question: The fick Man Cries, A cold Humour through his Body ran. The Doctor likes that too. The third time he Demands: but then his Patient mournfully Answers, Extreamly weak. All this still pleas'd The Doctor well. But when of the Diseas d A Friend more fadly question'd how he sped; The fick Man faintly to him answered, He shortly hop'd for Health; since Death his Cure Had finish'd now: nor should he more endure The Pains already past. Which said, he dies: And his Friends celebrate his Obsequies.

The Moral.

Here is exprest Simplicity of those
Who skill d in nothing are, but outward Shows
Of seeming Art, and when they most profess,
Know least, to help or cure a Man's Distress.

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Fac Te feff ed t FAB. 136. Of the Ass and the Wolf.



As having trodden on a Thorn, halted, but feeing a Wolf, cries, O Wolf, behold with pain I die, and become food, for thee or the Vultures, or Crows, I only intreat one Favour, Take the Thorn out of my Foot, that at least I may die without Torment. The Wolf catching the Thorn between his Teeth, plucked it out; but the As forgeting his Dolour, hits his Iron Heels upon the Wolfs Face, and having broken his Fore-head, Nose and Teeth, ran away. The Wolf blaming himself, confesseth it hath hapned justly, that he who had learned to be a Butcher of Cattle, was become their Chyrurgeon.

The Moral.

This Fable shews, that those who for lake their own Undertakings, those who are unfit for them, are both derided and endangered.

A Lame Ass thus bespoke a Wolf of old,
The Crows, or Vultures Prey, or yours, behold;
I die through Pain; this Favour only I
Request of your renowned Clemency,

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Pull out this stump from out my gangreen'd Foot
That I may die less pain'd. The Wolf set to't
His Grinders, and extracts both slump and pain;
But th' Als; to give the Wolf cause to complain
Of having stumps, forgetful of his late
And grievous pain, dischargeth on his Pate
His frost nail'd Heels; and having broke his Nose
And Teeth withal braying away he goes.
The Wolf, as justly serv'd, himself doth blame,

That of a Butcher he a Leech became.

The Moral.

They that defert their Callings thus, incur Great Dangers often, but always some blur.

F A B. 137.

Of the Fowler and the Black-bird.



A Fowler laid his Nets for the Birds, but was efpied a far off by an Owlel, who asked him,
What he did? who reply'd, that he was building a City
and departed further; hiding himself: the Black-bird
believing his Word, came to the Meat laid by the
Nets.

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To No An To Nets, and was taken: the Fowler hast'ning, saith the Black-bird, Truly, O Man, if thou erect such a City, thou wilt find few Inhabitants.

The Moral.

This Fable signifieth, that the private and publick Weal is most of all destroyed on this Fashion, when the Rulers use Cruelty.

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k-bird by the Nets, Placing his Nets, the Fowler is espy'd
By the black Owsel; which on every side
Viewing him round, demandeth of the Man,
VV hat he intended there, or what began?
The Fowler answers, He resolv'd to lay
Foundation for a City: so away
Closely departs to hide him from her Sight.
He being gone, the Owsel takes her Flight
To view the Structure; catches at the Bait,
Not mindful of the Fowler's close Deceit;
And with it is intrapt. Whereat the Man
To seize on the insnared Owsel ran;
Who thus cries out, Friend, if you often build
Such Cities, they sew Citizens will yield.

The Moral.

This Fable shews that greatest Ruins rise In Common-Wealths, when private Enemies' With their familiar Flatteries delude, And seek to insnare the easie Multitude.

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FAB. 138.
Of the Traveller and a Bag that he found.



Traveller, going a long Journey, made a Vow, that if he found any thing, he would facrifice the one half to Jupiter. And afterwards, when he had found a Bag full of Dates and Almonds upon the Road, he eat all the Dates and Almonds: but he offened the Date-kernels and the Almond-shells and Husks at an Altar, faying, Thou hast, O Jupiter, what I vowed to thee: for I offer to thee the In-sides and the Out-sides of that which I have found.

The Moral.

This Fable implyeth, that a covetous Man, for Greediness of Money, will endeavour to cozen even the Gods.

ONE going a long Journey, made a Vow,
His foundels half to Jupiter t'allow
For Secrifice. Now having gone fome Ground,
A Bag of Dates and Almonds full he found,
And eat them all; but left the Stones and Peels,
And brought them to the Altar, and there kneels,
And thus he speaks, Behold, great Jove, I bring
My Foundels half, a yowed Offering.

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The Moral.

Thus Avarice doth oft tempt Men to lye. Not to Men only, but the Deity.

FAB. 139."
Of the Boy and his Mother.



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Boy having stolen his School-fellows Hornbook at School, brought it to his Mother, by whom being not chastifed, he played the Thief daily more and more. In process of Time, he began to steal greater things; at last being apprehended of the Magistrate, was led to Execution : but his Mother following and crying out, he intreated the Serjeants that they would permit him to whisper in her Ear, who permitting him, the Mother hastening laid her Ear to her Son's Mouth, he bites off a piece of his Mother's Ear with his Teeth; when his Mother and the rest rated at him, not only as being a. Thief, but also ungracious toward his own Mother, he faid, She is the cause of my undoing, for if she had punished me for stealing the Horn-book, I had not proceeded to greater things, nor been led to my Execution.

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The Moral.

This Fable sheweth, that they that are not restrained, when they begin to do amis, grow up to greater Villanies.

Knavish Boy at School had Stole a Book: Brings it t'his Mother; who with smiling look Seems more the Boy to cherish, than chastise, Or check him for his Childish Knaveries, VV hereat the Boy grew expert in his Trade, And theft of something his Day-labour made; She still the same upholding. Till grown Man, Small trifles pleas'd him not, but he began To catch at greater Baits. For which at last Being attack'd, he is arraign'd and cast At Sessions for his Death, (the Thief's Reward.) Then drawn to Execution. She that shar'd Both in his Birth and Fall, with Grief and Shame Walks weeping by him, till in Sight he came Of the fad fatal Gallows, where with Tears He begs one Whisper in his Mothers Ears. 'Tis granted, and his Mother lends her Head To hear his last Request. But he instead Of whisp'ring to her, fasteneth in her Ear His Teeth, and doth her Flesh with Anger tear, For which unnatural Act reprov'd by some That to his Execution there did come. He cries, Oh Friend, had she chastiz'd at first, And not my childish Theft so fondly nurst, As if she well allow'd it, I had been Free from this shameful End, and horrid Sin.

The Moral.

Too many Children so are bound to curse
Th' unhappy cock'ring of too fond a Nurse,
That lulls them in their mischief, till they run
Headlong upon their own Confusion,
Not able to retire; but being brought up
In pleasure, post to taste of Sorrows Cup.

F A B. 140.

Of a Shepherd exercifing the Art of Navigation.

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A Shepherd kept his Flock by the Sea-side; who when he saw a calm Sea, had an earnest Desire to make a Voyage to a Mart. Having therefore sold his Sheep, and bought him Bags of Dates, he went to Sea. Now when a great Storm arose, and the Ship was in great danger to be sunk, he threw all the Burthen of the Ship into the Sea, and had much ado to escape, after he had unladed the Ship. A few days after one coming and admiring the Calmness of the Sea (for indeed it was very calm) he answering, said, It desires more Dates, as I understand, and therefore shews it self calm.

The Moral.

This Fable sheweth, that Men are made wifer by Loss and Danger.

And never heard the then calm Sea to roar; Seeing the Surface smooth, with Itch possest, To turn Adventurer, he could take no rest, Till he had sold his Sheep, and with the Price Loadeth a Ship with Dates of Merchandise.

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The Fool abroad not many Leagues had fail'd Into the Main, but that the Sky was veil'd In difmal black. A Tempest rose so great, And on the Ship of Dates so fiercely beat, That left it fink, he empties out of hand His Dates, and hardly fo escapes to Land, Who still, as oft as the Sea calm he spies, Ne'er flatter, I have no more Dates, he cries.

The Moral.

Dangers and Losses make Men wife: 'tis thought That Wit is never good till it be bought.

> F AB. 141. of the Old Man's Son and a Lion.



Certain Seignier had one only Son of a Generous Mind, a Lover of Hounds; he had feen this his Son in a Dream, flain by a Lyon, being afraid lest the Event should verifie the Dream, he built a most exquisite House, very pleasant, with fretted Works and Windows. Hither bringing his Son, he fet a Keeper over him. He hath painted in the House,

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T H for his Son's Delight, all kind of living Greatures, amongst the rest a Lyon, which the young Man looking upon, was much more troubled; standing one time nearer the Lyon, he said, Most cruel Beast, for the vain Dream of my Father, I am kept in this House as in a Prison: What shall I do to thee? Uttering these Words, he struck his Hand against the Wall, thinking to pull out the Lyons Eyes, but hits it against a Nail which he did not see, with which scratch his Hand rankled, and the matter sestered underneath, and a Fever came upon it, and the young Man died in a short time, so that the Lyon killed the Man, the Father's Sophistication nothing hinder'd it.

The Moral.

The Fable teacheth us, that those things which will hap pen, none can avoid.

Doting Knight had fancy'd in a Dream,
His Son (a Gallant given to th' extream
Of Hunting) was by a Lyon flain. Then he
Immures his Son within a Gallery,
(Lest Chance should act the Vision) where he sets
Of the Youths Sports the painted Counterfeit,
His passion to divert. Amongst the rest
A Lyon was. To which the Youth addrest,
(His Guardian gone) must I be in a Cage,
To shun the formless Hancy of thy Rage?
Herewith assays to scratch the Lyon's Eyes,
But meets a rusty Nail there, sacrifies
His Hand (though slightly) it so fastereth,
This brought a Fever, and the Fever-Death.

The Moral.

Thus while they think themselves to save From Death, they fall into the Grave.

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F A B. 142.

Of the Eagle and the Fox.



N Eagle and a Fox having made a League of Amity betwixt themselves, resolved to dwell hard by one another, supposing their Friendship would be the more firm by their often Converse. The Eagle therefore made her Nest upon a high Tree, and the Fox laid her Cubs near the Tree, among the Bramble. bushes. One Day then, when the Fox went out of her Kennel to feek something wherewithal to feed her Cubs, the Eagle even her felf lacking Meat, flew into the Covert, and fnatch'd away the Foxes Cubs, and gave them to her young ones to eat. When the Fox came back again, and understood of the cruel Death of her young ones, she was very forrowful, and whereas the was not able to revenge her felf of the Eagle, because being a fourfooted Beast, she could not purfue a Bird, she curfed the Eagle (a thing which is incident to the poor and impotent) and wished some Mischief or other might befal her. Into so great an Hatred is violent Friendship turned. It befel then in those Days, that a Goat was sacrificed in the Country, a piecer

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with the live Coals, and carried it to her Nest; but when the Wind blew somewhat high, the Nest which was made of Hay, and small dry Sticks, was burnt. As soon as the Eagles young ones felt the Fire, because they were not able to fly, they fell down to the Ground. The Fox catch'd them up presently, and eat them in the Eagles sight.

The Moral.

This Fable signifieth, that they which violate Friendship, though they may avoid the Vengeance of them they have burt, yet shall not escape the Judgment of God.

HE Eagle and the Fox (no longer Foes) Kindly each other greet; till Friendship grows So firong 'twixt them, that they will Neighbours be; And better to confirm their Amity, One Tree must harbour both; the Eagle makes Her Nest aloft; the Fox her Dwelling takes At the same Root; and each brings forth her young, But this true Love continued not long. For once it chanc'd the Fox forfook her Hole, To fetch in food; who gone, the Eagle stole Into the Fox's Den, and to her Nest Bore the young Foxes, with their Fiell to feast Her little Eaglets; So by this agen The Fox returns: who entering her Den, Finds all her young ones gone, their Loss laments. And 'gainst the Eagle fearful Cursings vents. And direful Imprecations; praying Jove, To fend Revenge for such infringed Love. And so it hapned: After some few Days. The Priest a Goat upon the Altar lays For Sacrifice: which when the Eagle knew. With winged Speed thither she nimbly flew, Part of the Victim Instching, with it bore A fiery Brand, To that her Nest doth foar, Where

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Where the Wind rifing fo incens'd the Flame, It fired all the Nest. But when the same Her unfledg'd young ones felt, to shun the Heat, V with all their speed out of the Nest they get, Attempting Flight, but wanting Feathers, fall Straight to the Earth, and on their Mother call For Help; when she too weak t' assistement, they Foor Birds, became the injur'd Fox's Prey.

The Moral:

So those who Covenants of Friendship break:
(Though th' injur'd parties seem a while too weak
To right themselves) from Heaven receive their due:
Which doth such deeds with vengeance still pursue.

F A B. 143.

of the Nightingale and the Hawk



Nightingale, as she sat on a high Oak, sung all alone, as she used to do; so soon as the Hawk that was seeking Meat, espied her, she slew to her on a suddain, and snatched her away. But the Nightingale, when she saw she was going to be killed intreated,

intreated the Hawk, that he would let her go, because she was not sufficient to fill his Belly, but that it would be a gallant piece of work to turn him to greater Birds, to satisfie himself. The Hawk looking frowingly upon her, said, Truly I should be worse than a Fool, if I should let go the Meat that I have in my Clutches, in hopes of a larger Prey.

The Moral.

This Pable fignifieth, that they that forgo that which they have in their Hands, in hope of greater matters, are too much wold of Wit and Reason.

Weet Philomel, to whom no Bird comes nigh,
For various Notes and pleasing Harmony,
On a tall Oak warbles her Charming Strains,
Till the Hawk seiz'd her to replete his Veins.
The trembling Prey implores for her Reprieve;
Inserting, that her Carcass could relieve
No such vast Appetite, and she would pray
He might be sitted with a better Prey.
The Hawk replies, I have more Wit than so,
To let thee now, in hope of better, go.
Never tell me, you are but little; tush,
One Bird in Hand's better than two i' th' Bush.

The Morat.

This Fable shews it is not good to part
With that thou hast obtain a with Pains and Art:
And though but small, be sure thou do it keep;
Lest when 'tis gone, thy Folly cause thee weep.

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FAB. 144. Of the Fox without a Tail.



Fox having his Tail cut off, to get out of a Trap, when, for Shame, she thought it a Death to live, devised to perswade other Foxes by a wile, that under a pretence of a common Benefit, they should every one cut off his own Tail, and so lessen his Disgrace. VVhen therefore the Foxes were all met together, he perswadeth them to cut off their Tails; maintaining, that their Tails were not only a Disgrace to Foxes; but a heavy and foolish Burthen. One of the Foxes answering her wittily, Ho, Sister! if the Matter be good for your self only, it is not fair for you to counsel others also into it.

The Moral.

This Fable belongs to them, that, under a shew of Charity, look at their own Benefit in Advising others.

A Fox intrapt, gets out with much ado,
With his Tail's loss; and glad he scap'd so too,
But when he mist his Tail, his Joy did melt
To Tears of Grief; so great a Shame he felt.
He thinks Life dearly purchas'd with Disgrace,
And by Invention would that Shame deface,
Which

VVhich thus he acted: He intreats a Court
Of Foxes, still pretending to report
Somewhat concern'd the Publick; which being met,
Bob thus began to play the Counterfeit;
Sirs, I have found our Tails supersuous freight,
Hinders our Slight, o'ercharged with the Weight,
And by the long Extent doth oft expose
Us to more easie pursuit of our Foes:
Which to avoid, let my Example move,
Cut off your Tails, if you your Safety love.
Brother, says one, your Plot to sham us fails;
'Cause you have none, should none of us have Tails?

The Moral.

'Tis good to fift all Counsels; most Men tend. Unto their own, when they your good pretend.

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of the Fox and the Bramble.



Sa Fox got upon a Hedge, to avoid the Danger which he saw near him, he took hold of a Bramble, and prickt the Hollow of his Foot with the Prickles. And when he was fore wounded, he sighed, and faid to the Bramble, When I fled to thee to help me. Thou didst unto me worse. To whom the Bramble said, Thou wast mistaken, Fox, which thoughtest to catch me with the like wile wherewith thou hast used to carch others.

The Moral.

This Fable sheweth, that it is a fond thing to defire help of them, whose Nature it is to do Mischief, rather than to do good to others.

OUrfu'd with Danger upon every Side, The Fox flies to a Buth himself to hide: Which enter'd, by ill chance a Thorn did stick a Upright, and the poor Fox's Trampler prick; Who forely pain'd, laments: O envious Tree, That while I feek for refuge unto thee, Torment'st me thus! The Bush replies, My Friend, Y'are much deceived; for know, you did intend Me to entrap, as oft you others do; For which Deceit I have rewarded you.

The Moral.

If Help of any Man thou would'st implore, First be advis'd, and know him well, before You trust too far; for many are so prone To Mischief, that they can do good so none.

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Of the Fox and the Crocodile.



HE Fox and the Crocodile strove about their Nebility, when the Crocodile alledged many things for himself, and vaunted himself beyond measure, touching the Splendour of his Ancestors, the Fox smiling said, Oh Friend, although thou hadst never said this, it is clearly manifest by the Skin, that thou hast been deprived of the Splendour of thy Ancestors now these many Years.

The Moral.

This Fable signifieth, that the matter it felf doth most of all confute lying Persons.

THE Fox and the Crocodile discours'd a vye
About their Nobleness. And when the slye
Crocodile boasts the Splendour of her Kin,
Naming how many Ages they had bin
In good Esteem, and many things brought forth
To plead her Kin's Antiquity and Worth;
Reynard then seering, now no more affords
A patient Ear, but thus retorts his Words;

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Concerning your Antiquity, my Friend,
I strive not; but whatever you pretend
For your industrious Splendour, 'tis well seen,
That's lost of old, by that your dusky Skin.

The Moral.

Some never blush such flat Untruths to tell, That e'en the very telling doth refel.

F A B. 147.

Of the Fox and the Hunters.



A Fox running away from the Hunters, and being now weary with running along the way, by chance light on a Wood-man, whom he intreated to hide him in a place. He shewed him his Cottage. The Fox going into it, hid himself in a Corner. The Hunters came; they ask the Wood-man if he saw the Fox. The Wood-man indeed denied in VVords, that he had seen him; but pointed at the Place with his Hand, where the Fox lay hid. But the Hunters having not at all understood the matter, went away presently. The Fox as soon as ever he saw them gone coming out of the Cottage, went softly back again The Wood-man blames the Fox, because whereas he

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had faved him, he did not thank him at all. Then the Fexturning him, faid foftly to him; No Friend, if the Deeds of thy Hands and thy Behaviour had been like thy Words, I would have given thee deferved I hanks.

The Moral.

The Fable signifieth, that a naughty man, though he promise good things, yet he performeth things that are bad and wicked.

2 Eynard pursu'd, leaves the Dogs behind, And takes the Wood for Safety : yet could find Small Shelter there, until at length he spies A Wood-man cleaving Logs: to whom he cries, My Friend, if thou a fecret place canst show, Where closely laid, I may escape my Foe, I much shall stand engag'd to thee . The Man. Tells him, to't poor Reynard swiftly ran. The Hunters now approach, but lost the Scent; Who asks the Man, If the Fox that way went, While hethere wrought? The Wood-man answers, No; Yet points to th' place wherein the Fox did go To hide himself. The unbelieving Men Call off their Dogs, and so return agen. Who being gone, the Fox in fecret peeps Out of his Hole; feeing all quiet, creeps And steals away. To whom the Wood-man cries, Friend, you may thank me for my Courtesies: I sav'd your Life. 'Tis true, quoth Reynard then; If your Hands quiet, as your Tongue, had been, Full many Thanks you had deferv'd, as due, And I as many would have render'd you.

The Moral.

This here displays the Fallacy
Of those whose Words and Actions disagree;
That fairly seem to promise unto all,
Yet fail when any to performance call.

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F A B. 148. Of the Man and his Wooden God.



Man having a Wooden God at home, intreated it to give him some good thing; but the more he prayed it, the less his Estate was at home. At the last he being moved with Anger, took the God by the Legs, and knocked its Head against the Wall. When its Head then was fruck off, a great Deal of Gold flew out; which gathering up, the Man said, Thou are too crofs and perfidious, because, whilft I henoured thee, thou didft me no good; but now thou are stricken and beaten, thou dost me abundance of good.

The Moral.

This Fable signifieth, that a naughty person, if ever he do good, he doth it, because he is forced to it.

N Image carv'd in Wood (fuch Men of old Lefteem'd as Gods) and inly lin'd with Gold, One too prophanely often had ador'd, As often too its vainer Help implor'd, When Need compell'd; yet could it yield him none, Until the Man with begging weary grown, Changes his strong Devotion into rage, Which his fine God could not withstand or swage:

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And 'gainst the Ground the carved Image throws, From whose interior Parts abundance flows Of purest Gold. Whereat the joyful Man, Breaking to open Passion, thus began: Vain thing, how long hast thou deluded me? That while with Worship I did reverence thee, Thou could'st not help afford; yet for one Blow In my just Anger, dost this Wealth bestow.

The Moral.

Most Men are so inclin'd to private Gains, That 'till the Power of Justice them constrains, They'll rather useless hoard, than part with what May beneficial be to th' publick State.

F A B. 142.

Of the Dog invited to Supper.



A Man, when he had provided a dainty Supper invited a Friend home; his Dog also had the other Man's Dog to supper. When he came into the House, he saw so much good Chear got ready, he said merrily with himself, I shall surely so fill my felf

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felf to day, that I shall not need to eat to morrow; and when he said this, he wagged his Tail for sain. But the Cook seeing him, took him softly by the tail; and after he had whirled him often about, threw him out at the Window. He being amazed, got up from the Ground, and ran away crying. Other Dogs met him, and asked him how gallantly he had supped? But he being ready to saint, said, I have so silled my self with drink and good chear, that I saw not the way how I got out.

The Moral.

This Fable signifieth, that one ought not to be merry at those things at which he is to be sorry.

A Friend to sup, invites his Dog to come
And sup there too. Now, when this new-comeGuest
Saw such good chear provided for the Feast,
Full glad at heart, he so resolves to eat
His fill, that he next day should need no meat.
So said, he frisks his tail. But when the Cook
Saw him so busie, by the Tail he took
My fawning Dog, then whirls him round about,
And lastly, through the Window throws him out.
The Neighbour Currs seeing him run and cry,
(Well near amaz'd) ask of him merrily,
How well he sped? Quoth he (full sad) So well,
That which way I came out, I cannot tell.

The Moral.

Presume not of the future; but beware That your Lusts draw you not into a Snare.

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FAB. 150. Of the Eagle and the Man.

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When a Man had caught an Eagle, he pluckt off the Feathers of her Wings, and put her to tarry among his Pullein. Afterwards, one having bought her, put Feathers into her VVings again. Then the Eagle flew, and caught a Hare, and carried it to her Benefactour. Which thing the Fox feeing, faid to the Man, Do not entertain this Eagle on Guest-wise as formerly, lest she offer to catch you, as she did the Hare. Then the Man likewise plucked away the Eagle's Feathers.

The Moral.

This Fable fignifies, that they that do us good turns, are to be requited; but naughty persons are by all means to be avoided.

A N Eagle caught, was rifled of some Pens,
The rest clipt close, and turn'd among the Hens
To feed i' th' yard. At last she's by one bought,
Who arms her Pinions with new Wings. Thus fraught
She slies abroad, and lighting on a Hare,
She brings it to her Owner for his Care

And

And Love to her. But Reynard, that did fear The Eagle might some of his young Cubs tear, Perswades the Man, the Eagle would not spare To tear his Children, as she did the Hare, If she enjoy those Wings. For fear of this The Eagle of her Wings deluded is.

The Moral.

Requital to good turns is due, but see Thou be not over-reach'd with Flattery.

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Grov Feeli Of hu Amon F A B. 151.

Of the Husband-man.



Aman that was an Husband-man, when he saw that his Life was near an end, had a mind that his Sons should be well skilled in ordering the Ground: he called them, and said, Sons, I am a dying, and all my Goods are hid in my Vine yard. They, after their Father's Decease, thinking to find a Treasure in the Vine-yard, took Spades, and Hacks, and Mattocks, and quite digged up the Vine-yard, and found no Treasure. But the Vine-yard after it was well digged, brought forth far more Fruit than it was wont to do, and made them rich.

The Moral.

The Fable fignifieth, that daily Labour yields a Treasure.

A Husband man, whose Life was full of Care
To gather Wealth, and against Want prepare,
Grown rich, and having spent his best of Days,
Feeling his Body subject to decays
Of humane Frailty, when his Death drew nigh,
Among his Sons divideth equally

His wealth; and told them in his Vineyard they Should find in what Estate their Portion lay; So he departs. His Sons dig up the Ground; And carefully survey the Vineyard round, Expeding hidden Treasure; but find none, Till to maturity the Vines were grown:
Which, by their care in digging, brought forth more And larger Grapes than many Years before.

The Moral.

By Industry, true Labour wealth shall find, When Sloth lies in her hungry Wishes pin'd.

> FAB. 152. Of a Fisher-man.



A Fisher-man, being not well skilled in Fishing, took a pair of Pipes and a Net, and came to the Sea-shore, and stood upon a Rock, and began first to pipe, supposing that he could easily catch Fish by piping. But when he could do no good by piping, he laid his Pipes aside, and cast his Net into the Sea and caught a great many Fish. But when he drew the Fish out of his Net, and saw them dancing, he said with tilly,

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tily, O naughty Creatures! whilft I piped, you would not dance; and now, because I give over piping, ye do nothing but dance.

The Moral.

This Fable signifieth, that all things are well done that are done in Season.

N Artless Fisher with his bag-pipe goes To catch the sportive Fishes. In he throws His Net, and on his Pipe begins to play, But that strange Voise drives all the Fish away, But when he deem'd his Net was fully fraught, And drew the same, just nothing was his Draught. Whereat abash'd, he laid his Bag-Pipe by, Going again to work more filently. And with short Expectation meets his Wish, And draws the laden Net with well grown Fish. Which feeling the dry Earth, and wanting now What Water should for Sustenance allow, As it were striving with a strong desire, Unto their proper Element to retire, They leap and dance upon the Graffy Shore, Which Sight unufual to the Man before, He thus exclaims: Dull Fools, that fport and play And dance, I having laid my Pipe away; Yet when I plaid unto you, would not shew Least Sign of Mirth, but from my Musick flew.

The Moral.

Things seasonably done move our Respects, But else produce ridiculous Effects.

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FA B. 153. of the Fisher-men.



I 7 Hen some Fisher-men, that had gone to Fishing, and were weary with Fishing long, and spent also with Hunger and Grief, because they had taken nothing, refolve to go their way; behold a Fish, that fled from another that pursued it, leaped into the Boat. The Fisher-men being very glad, caught hold of it, and when they came again into the City, they fold it at a great Rate.

The Moral.

This Fable fignifieth, that Fortune often affords that which Skill cannot do.

Ome Fishers long had fish'd, and nothing caught; And therefore fad and hunger-bit, they thought It best to make Home; when behold a Fish Of goodly size, fit for a Prince's Dish, Purfued by a greater, to eschew-His Foe, himself into the Fish-boat threw, (dear, Which they took, brought to Town, and fold full And with his price made merry with good chear. The

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The Moral.

Never despair; rely on God, and He Will send thee help, though it seem chance to thee.

FA B. 154.

Of certain Fisher-men.



Ertain Fisher-men dragg'd a Net in the Sea, which when they felt to be heavy, they skipp'd for Joy, supposing that they had many Fishes entangled in the Net. But when as they drew the Net to Land, they saw few Fishes, but a great Stone in the Net, they were very sad. One of them that was very ancient, said wittily to his Fellows, Set your Hearts at ease, for Sorrow is the Sister of Mirth. For one ought to foresee Chances that are like to fall; and that he may bear them more easily, to perswade himself that they will come to pass.

The Moral.

This Fable signifieth, that he that remembreth Man's Condition, is not dannted in Adversity.

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Some Fisher-men were glad, because the Net They drew was sad, hoping therein to get Good store of Fish. But sinding a great Stone Within the Net, and Fishes sew or none, Then let go their Net, and much bemoan Its Heaviness, which causes theirs. But one Of grave Content among them, chears the rest. Let not this unexpected Draught molest Your Minds due Temper; for, my Mates, you ought To have foreseen this Chance, and to have thought It possible, that such a Chance might come; So had it been not sad nor burthensome.

The Moral.

He that would not be broken with the Weight Of adverse haps, must ease them with Fore-sight. F A B. 155.

Of an Old Man that wished for Death.



A N Old Man carrying a Bundle of Sticks out of a Wood upon his Shoulders, being wearied by the long way, laying his Bundle on the Ground, wished for Death Lo, Death comes, and asks him the reason why he called him: Then quoth the Old Man, That thou mightest lay this Bundle of Sticks on my Shoulders.

The Moral.

This Fable signifieth, that what soever is desirous of Life, though it be subject to a thousand Dangers, yet it doth always avoid Death.

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AN Ancient Man whose aged Shoulders bore
Of Wood a Burthen homewards, wearied fore,
I have wown his Burthen, and began to grieve
That he in such Eternal Pains did live.
Then doth he wish and call for Death; and Lo!
Death comes, and asks my Gransire, what to do?
Then he his Call recalling, and now more
Weary of's Wish, than of his Pain before,
Said, He call'd Death to have his Wood again
Upon his Back, not ease him of his Pain.

The Moral.

Though prest with the Sand Torments, Life doth please Still more than Death, though Death all forments ease.

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F A B. 156.

of the Woman and the Physician.



N Old Woman being troubled with an Inflammation in her Eyes, fent for a Physician to cure her, promising to give him a good Fee. if she were cured of that Disease; but if she were not freed of it, the agreed that the would owe nothing. But the Physician as often as he went to cure her, did so often carry something out of her House by stealth. The Woman therefore, after her fore Eyes were cured, when the faw none of her Goods in her House, she denied to pay the Doctor, demand- 'ing the Fee which she had agreed for; wherefore when she was sued, she denied not the Bargain; but that she was cured of her fore Eyes, she denied that floutly, faying, When I was blind, I faw my House furnished with Store of Houshold Goods, but now that I fee, as the Doctor faith, I perceive nothing to be at my House.

The Moral.

B.

This Fable sheweth, that Men that are given to Govetousness, do oftentimes contradict themselves. A Woman, troubled with Sore Eyes, did call
For an Hedge Doctors Help, whose Worship shall
Have, if he cure her, a round Sum; but 'gain,
If he do fail, his Labour for his Pain.
Agreed; the Cure is tedious, and the Wretch,
When e'er he comes to dress her, still doth fetch
And carry somewhat of her Goods away,
Till her whole Houshold stuff was gone astray.
Her Eyes are cur'd at last. But when she spies
That all her Goods were gone, she then denies
The Leech his Money; he for's Debt doth sue,
His Patient, she at Bar say's, 'Tis not due,
The Cure is not effected; but when 'fore
She saw her House well furnish'd, now when he
Says she is cur d, she there no Goods can see.

The Moral.

Covetous Men for Gain full oft belye, and contradict themselves most shamefully.

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F A B. 157.

Of the two Enemies.

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Two Men that were at deadly Enmity betwixt themselves, sail'd in one Vessel. And because one of them could not endure to stand in the same Place with the other, one sat at the Head, and the other at the Stern. Now a Storm was risen, and the Ship was in Danger; he that sat at the Head, asked the Pilot of the Ship, what Part of the Ship would be first sunk? And when the Pilot had told him, The Stern, he said, It would not now trouble me to die; if I but see my Enemy to die before me.

The Moral.

The Fable signifieth, that an Enemy often chuseth to undo himself, so he may but undo his Enemy.

Two deadly Foes, who mortal Hatred bare
To each other, together shipped are,
And sail together in one Ship. But see,
As first by Land, by Sea they disagree.
The Master of the Ship lest they might wreak
Themselves a-board, doth lodge one in the Beak,
The

The other in the Poop. Anon behold,
A Tempest risen frighteth the most bold
And Weather-beaten Sailers; every Wave
Threat'neth the gaping Vessel with a Grave.
Then he that in the Ship's Fore-Castle sate
With the Ship master doth expostulate,
Whether the Poop or Beak would sooner be
Sunk, if the Wave prevail'd; the Poop, quoth he:
Then, quoth the spightful Man, I shall not grieve
To die, since that my Foe I shall out-live.

The Moral.

Thus desp'rate Cast-aways spare not to spill Their Souls through Hate, and Lust their Foesto kill.

F AB 158.

Of the Boy and Fortune.



When a Boy slept by a Well, Fortune came thither and raised him up, saying, Arise and get thee hence quickly, because, if thou shouldest fall into the Well, all Men would blame, not thy Want of Wir, but me, Fortune. O'At a Pit's Brink with Water very deep;
Whom Fortune wakes: Good Boy, quoth she, arise.
And get thee hence, for if by Percipice
Thou should it miscarry, no Man for the same.
Thy Want of Heed, but all will Fortune blame.

The Moral.

Men still cry out of Fortune, though they fall Through their own Faults into their Dangers all.

F A.B. 159.

of the Mice and the Cat.



A Cat perceiving that there were mnay Mice in a certain House, went thither, and catching sometimes one, and sometimes another, she killed very many and eat them. But whence the Mice saw they were wasted every Day, being got all together, they said with themselves, For the suture we must not go down below, if we would not all be destroyed, but we must tarry here above, whither the Cat cannot come

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come. But the Cat, when she understood the Mice's Plot, counterfeiting her self to be dead, hang'd her self by the hinder Feet about a Post, which was fast-ned to the Wall. One of the Mice peeping down from above, as soon as it knew it was the Cat, said, not unwittingly; Ho Friend, if I knew for certain that thou wert the Cat, I would not come down.

The Moral.

The Fable signifieth, that a discreet Man, if he be once deceived doth no more trust glosing and dissembling Men.

Cat, too powerful for the little Mice. Assaults them fingle, and by that Device Devours a Multitude; till at the last (When the Mice saw their Number daily waste) They call a gen'ral Council, and decree. That thenceforth none should so advent'rous be To straggle down, but closely to remain Above, and in their Bounds themselves contain, Whither the Cat by no means could afcend. To this Command all glad attention lend, And not a Mouse peeps forth. The Cat at length Suspects the Plot, and thinks, now Wit, not Strength, Must work her Ends; who feigning her self dead, Upon a Post her hind Legs fastened, And downwards hangs, by that means to deceive : The Mice: Yet they her Falshood not believe. But scoffing cry, This is too weak a Bait T' intrap us now: go practice thy Deceit With those who never thy Delusions knew, Perchance foon easie Fools may credit you.

The Moral.

Burnt Children dread the Fire; E'en so by one Mischance instructed, wife Men future shun. ſ

F A B: 160.

Of the Ape and the Fox.

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A N Ape danced so neatly at the meeting of brute Beasts, that he was presently made King by the Consent of almost all. But the Fox envying him, as he led the Ape thither where he had seen Flesh laid in a Trap in a Ditch, he said to him, In this Place Treasure is hid, which by the Law belongeth to Kings: Wherefore seeing it is thine by Law, do thou thy self take it. The Ape coming hastily thither, by the Fox's Perswasion, as soon as he perceived himself caught in a Trap, blamed the Fox roundly, which had beguilded him. The Fox said to him prettily, O thou Fool, who thoughtest, when Fortune had advanced thee, that thou wert worthy to rule over others.

The Moral.

This Fable signifieth, that he that rashly sets upon any thing, doth rashly fall into trouble, and is laughed to scorn by every body.

Among

Mong the Beafts a gen'ral Council held, The Ape fantastick (with Ambition swell'd) Boasted that she should by Consent of them. Be King, and wear the Regal Diadem. Which the Fox envying, when he had found A fecret Trap plac'd underneath the Ground. And baited with raw Flesh; by sly Deceit He draws the Ape along, shews her the Bait, And tells her where some hidden Treasure lay, None but the Hands of Kings might bear away. So wills the Ape to enter and receive Her Right. The Ape did eafily believe The crafty Fox, and ventures on the Trap; Which she no sooner touch'd, but the poor Ape Was fast inclos'd, where having staid a while, She raileth at the Fox, who with a Smile This Answer gives: Fond Ape, why dost complain? In that strong Kingdom thou may'st folely reign.

The Moral.

Who rashly so doth place of Rule aspire,
And crown themselves in their own fond Destre,
E'er they have reach'd their Wish, fall in some snare,
And by the common People scoffed are.

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F A B. 161.

Of Jupiter and the Crow.



Jupiter being desirous to make a King over the flying Creatures, appointed a Day of meeting for
the Birds, that he that was the fairest, might be set
King over them; which thing the Crow perceived
before-hand, and being privy to his own Ugliness,
having gathered other Feathers from here and there,
he trickt himself up, and made himself the finest of
them all. The appointed Day comes, the Birds come
to the Meeting: When Jupiter had a Mind to make
the Crow King over the Birds for his Fineness, the
Birds took it ill, and every one plucked her own
Feathers from the Crow; so the Crow being bereft
of others Feathers, remained a Crow at the last, as
she was before.

The Moral.

The Fable signifieth, that he that dependeth on other Mens things, when they are lost, it will clearly appear to every Body what he is.

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Reat Jove, designing to the Fowls of th' Air.

The fairest for a King, bids them repair
At a set Day to him. T' aspiring Crow,
Which did his own Deformity well know,
With others Plumes adorns it self most gay,
But now when Jove at the appointed Day
Would have design'd him King for Beauties sake;
The rest of Birds that in great Dudgeon take,
And pluck their Plumes from the aspiring Crow,
Grossing all Hopes of his Advancement so.

The Moral.

Such Issues commonly their Suits attend, Whose Hopes on others, not themselves depend.

F. A. B. 162:

of the Smith and his Dog.



A Smith had a Dog which always slept whilst he himself struck the Iron; but when he went to Meat, the Dog presently got up, and eat what was thrown

thrown down under the Table, were it Bones or other fuch things, without any more ado. Which thing the Smith minding, he faid to the Dog: Wretch, I know not what I shall do; for while I strike the Iron, thou continually sleepest, and liest idle: Again, when I begin to eat, thou presently risest, and fawnest upon me.

The Moral.

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This Fable signifieth, that Slothful and Drowsie Persons, that live upon others Labours, are to be severely punished.

A Cur of old, that by a Smith was kept
While that the Smith sweat at his Forge, still
But when soever the Smith sate at Meat,
The Cur would forthwith rise, and fall to eat
The Bones and Scraps which fell the Board besides.
But when the Smith observ'd his Tricks, he chides,
Rates and doth bang his Dog, being very wroth.
For his ill-tim'd Attendance, and worse sloth.
Ha, lazy Cur, quoth he, what Torments square
With thy Deserts, which so ill shapen are?
Thou still dost wake, fawn, wait to fill thy Gorge,
But sleepest still, while I toil at my Forge.

The Moral.

Those lazy Knaves a sharp Reproof deserve, Who live on that for which they do not serve.

FAB.

F. A B. 163.

Of a Mule.



Mule, being fed fat with too much Barley, grew wanton, because she was too fat; and said with her self, A Horse was my Sire; which was a very goodCourser, and I am like him in all things. A little after it sell out that the Mule was to run full speed; but when she tired in the Race, she said, Woe is me, poor Wretch, who thought I had been a Horses Daughter, but now I remember that an Ass was my Sire.

The Moral.

The Fable signifieth, that Fools forget themselves in their Prosperity; but in Adversity they often see their own Errors.

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Pamper'd Mule, through Fat and Eafe, grew And wanton, boasting to her self aloud, (proud, How like a gallant Steed, her Sire, she was In Worth and Fleetness. But it came to pass, Soon after this, the Mule was forc'd to run A tedious way. Now when her Course was done, Well tir'd and out of Breath. Ah Wretch quoth she, I thought my Sire a Horse; but now I see Some dull Ass me begat upon a Mare, My Feet and Breath so slow, so shortned are.

The Moral.

Fools in Prosperity deign not to know

Themselves, but see their Errors, once brought low.

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F A B. 164.

of a Physician.



Physician when a sick Man chanced to die whom he had in Cure, said to them that carried the Corps to be buried, If that Man had kept himself from Wine, and made use of Clysters, he would not have died. One of those that were there, said wittily to the Physician, Ho, Doctor, that Advice should have been given when it might have done good, not now, when it can do no good at all.

The Moral.

This Fable signifieth, that when Advice doth no good, to give it is at that Time indeed to befool a Friend.

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A Leech, of whom and Pain his Patient dy'd,
Thus to the Bearers of the Corps reply'd;
This Man had liv d yet, had he Clysters us'd,
And Wine refrain'd; both which since he refus'd,
He now is dead; One of the standers by
Thus twitted the Physician wittily,
This Counsel had been sit for you to give
When your unhappy Patient yet did live.
For your Advice and Receipts are in vain,
Now he is dead, nay worse, they bring no gain.

The Moral.

Who lets Occasion slip, and then pretends.
To love by after Counsels, mocks his Friends.

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FA B. 165.

Of the Sick and Lyine Beggar.



Sick Man'vows (a Stranger unto Wealth) An Hundred Beeves to offer for his Health, If some God would restore it. Jove, to try His Thankfulness and Vow's Sincerity. Recovers him. The Poor Man (who behind Hand was, so could not pay his Vow in kind) Resolves an Heap of Beef bones should suffice. And offers them to Jove for Sacrifice. Tove thus deluded, doth a Dream convey To shew the false Vow-breaker that there lav An Hundred Pounds in Gold in fuch a Place At the Sea Side. But as he hies apace To feek his Gold, by Joves Decree, Thieves do Surprize him. He, so they will let him go, An Hundred Pound doth promise. They relye Upon his Word. He freed is by his Lye.

The Moral.

They never scruple unto Men to lye, Who have broke promise with the Deity.

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F A B. 166. Of the Wolf and the Dog.



CLeeping without a Door a Dog did lie : On whom the Wolf did feize unwarily, And would have flain him, till with Speeches fair The Dog intreats him yet his Life to spare, 'Till he could fatter grow; as yet he faw His Skin stuck to his Ribs, his Flesh but raw, And little worth: but if he pleas'd to flay A while for him, his Master the next day His Nuptials kept, providing fumptuous Feafts, For Entertainment of invited Guests, And there should he have happy time to feed, And gather Flesh : then if the Wolf had need, His Life he would into his Hands commit, And he at pleasure should dispose of it; Whereat the Wolf dismist him. Homeward stalks The Dog; the Wolf into the Forest walks. But e'er long time was spent, the Wolf retires, And full Performance of the Dog requires Of his last Promise; but the Dog within, Then fleeping fafe enough, reply'd again, Yea, Wolf, when next I nod without the Door,

Take me, and trust to Nuptial Beasts no more.

The Moral.

'Tis Wisdom when you once a Danger soun, Never again into like Hazards run.

FAB. 167.

Of the Lion and the Bull.



A Lien loth to enter a pitch'd Field,
To take a mighty Bull, about him wheel'd
Some while at distance, then approaching near,
Invites the Bull to Supper, for whose cheer
He said he kill'd a Sheep; the Bull agrees,
Attends him to the Den; but when he sees
There many Spits, and many Chauldrons deep,
And Pots good store, he can descry no Sheep,
He rusheth out in haste, and gets away:
And when his Host ask'd why he would not stay;
Because, quoth he, your Tools more sit do seem
To dress a Bull, than Sheep, in my Esteem.

The Moral.

Pretences are transparent to the Wife; the youngest no Who ken the Drift of gilded Falsities.

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F A B. 168.

of the Lion in Love.



A Lion once a Country Lass did love:

Whom to obtain, he did resolve to move
The Clown, her Father, that he would give way
Unto their Marriage; the Clown says Nay,
Jugg shall not wed a Beast, I trow. But when
He saw how stern the Lion look'd him, then
Having betought him better, he's content,
But that his Daughter's fearful to be rent
In pieces by his Claws and Teeth; if he
Will quit himself of those, his Daughter's free,
And wed her when he please. The Loverthen
Sticks not to quit his Claws and Teeth; but when
Unarm'd, his Sweet-heart he demands, the Clown
Pursues him with a Club, to knock him down.

The Moral.

Love fools his Captives; they with eafe are tame; Who in their Foe confide, are brought to bane.

F A B. 169.

Of the Lioness and the Fox.



A Lyoness and Reynard strove a vye,
Which of them twain were by their Progeny
Enobled most. The Fox her self did pride
I'th' Number of her Cubs, and doth deride
The Lyoness, 'cause she but one brought forth.
The Lioness replies, Her Offspring's worth
Accrews not from their Number, their Renown
Springs from their Nobleness, whereto the Crown
And Empire of the Brutes was due:
That she produc'd but one at once, 'twas true:
But he a Lyon is, and shall command
And rule o'er all the Reynards in the Land.

The Moral.

The worth of things not in their numerous lift, But in their noble Virtues doth confift.

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F A B. 170.
Of the Wolf and the Lamb.



A Wolf surpriz'd a straggling Lamb, but yet Would notuse open sorce, but sought to get Occasion 'gainst the Lamb, that it might die, Not as by wrong, but as deservedly. Then doth he charge the Lamb, that she had long Heaped upon him Injuries and wrong, Devour'd his Pasture, drank his Waters dry. The harmless trembling Lamb doth then reply, She but new yeaned was, so could not eat His Grass; nor drink his Waters; all her Meat And Drink was her Dam's Milk. The Wolf at this In Rage replies, Sweet Lamb, although I miss To solve your Sophisms, I'll not fail to feed On you; and so he eat the Lamb with speed.

The Moral.

Thus Innocence is still opprest by force: Mens cruel Minds being deaf to all remorse. F A B. 171.

of the fighting Cocks.



Two Cocks long fought; at length who had the For Shame into a Hovelruns, nor durst (worst Come forth again to fight. The Victor proud Flies on the Houses Top, and crows aloud, In token of his Victory; mean while A ravining Eagle doth his crowing spoil; Who stooping, the triumphant Victor tears, And to her Nest him to her Eaglets bears.

Which when the Craven spies, he marcheth out, And Lords it o'er the Hens, as Victor stout.

The Moral.

They oft are crost, and fall, to quell their Pride, Who in Prosperity too much conside.

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Na Be FAB. 147.

Of the Deer and the Fawn.



And better arm'd with Harms against Surprize,
Than were the Dogs, was ask'd the Reason why,
By a young Fawn he did so dread the Cry
Of Hounds. The Deer replies, The Reasons all
That cause my Fear, I must confess, are small:
Yet though I be so qualified as now
You have declar'd, my Heart I know not how
Is on a sudden so possess with Fear,
I cannot chuse, but run when I them hear.

The Moral.

Natural Cowards by no Rhetorick can Be heightned to the Valour of a Man.

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F A B. 173.

Of Jupiter and the Bee.



Nce on a time a Bee to Jove did bring
A Dose of Honey for an Offering:
Wherefore the pleased God bids her demand
Her List, and she should have it out of hand.
Quoth she then, To thy hand maid grant great King,
And God of Gods. that whose er I sting,
For risling of my Hives, may forthwith die.
Jove troubled at her strange request, is shie,
And loth to grant it, then replies, Oh Bee,
Let it suffice that I do grant to thee,
That if thou sting such Rislers, and there leave
Thy Sting, that Sting shall thee of Life bereave.

The Moral.

God's just Decree doth oft heap on us those which we pray may fall upon our foes.

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F AB. 174.

Of the Unfortunate Fly.



A Fly by chance into the same did fall,
The Heat and Steam whereof made her expire;
At which the Fly, seeing no Help at all
For her Escape, thus speaks: Why should I grieve
At such a noble Death? for if I die,
I am not starv'd and pin'd, my Fate receive,
Wanting Relief my Need to satisfie.

The Moral

Death unresisted Wise Men never fear, But with an equal Mind all Sufferings bear.

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F A B. 175.

Of the Young Man and the Swallow.



A Youthful Spendthrift that had wasted all His Father's Legacy, which was not small (His Cloaths alone excepted) chanc'd to set Eyes on a Swallow slying (when as yet Midwinter scarce was past) whence he doth think Summer at hand, and pawns his Cloaths for Drink. Soon after this, half starv'd with Cold, he sees That very Swallow ready for to freeze

To death; to whom Unlucky Bird, quoth he, Thou hast alike undone they felf and me.

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The Moral.

Unseasonable Acts not long endure, And wanton Lavishness brings want be sure.

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F A B. 176.

Of Mercury and the Carpenter.



CLose by a River side a Coppice stood, In which a Carpenter was hewing Wood T' erect a Temple, but in Labour crost, His Ax flew from his hand, and quite was loft, And buried in the Flood. The Man fits down, Calls to the Gods, and fadly making moan For his Mischance: at length kind Mercury Hears his Request, presenting to his Eye A golden Axe, demanding if the same Belong'd to him; but he doth it disclaim. The God the next a Silver one did shew, But the poor honest Man denies that too: The third time Mercury produc'd his own: At fight whereof, the poor Man joyful grown, It gladly takes. Which Justice, when the God In him beheld, he not alone bestow'd What was his own, but gave him both the other. The Man, who fuch good Fortune could not fmother, Relates all to his Fellows; 'mongst which one Hoping the like, with all his speed did run: And being arrived at that happy Place, Throws in his Axe, and mourning his fad Cafe;

He call's on Mercury, who hears his Prayer,
And straightway comes, presenting to him there.
A Golden Ax, demanding if the same
Were his? The Man falsly to it lays claim,
And answers, Yes, whose false Delusion, when.
The God perceives, he slies from him agen;
And leaves the silly Cozener all allone,
Without restoring so much as his own.

The Moral.

God's Justice here is shown, who as h' affects, The Righteous, so the wicked he rejects.

FAB: 177.

Of the Man and the Serpent.



A Serpent, that did near a House reside,
And with him dies his Parents Hopes and Joy.
Then the sad Father, to revenge his Boy,
Pursues the Serpent with a Forest Bill,
Then weilding it, with full intent to kill,
Lops of her Tail a piece; this done, he meant
To make peace with the Serpent, and so went
With Water, Honey, Salt, and Meal, to see
If the Snake will embrace his Amity.

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But the Snake lunking in her hole, his'd thus, In vain you labour for a League 'twixt us: For while you mis your Child, and I my Tail, To keep us quiet Friends, no Leagues avail.

The Moral.

When Injuries are fresh in Mind, 'tis hard' For Men from hostile Acts to be debarr'd.

FAB. 178.

Of the Hen and the Fox.



A fick Hen lodged on her Nest on high:
Then in great seeming Love, but real hate,
Bemoans his Cater-Cousins weak Estate,
And asks her how she did? The Hen with speed
With Thanks replies, That she was sick indeed;
But this sick Sib should mend without delay,
If that her Cousin Reynard were away.

The Moral.

Their very Presence is too great a fore, That are our Foes, although me ail no mere.

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F A B. 179.

Of the Fox and the Grapes.



Reynard walks thro' a Vine-yard, where he spies Large Clusters of fair Grapes, whose greedy Eyes Fixt full on them, inflame his strong desire To gather some; but when too low t' aspire That height poor Reynard saw his Reach to be, And that by no means he could get them, he Departs in Peace, and only this did say, Tush, they are green and tart, not worth my stay.

The Moral.

Tis better slight, than earnestly desire Such things as are impossible to acquire.

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F A B. 180.

of the Child and the Scorpion.



Once on a Time, a Sun-shine Summers Day
Invites a Child into the Field to play;
Where his low-pitcht delight set him on work
To catch Grashoppers, that now leap, now lurk
Beneath the Grass, as if to find him play;
Following his Game, he came at length, where lay
A little Scorpion lurking, which he thought
A Grashopper, and stooping down he sought
To take it. But the Scorpion who foresaw
The Child's Simplicity, bids him withdraw
His Hand, and live at quiet, less he be
Slain by an unexpected Destiny.

The Moral.

Men after Pleasures like to Children run, Not knowing what to follow, what to shun.

B.

F A B. 181.

of the Falconer and the Partridge.



A Partridge taken, and at point to die,
Bespeaks the Falconer with piteous Cry,
Then if he let her free, she will seduce
More Partridges into his Net, and use
Her best Endeavour, during Life to give
Him due requital, if he'll let her live.
Nay now, quoth he, the rather I'll thee slay,
Because thou would'st they Friends to Death betray.

The Moral.

They that by Treachery would harm their Friends, Come justly oft to Sudden evil Ends.

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Awa Sh He F A B. 182.

Of the Hare and the Snail.



Hare derides a Snail for her flow Feet: Who answers, That the Hare should know how The Snail is, if the will but run a Race, (fleet And point an Umpire, to appoint the Place, And meet it out; and the Race run, decide Whether hath won; then Wat in fcorn repli'd. Thou dost not know my speed, but since you dare Challenge, we'll try a Match; Done. Then the Hare Points Reynard for their Judge, the wifest Brute: The Snail (the Lists appointed) to confute Wat's jeering Confidence, fets out with speed, And marching forward with industrious Heed, And diligence, fans ceafing; till at last, At the Race End; Wat loytered as fast, Confiding in her Swiftness, sleeps, and then Awaking runs to the Race end : but when She sees the Snail there first, with shame Wat quits Her vain Conceit, and vainer bragging fits.

The Moral.

Mean Parts with Pains and Diligence, effect Things sooner, than great Parts with like neglect. FAB. 183.

of the Willow-Tree and the Ax.



ONE that would cleave a Willow he had fell'd Made Wedges of it; which when it beheld, Presaging wherefore they were made, it groan'd, And thus its grievous Usages bemoan'd:
The (Stranger) Ax I grieve not at alone, Wherewith Men fell me; but my Grief and Moan Imbitter'd is, because out of my Side Wedges are made, my Body to divide.

The Moral.

In Mens Adversities more grievous Blows Are giv'n by false Friends, than professed Foes.

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F A B. 184.

Of the Pomegranate and the Pippin-Tree.



HE Pomegranate and Pippin-Tree contend For Excellence long time, but in the End, After much Contest, when the greater Trees Had sought in vain, to settle their stirr'd Lees; And to compose their Difference, a Bush From the near Hedge among them in doth rush, And hearing their Debate, Enough, quoth he, Ye have already strove; be rul'd by me, Be Friends, and your Contention surcease; Now ye both pine, but both shall thrive in Peace. This moves the Trees,

The Moral.

Thus mean Folks compose The Differences of more potent Foes.

1 B.

E A B. 185.

of the Mole and ber Dam.



HE Mole of Creature blind by Nature is, Yet thus spake once unto his Dam: I wis Some strange strong scenting Odor I resent; And by and by, e'er they much Ground had went, He sees a mighty Furnace; then he hears A Noise of Anvils drumming in his Ears; To whom his Dam in Merriment replies, He wanted Nose and Ears as well as Eyes.

The Moral.

Great Talkers, and great Boasters, most of all, Professing great things; are convinced in Small.

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F A B. 186.

Of the Wasps, Patridges, and Husband-man.



Once on a Time the Partridges and Wasps,
So pestered with Thirst, that each one gasps
As well for Life as Water, jointly tend
To beg it of a Farmer; where they blend,
And mix their begging with large Proffers; say,
They for his Waters will due Thanks repay.
The Partridges to dig his Vine-yards proffer,
That th'Vines may bearful Clusters; the Wasps offer
As largely, they by compassing it round,
Secure from Thieves will guard the Farmer's GroundTo whom, quoth he, My Yoke of Oxen see,
That till my Ground sans promising for me;
Wherefore is it not sitter, do you think,
That they that earn their Waters, than you drink?

The Moral.

Wise Men Benevolence should never show. To useless idle Drones; tis Wisdom so.

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F A B. 187.

Of Jupiter and the Serpent.



His Nuptials was presented with each Beast;
All Brutes according to their Power bring,
Thereto in Duty bound, an Offering.
The Serpent 'mongst the rest a Rose-bud crops,
And bearing it in his invenom'd Chops,
Presents Jove with it; which when Jove beheld,
With great Averseness he the Gift repell'd:
Adding, That though he pleasingly accepts
Presents from all, the Serpent's he excepts.

The Moral.

To other fortale Drawers the Majalan !

Wife Men are well perswaded, that the Gifts Of wicked Men have still some evil Drifts. Mens By Go

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F A B. 188.

Of the fondling Ape.



And nurseth only one: Some say neglects
And leaves the other to his Shifts, and hates:
But see the ruling Power of the Fates;
The Brat wherein the Dam did so delight,
Is strangled by her in her Sleep at Night,
Or overlaid; and so the Brat she hates,
Her Darling proves, and thrives; so wills the Fates.

The Moral.

Mens Forecast and Devices oft to naught
By God's o'er-ruling Providence are brought.

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F A B. - 189.

Of the Man and the Flea.



HE little Flea whose only Food Is gain'd by fucking of the Blood, With eager thirst had feiz'd upon Ones Flesh, and stuck so fast thereon. That e're Escape by her was made, The Man his Hand upon her laid. And she his Prisoner became. The Flea affrighted at the same. Intreats the Man, he would forgive This first Offence, and let her live: Since she but little Harm could do. Befides, by Nature prone thereto: To whom the Man this Answer gave. By fo much less ought I to fave Your Life, when prone to Mischief, you Can no one Deed of Virtue shew: But if your Strength could equalize Your Will in hourly Villanies, Would still perfift: Which to prevent. Tis fit a sudden Punishment Should cut you off, lest other Men Receive like Hurts from you agen.

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The Moral.

Or great or small th' Offence, the Power of Law And Justice, with Severity must aw Offenders, future Mischiefs to prevent, Lest, by too frequent pardon, insolent, Presumptuous Malefactors, sless in Crimes, With villanous Examples fill the Times.

FAB. 190.
Of the Man and the Gnat.



A Gnat in wonted manner flies about,
And lighting on the bare foot of a Lowt,
So smartly kis'd, that he enrag'd with pain,
Would with his Nails the captive Gnat have slain.
But the Gnat skipping from between his Hands,
Avoids her Doom. The Lowt then thus demands,
O Hercules, that us'd to Death to bring
Things harmless, now pray aid me'gainst this thing.

The Moral.

They do prophane God's Name, that on him call In every trivial hap and worthless thrall-

of an old Man and his two Wives.



NE full of Years, but very lufty grown,
With one Wife could not rest content alone,
But he must wed again. Contention grew
Betwixt his Wives, his old one and his new,
Which he should most affect. His first kind Wife
Thus plots to gain his Love, and end the Strife:
She from his grisled Head and Beard doth cull
All the black Hairs: his second gray doth pull,
That he or old, or youthful might appear,
And whom he most resembled, so to steer
His Love to them. But they so often striv'd,
That, through their Emulation they depriv'd
The poor Man of his Ornament in Hair,
And made his Head quite bald, his Face quite bare.

The Moral.

This shews, that Wedlock equal Years doth crave, And when thou hast got one Foot in the Grave, Don't heed Venus, lest grown hald, instead Of Hair, some other thing adorn thy Head. F A B. 192.

Of the Promiser.



Ne desperately sick, and given o'er
By his Physicians, now begins t' implore
His God for Help, and if God send him Health,
Promiseth, (though he scanty were in Wealth)
An Hetacomb of Oxen at his rise,
To offer up a thankful Sacrifice:
But where are th' hundred Oxen, quoth his Wise,
To Offer, if they God should spare thy Life?
To whom her Husband made this weak Reply
God will not ask them, for behold I die.

The Moral.

Read, and abbor their Vanities; who use To make their Tongues to idle Talk a Sluce: Who to their Promises give such a Scope, That to perform them, they themselves not hope. F A B. 193.

of the Frogs.



A Brace of Frogs liv'd once upon a Time
Within a Pool, till drought had bak'd the slime,
And spent the Water; then these Mates leapt on
To seek another Pool: And having gone
A little way, they find a Pit with steep
Descent, well water'd, being very deep;
At sight of which, quoth one, Come Mate, behold;
Let's jump in hither, where we may be bold.
The Sun, our envious Parent, cannot dry
Our envy'd Store. Her Mate made this reply;
If this Store also fail us, How shall we
Ascend from this so yast Profundity?

The Moral.

Look e'er you leap rememb'ring this sad Truth, That rash Attempts are maited on by Youth. F A B. 194.

of the Cock and the Dog.



When Brutes could speak, a Cock and Dog agreed To take a VValk, and for their better speed, A League offensive and defensive plight, Strenghtned with that, they travel, and when Night The Earth's Shade stain them, Chantecleer ascends A hollow Tree, the Dog at th' Root defends The Fort, between them keeping VVatch and VVard. The Cock of course doth crow, and is o'erheard By Reynard passing by: who forthwith bends His course that way, and there arriv'd, pretends That he would sain embrace him, and defires The Cock would thence descend. The Cock requires The Fox to wake the Porter, to give way: VVhich done, the Dog the cozen'd Fox doth slay.

The Moral.

Wise Man make use of their more potent Friends, Against a Foe that Treachery intends. F A B. 195.

Of the Lyon and Bear.



A Bear and Lion for a Fawn long fought,
Till with Expence of Blood, they both were
To Giddiness, that weary, down they lie (brought
To breathe themselves; but Reynard passing by,
And seeing them so weary, and the Fawn
Between them, he resolv'd to keep the Pawn
Till they agreed; so seized on the Prey,
And drew it to his Den hard by: But they
Unable to resist and rise, deplore
Their fruitless double Pains, and Wounds so sore,
And that they toiled for the Fox's Maw.

The Moral.

See here the Exit of great Suits in Law, When potent Purses wrangle, till the stealth Of pick-purse Layers rob them of their Wealth. F A B. 196.

of the Bush the Bat, and the Cormorant.



HE Buth, the Bat, the Cormorant agree To joyn together, and will Merchants be. The Bush provided Cloaths, the Bat doth load The Ship with Silver, the Cormorant made Brass his Adventure; so to Sea they go; But a Storm rising, tossed to and fro Their rolling Vessel, till the swelling Seas Devour both Ship and their Commodities. Wherefore to fave their Lives, the Merchants flie To th' Land, to shun the Ocean's Tyranny. Being arriv'd, the Cormorant no more Daring be feen, lurks closely by the Shore. Fearing her Creditors, the Bat by Night (Forfaking Day) dares only take her flight. The Bush no longer daring to be seen In its own cloathing, or his wonted green, Shakes off her Leaves, that so unknown she may Remain t' her Creditors that pass that Way.

The Moral.

The Com'rant, Bush, and Bat to us descry.
The Rashness of those Men, who wilfully
Hazard their Fortune, by attempting all
Their Fancy prompts, and into Ruin fall,
Szancely escaping with their Lives, when they
Might have soreseen that imminent Decay.
So to avoid, and not so headlong run
On danzer, which approaching, none can shun.

FAB. 197.
Of the Fox and Rhinoceros.



R Hinoceros his dulled Teeth did whet
Upon the hardned Tree, thereon to fet
A keener Edge. But Reynard passing by,
Asks the Rhinoceros the Reason why
He whet his Teeth, confronted by no Foe,
Nor any Danger: Why then did he so?
The Brute replies, Good Reason why, for when
Dangers assault me, sure I ought not then
Be to set edge upon my Teeth employ'd,
But use their Sharpness, lest I be annoy'd.

The Moral.

Men must be arm'd gainst Ills that may ensue, And suture Dangers, else they soon may rue. F A B. 198.

Of the snared Lark.



A Snared Latk bewail'd his captive State,
Bemoaning most the Oddness of his Fate:
He no Man robb'd of Silver or of Gold,
Nor any thing of Moment, yet behold
His sinister odd Fate; for one poor Grain
Of VVheat, poor Lark is snared to be slain.

The Moral.

Their Crosses justly may those Men complain, Who hazard much, a little Pelf to gain.

ÆSOP's Fables.

F A B. 199. Of the Covetous Man.



Covetous rich Man, when he had fold All he was worth, and turned all to Goldi Went out into the Field, and digg'd a Pit. A Grave to hold his Mind and Soul and it: Whither he still on daily Visits went, To fee his Gold, his Soul, and fole Content. At last a Slave of his observ'd the Wretch. And mark'd the Place, and the next Night did fetch Away the Golden Globe. The Mifer then Walks next Day forth to fee his Gold; but when He mist it, he most strangely taketh on, And rears his Hair, his Soul, his Gold is gone. This one descrying, jeer'd out this reply, Be cheary Man; there's nothing loft; for why? Thou may'st conceive thy Gold here still, and have Joy of it, as when it lay in that Grave. Thou never hadst it when thou didst it keep; Let not its Absence then cause thee to weep.

The Moral.

He that possesseth Wealth and doth not use The same, ne'er had it, yet doth it abuse.

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F A B. 200.

Of the one-eyed Doe.



A None-ey'd Deer, that near the Sea did graze,
To Sea-ward turn'd the blind fide of her Face,
Suspecting thence no harm; but t'other fide
V Vherewith she saw, she to the Land appli'd,
Expecting thence whatever Men could do
To bring her Mischief, and to work her V Voe.
But some sly Lads had Notice of her Plot,
And went to Sea by Boat, from whence they shot
The Sea-secure Doe unto Death, who bray'd
Her last Breath thus; Ah! woe is me! betray'd,
Thence whence I thought no ill to me could come;
Yet thence untouch'd, whence I did dread my Doom.

The Moral.

Of things are harmless, which yet hurtful seem. To Men; and hurtful, which they harmless deem. F A B. 201.

Of the Deer and the Lyon.



A N hunted Deer a Cave far off descries,
VV hither in hope to rest her self, she hies;
But entering the Cave, a Lyon there
Lurking, arrests her, ready her to tear.
Then dying, thus she sigh'd, Did I then shun.
Men, by the siercest Beast to be undone?

The Moral.

Unwary Men, and fearful, often shall (Shunning some petty Harms) by greater fall. FAB. 202.

Of the Deer and the Vine.



Under the Covert of a Vine, a Deer
Lay close, to shun some Archers that were near.
VVho hardly past by, but the Deer began
To browze the Vine-leaves. Then the Archers scan
The Noise and Shaking of the Leaves. And why
May not, says one, some Deer there lurking lye?
And so it was; then they with Arrows keen,
Thick shot, do wound to death the Deer unseen:
VVho dying, justifies her Doom, 'cause she
Offer'd the Vine that say'd her, Injury.

The Moral.

Who wrong their Benefactors, often rue, Justice Divine repaying them their due.

B.

F A B. 203. Of the Cock, the Lion, and the Afs.



HE Cock and Als together feed, Towards whom a Lyon making speed: The Cock first sees him, and to warn The Afs to then enfuing Harm Hecrowsaloud; at whose shrill Voice The Lion back retires (no Noise More terrifying him than that) Which when the Ass perceiv'd, thereat Infults, and thinks from him he flew, Seeming with Fury to purfue The Lyon. But ere far th' had gone, Beyond the Noise of Cocks, where none Was present but the Ass, and he, The Lyon longer scorns to flee, But turns, and unrefisted slew The Ass that did but now pursue: VVho thus laments, Alas! that I, Of cow'rdly Parents born, must die: Not able, in this fatal Strife, Return a Stroke to fafe my Life: Nor when in Safety feeding, fly, But follow fuch an Enemy.

The

The Moral.

As sottish Cow rdice brands thee with Disgrace, From equal Enemies to turn they Face; So proves it rasher Folly to pursue

A Foe that politickly flies from you.

Till he have drawn thee under his Command, Where no Resistance can his Force withstand.

of the Gardiner and his Dog.



And at the last into the same he fell,
The Gardiner beholding how he strove
To get out thence, and could not, in pure love
Descends to help him out. The Dog for dread
Lest he would thrust him further in, makes head,
And biting him, compels him thence to part.
His Master out, replies, I justly smart

That would a Felon to himself reprieve:
There shall he drown e're I will him relieve.

The Moral.

Ungrateful Men requite good turns so still; If not with evil Deeds, with evil Will.

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F A B. 205.

Of the Dog and Swine.



A Swine at variance with a Dog, did swear
By Venus, Surely he the Dog will tear
To pieces with his Tusks. The Dog puts off
These Threats with sleering Semblance and a Scoff.
Tis well, quoth he, that you by Venus swear;
For well you intimate thereby how dear
You are to Venus, who allows no Seat
About her Tables, to whom Swines-slesh eat,
A Food impure. The Swine replies, Therefore
The Goddess shews that she affects me more,
Abhorring those that hurt me; but for thee,
Thy stink, alive and dead's, unsayory.

The Moral.

This Wisdom to convert that to ones praise, Which ones Detractor to disgrace one says.

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From Tk F A B. 206.

of the Wolf and the Kid.



A Tender Kid, her Dam being by
To guard her from the Tyranny
Of the infulting Wolf, grows bold,
With him a Conference to hold,
And with ill Words the Wolf upbraid,
To whom the Wolf this Answer made;
Fond Kid, it is thy Guard and Place,
Not thou, that dost me thus disgrace:
For know, weak Fool, were thou but here
Alone, and shouldst so domineer,
My Courage should suppress thy vip'rous Tongue
From utt'ring such insufferable Wrong.

The Moral.

The Valiant So Abuses take
From Cowards, nor Resistance make:
The Place or Presence of Some other,
Forcing them their ill Words to Smother.

FAB. 297.
Of the Fox and the Wolf.



Oor Reynard by unhappy Fortune fell Into the Bottom of a dangerous Well. Fearful of fudden Death, at length he spies A Wolf upon the Brink, to whom he cries With lamentable Voice, Assist, dear Friend, My Miseries, some speedy succour lend, And help me to a Cord, that so I may Escape with Life, and I'll to thee repay A thousand Thanks, and by Engagement stand Ready to act what thou shalt me command. To whom the greedy Wolf fadly replies, Alas, poor Fox! whence did thy Sorrows rife? Tell me what dire Mischance, what sudden Fate Led thee thy Fortunes thus to ruinate? The half drown'd Fox makes answer, Friend, no more Stand to demand the Reason, lest before

Our Talk have end, my vital Parts expire, And thou in vain accomplish my Desire.

The Moral.

A Sudden Wound expects a Sudden Cure, Nor will Prolixity of Time endure; Lest while prolong'd in tedious delay, The slow Physicians with fond Questions play,

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Upon the wounded Patient vainly he Preduc'd a slight and frivolous Comedy.

> F A B. 208. Of the Cock and the Fox.



HE rav'nous Fox, that often did embrue His Paws in Blood, and harmless Pullen slew, Is by the crafty Country man eninar'd Within a Trap, fo that intent prepar'd, Whom the much wronged Cock perceiving, he (Not daring else approach his Enemy) Draws near to Reynard, who with mild Intreats, (For need enforced him to lay by Threats) Begs of the Cock to help him to a Knife, And cut the Cord for to prolong his Life, Which now he fear'd to lofe, or elfe to prove So faithful to him, that he would not move His Masters Rage against him, but forbear Complaints, till he the Cords asunder tear With his sharp Teeth. The Cock with gentle Words And feeming Smiles, to th' Fox's Will accords; But inwardly resolveth otherwise, Acd with all speed to call his Master flies; Who, joyful at the News with equal hafte, Provides a Club, so while the Fox was fast,

ore

To take revenge, at fight of whom the Fox Exclaims at his Credulity, the mocks Of the deceitful Cock to bid on, when He knew that Wrongs would be return'd agen By fuch who had fuftain'd them, and requite With Lofs of Life those who in Blood delight.

The Moral.
Tis fortish Folly, Credit to impose
Of Secrecy upon professed Foes.

FAB. 209. Of the Travellers.



ONE of two Passengers an Ax had found,
Cast by some neighbour Workmen on the ground
And claim'd it all himself, although his Mate
Crav'd half betimes, and did expostulate,
Urging him t' say, Not I, but we have found.
This past on, but e'er they had past much Ground,
The Owners of the Ax with Hew and Cry
Pursue the Passengers most furiously,
Crying. Stop Thieves. Then timid Guilt appears:
He that took up the Ax cries, full of fears,
We are undone; Not we, reply'd his Mate:
For said you not, Not we have found of late?

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The Moral.

None can expect them true Friends in Distress, With whom they would not share their Happiness.

FAB. 210.

Of the Harper and the Tiplers.



A Mean skill'd Harper, in a plaister'd House, (Where petty Tiplers us'd to roar and bouse) Sung to his Harp, that the rebounding Noise From the near Walls did much amend his Voice, Which of it self was small and harsh, that he Was deem'd by them t' excel for Melody. The praised Fool grows proud, and thinks it sit He to the Theatre should himself commit, To shew his Gifts, and reap more praise, but there When his low Voice scarce reached any Ear, And pleased none at all, the People thence Soon his and stone away his Impudence.

The Moral.

Each petty (knowing) Tradesman is not fit To rule a State, or at its Holm to sit.

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F A B. 211.

of the Raven and the Serpent.



A N hungry roving Raven, as she pries
For Prey, at length a basking Serpent spies
Asleep, and sunning on a Bank, and straight
Seizeth upon it. But the dear-bought Bait,
The Serpent turning, by invenom'd bite
With Death the greedy Seizer doth requite.
The dying Raven then doth fore complain, (gain.
That should her bain prove, which she seiz'd for

The Moral.

Revenous People, greedy after Wealth, Prefer the getting of it unto Health, And desperately bent, heed not the Sting Of ill got Goods, which will Confusion bring.

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FAB. 212.

Of the Ape, the Wolf, and the Fox.



The Wolf accuses Reynard for a Thief.
The Fox cries, No such Matter, 'Tis a Lie.
The learned Ape is chosen presently
To judge, who thus decides the Cause in brief,
Wolf, thou hast not a Farthing lost; and yet
What he demands, Fox thou hast pilfer'd it.

The Moral.

I'll not trust him who us'd to tell me lyes; Once a Deceiver, and ne'er otherwise.

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F A B. 213.

Of the Mice in Council.



A Mouse Committee plot to shun the Cat,
Up starts one something wiser than the rest,
My Masters, trouble not your selves with that,
Do as I bid, and set your Hearts at rest,
Each Cat about her Neck shall wear a Bell,
Which we shall hear, and run. All praise the Mouse;
The Cats may now go hang them, if they will.
Quoth one, it seems Senior to all the House,
I must confess, I like the Project well,
But who dares venture there to hang a Bell.

The Moral.

Good Counsel's easie given, commended too, But some things are a little hard to do.

The End of the Fables.

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THE LIFE of ÆSOP.

CHAP. I.

A Description of the Birth, Shape, and Qualities of Æ S O P.



Ome there have been who have heretofore dillgently inquired into humane Affairs, and commended them to Posterity: but A sop seems to me, as it were acted by a Divine Intelligence. (efpecially for Moral Discipline) far to surpass the greater Number of them. Not only in describing the Nature of Things, and rational Discourses, but also for Hiflory, there was scarcely any Age that produced a Man comparable to him. But his Art of instructing by Fables, was fuch, that he gained the Affections of Auditors, and shames even reasonable Creatures, who would act or think that which neither Birds nor Foxes would; refusing to employ themselves in such things which the most brute Animals, (as Occasion served) are wittily fabulized to do: In Consideration whereof, many prevented fundry imminent Dangers; and others opportunely gained fair Advantages. Æ fop

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Esop therefore setting himself to advance the Republick in Philosophy, seems to play the Philosopher in his Works rather than his Words. His original Rise was from Amorius a Town in Phrygia the Great, by his Fortune a Servant; whereupon that seems to be very well and truly spoken by Plato in Gorgia, For the most part, (saith he) These Two seem to be contrary, Nature and Law. For Nature had gratified Esop with an ingenious Mind, but the Law had enslaved his Body. But thus the Ingenuity of his Mind could not be deprayed; for although his Body was buried into several Places upon manifold Occasions, yet nothing could remove his Soul from its proper Sense.

He was not only a Slave, but amongst the Men of his Age, the most deformed; for he was of a sharp head, slat nose, crooked back, his lips pendent, black, from which he had his Name (Æsophus as the same with Æthicps) large Belly, crooked bow Legs; Thersites in Homer was not so hard favoured and mis shapen as he.

But of all he was most Unfortunate in this, his Speech was slow, inarticulate, and very obscure. All which made Æ/op fit for nothing but Servitude; for a Man so extraordinarily ill shapen could scarcely avoid that kind of Life. Such was his Body, howbeit Nature endowed him with a most accomplish'd Mind for the most sublime Contemplations.

Nas to a flavish Bondage long accurst,
Disdain'd by all, and seeming to all Eyes
Made up of Natur's worst Deformities;
Whose Head was great, his Visage black of hue;
Huge rolling Eyes, his Nose beneath them grew
Flat to his Face; his hanging Lips likewise,
And yellow Teeth, had like deformed Size;
His Back was crooked, and his Belly large,
His knotty Knees, and bow-Legs could discharge
(According to our Proverb) able Strength,
His splay'd Feet thick, and of unseemly Length;

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His Voice inarticulate, his Gesture rude;
Presaging Badges of plain Servitude.
But to delineate his more noble Parts,
(Th' Endowments of his Mind, and Skill in Arts)
Let them that read his Works hereafter guess,
While I his Lif's whole Passages express.

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CHAP. II.

Æsop clears an Accusation falsty laid upon him by his Fellow Servants, for eating the Figs.



Domestick Business, he sent him into the Field to dig. Æ sop falls merrily to his work. At a certain Time as his Master walked in the Fields, one of his Labourers presented him with excellent Figs. He being much taken with the Pleasantness of them, gave them to Azathopus (for this was the Servant's Name) charging him to keep them till his Return from Bath. It fellout that Æ sop upon some occasions coming home, Azathopus (that kept the Figs) said to one of his Fellow Servants, If thou wilt, come set us fill our selves with Figs; and if our Master shall require them of us, we both of us will testifie, that Æ sop came home and secretly eat them up. And thus we can upon

upon a true Ground; for upon his coming home, we shall-make our Tale good; and one is nothing to two, especially when he thall gainfay without Proof. This being determin'd, they eat up all the Figs, and laughing in themselves, said, Alas! for the unfortunate Ælop! Now when his Master returneth from the Bath, and, asking for the Figs, understood that Afop had devoured them, in a Fury commanded him to be called for. To whom he thus faid, Tell me, thou curfed Villain, how it is that thou hast thus slighted me, and going into my Cellar, hast eaten up the Figs that were referred for me? Afop indeed heard and understood all his Master said, but by reason of the Slowness of his Speech, could not return him Answer. But when he was ready to be beaten, and his Accusers very eager to have it fo, he fell down at his Master's Feet, befeeching him to have a little Patience with him. Whereupon Afor ran hastily and brought warmWater, and drinking it off, put his Finger into his Mouth, and vomited up the Water only; for as yet that day he was fasting; and he belought his Master, that his Accusers, as he had done, might drink likewise of the Water, whereby it might appear who had eaten the Figs: the Master admiring the Ingenuity of the Man, commanded his Accusers to drink the Water as Æfop had done. They willingly drank the Water, but loth to put their Fingers into their Throats. No sooner had they drunk the Water, but presently up came the Figs. Without any more ado, the Master commanded them to be lashed upon their bare Skins. clearly perceiving the Envy and Vileness of his Servants; who by this came to know the Truth of that Saying, He that plots Mischief, usually (when he least thinks) it falls upon himself.

Not fit for other Use, to th' Field must go, Amongst the daily Labourers to toil,

To dig the Earth, and till the fruitful Soil,

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Until the grateful Harvest drawing near, Yields her first Fruits to the glad Labourer; Which being gather'd, to his Master he With Gladnets then presents, who joyfully The same accepts, and wills his Servant strait, Nam'd Agathopus, (who did on him wait) To keep them fafe. But Azathopus mind How to deceive his Master, being inclin d, Thus with his Fellow Plots: We'll eat (quoth he) The Figs, and Afop our Excuse shall be; He shall sustain our Fault: Nor will our Lord Belief to one against us Two afford. And so they both agreed, the Figs are gone. Which when the Master missed, (coming Home) He calls for Agathopus, and demands The Figs that were deliver'd to his Hands. Who answer'd, He but laid them down, and e'er His Back was turn'd, from him convey'd they were By Alfop's Craft. Which crediting, his Lord In Anger threatn'd Æfop, till implor'd, And by his piteous Sighs somewhat appear'd. Æfop warm Water craves, which drinking eas'd His Stomach quite, from whence there issued Nothing but that whereof they faw he fed. Whereat a while they all in doubting stand, Lest Æfop might be wrong'd, who (out of han 1) Urging his base Accusers now to taste The felf same Drink, upon the Ground they cast The undigested Figs: whereby appear'd Their Guilt, and Æfop's Accusation clear'd. So shall all false Accusers (though conceal'd A while) by their own Plottings be reveal'd: For Fallbood never fo fecurely Rept, But Juffice ber Deceits could intercept.

How Æ fop was endued with perfect Understanding and Use of his Tongue by the Goddess Diana, for his kind and affable Nature to the Priests.



T Pon the day following his Master returns to the City, and he, as he was commanded, to his labour. The Priests of Diana losing their way, found Alop by chance, and adjured him by Jove to guide them into the City, who fetting them under a Shade, feasted them, and then conducted them into the way. which they enquired for. They therefore, as well for his Hospitality, as forhis courteous Guidance of them into the way, lifting up their Hands to Heaven, with their hearty Wishes, rewarded him for these Favours. Elop returning back, being wearied with hard labour, and the vehement heat of the Sun, dreamed that he faw Fortune stand by him gratifying of him with Nimbleness of Tongue and Language, even the Elegancy of Fabulizing. Forthwith starting up, O wonderful, faith he, how sweetly have I slept, and how pleasantly have I dreamed! For behold, I speak readily, and as the Gods would have it, by whose favour thus it is, I can call Creatures by their Names. Because of my Devotion unto Strangers this propitious. Succeis. Success is fallen to me. Thus Esop overjoy'd with what was done, returns to his Labour and Digging. But the Overseer of the Field, whose Name was Zewas, coming to the Labourer, for some Error in his Work, smote him with his Wand. Afop cries out, faying, You are always crowing over, and constantly fmiting him that offends you not: Verily, I will ler our Master know of it. Zenas hearing Æsop thus speaking, did not a little wonder, and said with himfelf, Now Æfop begins to speak, it will be no Advantage to me; I will prevent him therefore, and accuse him to his Master before he shall have the Opportunity, lest I be put out of my Stewardship. Having thus faid, he returns home to his Master: but when he came, seemed to be troubled in himself. Master, God save you, saith he. What is it that troubles you, faith his Master? Zenas replied, A wonderful Thing hath happened in the Field. The Master inquires, whether some Tree had brought forth Fruit untimely, or some Beast had brought forth any thing monstrous. Not so, my Lord; but Esop, who formerly was dumb, now begins to speak. His Master answers, This will be no ways lucky for thee, who thougtest him a Monster. Yea, indeed, Master, what he hath contumeliously spoken against me, I pass it by; against the Gods and thee he hath intolerably railed. With this, his Master in Anger, said to Zenas. He is in thy Hand, fell him, give him away; do any thing with him.

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Ext Day approaching, early in the Morn,

Esop again must to the Field return;

Where hot with Labour, to a cooling Shade
(Which by a goodly spreading Beach was made)

He goes to take Repose. Whom drowsee Sleep
Seizing his Mind in pleasant Dreams did keep.
'Midst which appears Diana, in a fair
White siken Robe, with long dishevell'd Hair,

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Crown'd with a Wreath of Lawrel in her Hand, Bearing a long white tippet Silver Wand, Which waving, thus he fpeaks, Hence all Prophane, Let no dull Thoughts of Folly here remain. For thy great Kindness to our Priests, when thou Suppli aft their Wants, and didft Relief allow, Directeds them the perfect way to tread Unto their Home, when Error had mifled; For this thine Hospitality, posses Thy Tongue's clear Use, and wife Mens Happiness; A Brain inspir'd with Wisdom, which hall give Thy Country Aid, and make thee truly live. This faid, the vanished, and Æfop now (Rifing from Sleep) did the true Nature know Of every Thing, and could his Language frame To call each Creature by its proper Name. Back to the Field again he comes, where he Zenas the Steward faw, injuriously Beating the Servants. Afor him reproves For unjust Cruelty, which Zenas moves (When he deformed Æfop's Threatning faw) To fear, lest he might peradventure draw His Master's Love from him by just Complaints, Which to prevent, he strait his Lord acquaints, How Æfop now could speak, and did upbraid His Worship with foul Language: Who thus faid, With Anger in his Looks, Lo, Zenas, I Commit the Villain to thy Custody; Take him, and fell the Slave, or elfe him lofe; Or him to any greater Harm expose, So he be from my Sight Thus Innocence. Is oftentimes betray'd without Offence.

CHAP.

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ESOP the first time Sold.



Hen Zenas had thus got Æfop into his Hands and related to him what power he had over him. Do your pleasure, quoth Afop. Now, whereas by chance a certain Man enquired to buy some Cattel, and to this end journeyed thro' that Field, and asked Zenas Cattle (faith he) I have none to fell, but a Man Slave, whom if you have a Mind to buy, here he is. When the Merchant heard him speak of a Servant, Zenas call'd for Afop; whom the Merchant feeing, loudly laughed, faying to Zenas, where had you this Pot? Is he the flock of a tree, or a Man? This, but for his Voice, is like a blown Bladder. Why did you ftop my Journey for the fight of fuch a Tun-belly? Having thus faid, away he went; Æfop following him, intreats him to stay a little. The Merchant looking behind him; be gone, thou filthy Cur, faith he. Æfop defires to know of him the Caufe of his coming thirher. Thou Villain, quoth he, to buy something that was good: I want no fuch worthless and unprofitable Fellows as thou art. But faith Æfop, buy me, quoth he, and if there be any truth in Man, I am able to do you good Service, Wherein I pray you, quoth the Merchant, can you do me any Service, you loath some Beaft ?

Beaft? Have you not at home, quoth Æfop, crying: and froward Children? let one be fet to tend them; I will be a Bug bear to them. The Merchant laug-ing hereat, thus faith to Zena, what wilt thou ask for this filthy Vassel? Three Halfpence, quoth he. The Merchant forthwith laid him down Three Halfpence, faying, I bave laid out nothing, and nothing have I bought. Now when as they took their Journey and came home. Two Children which were brought up by their Mother, seeing Asop, were affrighted, and cryed out. By and by, faith Afop to the Merchant, you see the Proof of my Promise. Whereat smiling he goes in, and commands him to falute his Fellowfervants. Who so soon as they saw him said, What Mischief is this that hath bappened to my Mafter, that he bath bought such an ill-favoured Slave? But as it should. feem he hath him a Watch for his House.

Hen Zenas by this false Report had gain'd His Will, and Afop's Servitude obtain'd, A Merchant which from Ephelus repairs, Himself to furnish with some needful Wares, And Servants to transport them, forthwith came To Zenas to be furnish'd with the same, Who answers, He had no Commodities: Only a Servant for Three Halfpence Price, If t please him he should buy, and Esop have At fuch an easie Rate to be his Slave. But when the Merchant eyes his ugly Form, He 'gain rejects his Merchandise with Scorn, Replying thus to Zenas; think'st thou I Came hither fuch mishapen Slaves to buy? And so (half angry) parted, but at last Elip unto the Merchant making hafte, Thus fairly promifeth; if he would free And take him from proud Zenas Slavery, He foon should see with what Obedience still He would subject himself to please his Will.

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Not grudge at any Labour he'd impose,
But faithful prove what way soe'r he goes.
By which Intreaties witty Æsop gain'd
The Merchant's Love and his good Will obtain'd.
So (having bought him for the 'foresaid Rate)
To Ephesus he doth conduct him strait,
And 'mongst the other Servants plac'd him there,
To labour, and like heavy Burthens bear.
At length from Zenas Yoak being free, he went

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To Ephesus with more than small Content. CHAP. V. Æsop's Wit in chusing the lighter Burthen, which his



things to be made ready for his Journey, which on the morrow he was to take into Asis. His Servan's forthwith divided amongst them their Burthens. But Esp desired that he might have the lightest, being he was but newly bought, and not yet inured to such Service. Which they seemed indifferent to, but he replied, that while they all endured such sore labour, he alone ought not to be idle. Whereupon they permitted him to take what Burden pleased him. When he had looked about him, and had gathered several Carriages together, he desired that such a Basket

Basket of Bread, which was a Burden defigned for Two, might be laid upon him. But they laughing, thought that there could not be a more dull Fool in the World, which before defired the lightest Burthen, and now had made choice of the heaviest. But to fulfil his Desire, they laid the greatest Burthen upon him. When he had his Load, he reeled this way and that way. Which when the Merchant beheld, he wondred, faying, Sith that Æ fop is so able to labour, he is worth my Money, for he carries a Burthen like an Horse. When Dinner-time came, Æsop was commanded to fet down his Basket, and distribute his Bread, which when they had eaten, half emptied his. Basket: So that after Dinner his Basket being lightned, he went on with more Alacrity. But at Evening, when they went to Supper, so soon as the Bread was divided to every one his Share, the Basket was quite empty, and Afop marched in the Front. Thereupon. grows a question among the Servants what this fellow should be; and much wonder'd that fuch a motly Villain should deal more cunningly than all they; for whereas they took up fuch Goods as would not waste by the way, he made choice of the Basket of Bread, which he knew would not last to his Journeys End.

For Ephesus, each one to bear his Share

Of such Commodities as he had bought;

Especially, each one to bear his Share

Of such Commodities as he had bought;

Especially first takes the Bread, for which they thought

Him but a Fool, the heaviest for to chuse,

Who might have chose the lightest, and refuse

Whatever him dislik'd. But by the way,

When at the Inn they for Resreshment stay,

To rest and ease themselves at every Meal,

When as their Master did to each Man deal

His share of Bread from Esop's Basket, they

Perceive his Burthen lighter every Day;

And se'er they came to Ephesus) to bear

Scarce any weight, when they still loaden were.

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Xa ma Thus Policy oft-times prevaileth, when Fools they have out-witted wifer Men. CHAP. VI.

The Second Sale of ÆSOP.



I THereas the Merchant was now at Ephelus, he made good Profit by felling his Slaves; three only at present remaining with him unfold, Grammaticus, Cantor, and Alop. Now one of his familiar Acquaintance advised him to fail unto Samos, where he might put off his Slaves to greater Advantage. The Merchant being come to Samos, fet Grammaticus and Cantor (both new cloathed) in the Market-Place. But Alop was fet in the midst of them with a Garment of Sack cloth, for no Art, with the best Apparel could make him handsome. Whom when the amazed Market-People faw, they cry'd out, whence is this hideous Fellow? Æ fop all this while stood boldly not with standing many a biting Scoff Xanthus the Philosopher at that time dwelling at Samos, went into the Market, where he faw Two Lads dress'd for fale; and betwixt these two he espied Æsop, wondring much at the Merchant's Conceit, that he placed the worst in the midst, whereby the other two might appear the fairer. Xanthus drawing near, asked Cantor what Countryman he was. He answered, a Cappadocian. What canst thou

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thou do, faith Xanthus? All things, quoth he. Where. at Alop laughed. But the Scholars which were with Xanthur, seeing Esop laugh and shew his Teeth, they prefently imagin'd him to be a Monster. They desirous to know wherefore he laughed, to that end one of them ask'd him the question. Be gone about your Bufiness you Sea-Sheep, quoth Esop. Which Answer confounded the Scholar quite. Xanthus desired to know of the Merchant what he would take for Cantor; a thousand half pence, quoth he. But hearing his extraordinary Rate, he went from this to the other; whom the Philosopher asked what Country-Man he was? He made answer, he was a Lidian. Xanthus demanded of him what he could do? All things, quoth he; again Afop fell a laughing. One of the Scholars wondred to fee him laugh again. Another faid to him, if you will be called a Sea-Goat, ask him. The Philo-Sopher asks what Price for Grammaticus? 3000 Halfpence quoth the Merchant. The Philosopher disliking those, departed; the Scholars defired to know of him whether he did not like those Servants. No verily, quoth he, I am determined to buy no Servants fo dear. One of them faid, buy this filthy Fellow, he may do your work, and we will pay for him. That's not fitting, quoth Xanthus? that you lay down the Money, and I buy him: But indeed, you know my Wife is given to one that is handsome, and will not endure to be served by such an ill-shapen Servant: We have somewhat else to do than observe a Woman, said the Scholars. But let us try whether he have any skill or no. He thereupon coming to Afop, be of good chear, quoth he. Was I ever fad, quoth Æfop? What Countrymanare you, said Xanthus? A Negro, saith Æfop. I do not ask you this, but where were you born, faith Xanshus? He answers, of my Mothers Belly. This Iask not, but what place were you born in, faid Xanthus? My Mother ne'er told me, said Ælop, whether above or below. What canst thou do, said the Philosopher? Nothing,

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Nothing, quoth Esop. How is that, faid Xanthus, Those whom you have examin'd already, can do all, whereupon nothing remains for me to do. The Scholars wondring much hereat, concluded his Answers to be by a Divine Providence. Again, quoth Xanthus, art willing I should buy thee? See you to that, quoth Afop. Must you needs have my Advice herein? If you have a Mind, open the Door of your Purse, and down with your Money: If not, make no more Words. (Whereupon the Scholars faid amongst themselves. He hath got the better of our Master.) If I buy thee, saith Xanthus, thou wilt run away. If ever I do, faid he, I shall not come to you for Counsel, as you do to me. Thou faist well, quoth Xanthus, but thou art ill-favoured. Quoth Afop, Good Mr. Philosopher, look upon a Man's Mind, not his Face. At this Xanthus goes to the Merchant, and ask'd him the Price. Thou art come faith the Merchant, to disparage my Commodities, for thou hast past by the best, and makest choice of this ill-shapen one. Buy one of these, and take this Fellow in to the Bargain.

Xanthus defirous of Afop, asked his Price. So foon as the Merchant had told it, the Scholars prefently laid down the Money, and Xanthus took him into his Possession. Whereupon the Publicans came, inquiring who was fold. Every one was ashamed to speak, the Bargain was fo worthless. Afop standing in the midft, cries out, I am he that am fold, this is the Buyer, and that the Seller, if they fay nothing to it, I am thereupon free. The Publicans ready to burst with laughing, away they went. Afop followed his Master Xanthus home, And it being about high noon, Xanthus by the way lift up his Coat to pifs. Which Esop feeing, caught him by the Cloaths, faying, Sell me prefently, otherwise I run away. Why fo, quoth Xanthus, Because I shall never be able to serve such a kind of Master, saith Æsop, who will not spare time to ease Nature, but piffeth as he goeth. If fuch a chance shall happen to me, your Servant, when you fend me of any Businets

Business of necessity, I must shite as I slie. Doth this so much move you, quoth Xanthus: To avoid Three-Evils, I piss as I go: For had I stood still, the Sun had beat hot upon my Head, and the hot Ground had burnt my Feet, and the Smell of the Piss had offended me, Piss on, Sir, I am satisfied, quoth Alog.

THE Merchant now with his Commodities Arrives at Ephefus; whose Merchandife-With Profit fold, excepting his Three Men. Alop and th' other two, with these he then To Samos goes, and at a Market there Sets forth his Men for Sale, who different were In Stature, Two being of Proportion Strait, But Æfop crooked, whose unseemly Gate To them appear'd most ugly. Straight there came Xanthus, a great Philosopher, whose Fame Was thro' that Country spread, who viewing these, Asked the first, " hat he could do, to please His Master, who should buy him? who replies, All things he can command me, or devise. The which made Æ sop laugh. To th'other then The felf same Question he propounds agen: Who gave him the like Answer, and thereby Made witty Æ sop laugh more heartily. Xanthus demanded then their Price, but found The Value far beyond their worth abound, And so departs. But Xanthus Scholars well-Perceiving Afop standing there to fell, Thus to their Master spake, Sir, pray you buy That other Slave, whose foul Deformity Shall bring us Mirth, his Price we'll 'mongst us pay. Then Xanthus back returns, and thus did fay, Asking of Æ fop what he was? Who gave This Answer, He was a deformed Slave. Quoth Xanthus, that I know; but I demand (If thou my Question can'ft but understand) From whence thou diddest unto Samos come; Eso replies, Out of my Mother's Womb.

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Xanthus again, Nor ask I that of thee: But from what place, if thou canst answer me? Quoth Æfop then, Troth Sir, I do not know Where I was born, above or else below: My Mother never told me. Xanthus thus Deluded, law he was ingenious; And now proceeding in his Questions still, Demandeth in what Science he had Skill? Who fays, In nothing. Ho! quoth Xanthus then. Why? quoth Æsop, if your two other Men Can all things do, as they profess to you, They then for me will nothing leave to do. The Scholars hearing Æfop answer to, Applauded him, for none can all things know. So Xanthus now agrees for Threescore Pence To buy poor Æfop, and conveys him thence; Esteeming nevertheless the Value dear, Because he did so much deform'd appear. To whom thus Æsop, Wise Men will not scan. The external Shape, but the internal Man.

Elop goes home with Xanthus to his Wife.



A Fter they came home, Xanthus commands Æ sap to tarry in the Porch before the door, because he knew his Wife was something dainty, and it was not fit

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on the sudden to present her with such a deformed Piece. Xanthus enters, faying, Mistress, thou shalt have no Occasion of Discontent hereafter; for I have bought thee a Lad, wherein thou shalt see as much Comiliness. as ever Eye beheld; he stands at the Door. The Maids thinking all this true, had no little Contention amongst themselves which of them should have him to her Husband. Xanthus's Wife commanded some one to call this new Servant in a doors, who no fooner heard but, I come, quoth Æfop. The Maid that called him, being amazed; Art thou he, quoth she? Yes, indeed, faid Æfop. By no means come into the House, unless thou intendest we should run away, quoth the Maid, He came in and stood before his Mistres; who when the faw him, turned her Eyes away to her Husband, faying, What Monster have you bought? carry him away. In this, Xanthus, thou feemest to express much ill towards me, and that which I never thought to do, I must do it; give me the Portion I brought you, and I will be gone. Upon this, Xanthus chides Æfop, who was so witty by the way, but had nothing to say before his Wife. Throw her into Hell, quoth Æfop. Away, you Villain, quoth he, wot you not that I love her as well as my felf? Do you love a Woman, quoth Efop? O extreamly, quoth Xanthus. At this Efop gave a Stamp with his Foot, crying out, That Xanthus was Wifish, and running to his Mistress, he said, You would have had the Philosopher to have bought you a young Servant, well clad, lively, which might have looked on you naked, when you went into the Bath, and might play with you, to the Shame of Philosophy: Ogolden-mouth'd Euripides! how well hast thou faid, Great is the Force of the Sea's Swelling Waves; and the Flames of Scotching Fire; Poverty is an hard Condition; and there are infinite Things intolerable; but nothing in Comparison to a shrewd Woman: You being the Wife of a Philosopher, should not desire to be attended with such beautiful Lads, lest by any means you

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CHAP.

you bring an ill report upon Philosophy. She hearing this, and in no wise able to contradict; Husband, quoth she, where had you this Beauty? though he is ill favour'd, yet he is very witty. I will be friends with him. Your Mistress is friends with you, quoth Xanthus to £sop. Ironically answers he, It is a great Matter sure to appeale a Woman. Hereafter be silent, quoth Xanthus, I bought you to serve, and not to contradict.

Sop becoming Xanthus's Servant now, Must to his House repair and humbly shew. His Service to his Wife, who long defir'd, And of her Husband earnestly requir'd, That he would buy a Servant, which should be: In shape from all deformed Members free, And lufty, straight, and fair. But when her Eyes Were fix'd on Æfop's foul Deformities, Reader, imagine what an angry look A Woman darts whose strong Desires can brook: No foul displeasing Object, if her Will Be bent her Expectation to fulfil; And fuch expect from Xanthus's Wife, who bends Her Brows, and Frowns, instead of Smiling sends. Against her aged Husband, when he lost Her Will, and of her Longing now was croft. But he kind Man, more willing her to please, And to a Woman's Peevishness give ease, First seems t'excuse, and then his Fault deplore: The which incenfed her yet more and more. Whereat 'gain Æsop laughs, with this Reply, I now a grave Philosopher espy Yield Conquest to a Woman. This did make Xanthus his milder Humour to forfake, And (angry) speaks to Afop, Slave, you see, For you your Mistress is displeas'd with me: 'Twere best you seek to please her straight again. But Afop answers him, No greater Pain Can you impose, or any Mortal find,

Than to appeale an angry Woman's Mind.

CHAP. VIII. Æ sop resolves the Gardiner's Question which Xanthus could not.



HE Day after, Xanthus going to the Garden to buy Herbs, commanded Æ sop to follow him: when the Gardiner had gather'd them, he gave them to Afop. Now Xanthus paying for them, Mr. faid the Gardener, I pray you, resolve me one Question. What is that, quoth Xanthus? What is the reason, quoth he, that the Herbs which I plant do not grow fo fast as those which the Earth of her own accord brings forth? Xanthus, although it was a Question in Philosophy. when he knew not how to fay any thing elfe, faid thisamongst the rest is order'd by Divine Providence. Afop hereupon (for he was by) laughed. Do you laugh or deride me? quoth the Philosopher? Quoth Alop, I laugh not at you, but him that taught you. Let me resolve this Doubt. Whereupon Xanthus turning to the Gardener, faid, It's not fit for me, who have disputed in famous Auditories, to resolve Questions in a Garden: If you propound your Question to this my Lad, he will presently give you Satisfaction. This fordid Fellow! hath he any Learning, quoth the Gardener? O unfortunate! But good Sir, answer me this Question, if you know how. A Woman, quoth Æsop, when the comes to marry the second time, the Children the Husto. Start two fhe ture a Start what plan was

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Thu No I And As v And Children which she hath by her first Husband she is the Mother to, those which she finds with her second Husband at the time of Marriage she is Step-mother to. She makes a great deal of difference betwixt these two; those of her own she loves dearly, but the other she neglects. Those that are her own properly by Nature, she loves, but undervalues those to whom she is a Step-mother. In like manner the Earth is Mother to what it brings forth of it self, but to that which thou plantest, it is a Step-mother. With this the Gardener was much taken; and believe me, quoth he, you have eased my thoughts, and pleased my fancy. Take your Herbs freely, and as often as you have occasion, come as into your own Garden, and take what you please.

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I Anthus now calls for Afop. He doth strait Obey, and at his Master's Elbow wait: Who leads him to his Garden, thence to bear Such Herbs as for his Practice useful were. Æsop loaden departs; the Gardiner then Doth call his Master Xanthus back again, And prays that he his Answer would afford, One Question to resolve; he doth accord. The Gard'ner thus begins: Unfold (I pray) How and from what strange Cause proceed it may, As by Experience I have often found. The Herbs all of one kind upon the Ground That there a Difference grows, and those appear More fresh, and far more early Blossoms bear, Which naturally grow, than those that are Manur'd and dung'd with our chiefest care? By Divine Providence, Xanthus replies, From which in them a Virtue hidden lies, Which Answer lik'd not Æ sop: wherefore he Thus to his Master: This Reply can be No perfect Resolution; but give Ear, And I will make the Question plain appear; As when a Woman, whose first Husband dies, And leaves her many Children, once more ties

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The nuptial Knot, and with a Man is join'd;
Whose VVise deceas'd as many left behind;
But when together in one House they live,
She to her own all tender Love doth give,
But proves to his a Step-mother; and they
Scarce thrive so well as her own Children may:
Ev'n so in Nature oftentimes we see
Betwixt Two Plants the like Antipathy:
That thrives the best, and makes the fairest Shew,
Which Nature's self manureth, and not you.
Thus Æsop's witty Resolution lent

The Gardner's doubtfull Fancy full content.

CHAP. IX.

Æsop boils one single Lentil to entertain Xanthus's Friends, and cuts off the Fat Hog's Foot.



A Free certain days, Xanthus being gone to the Bath (where he met some Friends) commanded £sop to run home, and presently boil a Lentil in the Pot: He went and boiled one Corn. VVhen Xanthus had now done bathing with his Friends, he desired them to go and dine with him; apologizing, that he had but slender Provision, namely Lentils, and he hoped they would measure their welcome by his good Will, and not any good cheer. They all coming into his House, Xanthus commanded £sop to bring forth some Drink

Drink to them now coming from the Bath. Afor taking up Water from the Stream of the Bath, gave it to Xanthus; who apprehending the Strength of the Water, cried out to Elop, What's this? from the Bath, quoth he. Xanthus before his Friends suppressed his Anger and called for a Bason; which Æsop having set, stood over against him. Xanthus asked him, do you not use to wash? He answers, It's fit for me to do those Things I am commander: for you did not bid me put Water into the Bason. Xanthus speaking to his Friends, ask'd them whether they thought he had not bought a Servant? No, faid they, a Master. When as now they were fet down to Supper, Xanthus asked Æ op whether the Lentil were boiled. He takes the Grain of Lentil in a Cockle-Shell, and brings it to his Master; who took it, thinking to taste and try whether it was enough, or not. It's well boil'd, quoth he, bring away. Æsop put all the Water into Saucers. and brought it in. Xanthus asked where the Lentils were? You have had it already, quoth Æfop. Did you boil but one Grain, quoth Xanthus? No more, Sir, for you commanded me to boil a Lentil, saith Elop, and not Lentils in the Plural. Xanthus stormed at this, faying, This Fellow would make one mad: But that I abuse not my good Friends whom I have invited, go quickly and buy me four Hogs-feet, and boil them presently. This he chearfully goes about. But while the Feet were boiling, Xanthus willing to take some Occasion to beat Æsop, when he was busie about somewhat else, stole away one of the Feet out of the Pot, and hid it. By and by Æfop came. and finding but Three Feet in the Pot, he suspecting some Trick, presently runs to the Hog-sty, and cuts off a Foot from a fatning Hog, which he finged the Hair off, and boiled in the Pot. Xanthus fearing left Esop not finding all the Feet, should run away, threw the Foot he had taken, into the Pot again. Æfop finding Five when he took them out, Xanthu; asked. How

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How is there Five? He replied, How many Feet have two Hogs? Eight, quoth Xanthus. Here then are Five, faith Æjop, and the fatning Hog hath but Three Feet. Whereupon Xanthus chafes; Did not I fay, quoth he, that this Fellow will make me mad? But finding no just Cause to beat him all this while, he pacifieth himself again.

Anthus to Bathing goes, where meeting Friends,

A To dress a Lentil Elop home he sends: He dreffes only one. The Bathing done, Xanthus invites them every Mother's Son. Then calls to Elop: Bring me here a Cup Of Drink, new come from Bathing, He takes up The Waters coming from the Bath: What's this. Saith Xanthus? What you call'd for, he replies; Tis Drink come from the Bath: Xanthus is mad, That there were Strangers Æ fop may be glad. A Bason's call'd for : Æsop brings it dry. It is to wash, you Rogue, doth Xanthus cry. Then call for Water, Master, if you will: For 'till you bid me, not a Drop I'll fill. 'Tis Dinner-time, Xanthus the Lentil wants. Æsop takes it up in a Cockle-shell. And brought it; Xanthus taftes, and fays, 'tis well: Come bring them. Ælop's Heart begins to pant. You've had it, Sir, you would not have it twice. His Master storms to find more Knaveries: Quoth Afop, Lord! do what I will, I'm chid. You bad me boil a Lentil, fo I did. Xanthus replies, Shall I thus ferve my Friends. Make them fit whiftling on their Fingers Ends? Go Sirrah, buy Four Hogs Feet, boil them quick; Xanthus steals one out of the Pot, to pick A Quarrel with him. Æfop smells the Trick, Runs to the Sty, cuts off the fat Hog's Foot, Singes and boils it : Xanthus puts his to't, Lest E for missing it should run away. Alop finds Five. Quoth Xanthus, Prithee fay,

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Five! How comes that? Æ sop replied strait,
How many have two Hogs? Quoth Xanthus, eight,
Then we have five here, and the fat Hog three:
Was e'er Man curs'd with fuch a Tongue as thee?
Thus Xanthus frets, but fretting was in vain,
And so grows quiet of himself again.

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CHAP. X.

Afop beareth a Present, which Xanthus commands to be delivered to her that lov'd him best.



HE Day after one of the Scholars invites his Companions, and amongst the rest Xanthus, to Supper. While they were at Banquer, Xanthus gave fome Dish to Afop, and commanded him to carry it to her that loved him best. While Æfop was upon the Message, he thought with himself, Now I have an Opportunity to be avenged of my Mistress for her cavilling with me when I newly came. Coming to the House, he fate him down in the Entry, and calling for his Mistress, he sets the Mess which he brought, before her. Mistress, quoth he. my Master sends this to her that loves him best. not thee Whereupon he calling the Bitch, faid unto her, Come, Lycena, eat this which my Master hath fent thee; and so he cast it all to her. Afterward

ward coming to his Master, he was asked whether he had given the Meat to her that loved him best? All of it, quoth he, and she eat up every Bit before my Face. Xanthus asked what she said while she was eating? Nothing to me, but to thee she fent thanks, quoth Afop. Xanthus Wife took this very heavily, and dolefully moaned her felf in her Closet, yowing she would for sake his House. Now at Supper the Cup going round, one propounds a Question. When shall be the greatest Confusion amongst Mortals? Æfop stand. ing behind, When the dead arise, quoth he, and shall enquire for their ancient Possessions. The Scholars laughed, faying, that is a witty Fellow. Another ask'd why the Sheep died so quietly, and the Sow with such an hideous outcry? The Sheep, quoth he, use to be Milked and Shorn, and fo are filent, wherefore feeing the Knife, they expect nothing dreadful, only what is usual; but the Sow which is neither milk'd nor shorn, whose Flesh, and nothing else, is good for Use, makes an horrid Noise at her Slaughter. Upon these Answersthe Scholars fell into excessive Mirth. After Supper, Xanthus coming home, and according to his manner discoursing with his Wife, she turned aside, faying; Come not near me; give me what I brought, and fare you well: go your way, and make much of your Bitch to whom you fent our Dainties. Xanthus amaz'd at this, asks his Wife, To whom he fent the Dish of Meat, if not to her? By Jove you fent them not to me, but your Bitch, quoth his Wife. Xanthus calling A fop, ask'd him, To whom he gave the Meat that was fent? To your Beloved, quoth he; whereupon calling the Bitch, That is she, that bears you most good Will; beat her, turn her out of Doors, yet she will not forfake you; presently she forgets all, and fawns upon you again. You ought to have faid, Carry these Dainties to my Wife, and not to my Beloved. Thou feest, Mistress, quoth Xanthus, it was not my Fault, but his that I fent; take it patiently this time, I **Ihall**

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fhall have a good Occasion suddenly to pay him for all. His Wife, believing nothing of this, went privately away from him to her own Friends. Now, Master, quoth Æsop, did not I say the Truth, when I told you, that your Bitch bore more Respect and good Will to you, than my Mistres?

Anthus prepares a Banquet, and invites Friends, to participate of such Delights As for their Welcome he provided had: But his cross Wife, disdainful still and sad. Pouts in a Corner, nor will present be To welcome his invited Company, Seeking to vex her Husband's Humour still: Yet Xanthus striving how to please her Will. Cuts off the best, and Esop thus commands, That Present to deliver to the Hands Of her that lov'd him best; who seeing well. How much she did in Wrath and Hate excel Towards her Husband, studied now to try Her angry Passions worst Extremity, And thus relates his Message: Here you see. Mistress, the Present was deliver'd me For her who most Respect to Xanthus shows: With that the Meat unto a Bitch he throws. This with new Rage incenseth Xanthus's Wife, And fets her Love and Anger both at Strife, Which way to take Revenge, at last resolv'd She is, while vengeful Thoughts her Mind involv'd. To leave her Husband quite; and so retires Home to her Friends. But Xanthus, whose Desires Her Absence could not brook, inquires the Cause That she, 'gainst Modesty and Marriage-Laws Should thus for sake his Bed: But when he found How Afop gave the Present to his Hound, Not to his Wife; inrag'd against him thus, Villain, quoth he, that fow'ft Debate 'twixt us,

Thy Life shall answer it, unless thou find A way t' appease a discontented Mind, And call her home again. But Æsop said, Thou for thy Doatage now art well appaid, Fernow thou feest who lov'd thee best; since she Is gone, thy Hound abideth still with thee. Yet Xanthus writes and sues for her Return: But his Assection she requites with Scorn, And while he strives her Presence to regain, The more doth she reject him with Disdain. So peevish Women, might they have their Will, Would use their Husbands at their Pleasure still.

CHAP. XI.

Æsop, by a witty Invention, causeth Xanthus's Wife to return again.



Some certain Days after, Xanthus Wife not being reconciled he fent fome of his Kindred to intreat ther Return: She refusing, Xanthus (r) ws very melancholy and sad. Elop coming to him, said, Do not thus perplex and trouble thy self, for to Morrow I will make her come quickly and willingly. Elop taking his Money, into the Markethe goes, and having bought Geese and Hens, and other sitting Things

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for the Banquet, he came with these at his Back by the House where his Mistress was, pretending not to know that it was her Father's House. When, as he met with one of the Servants, he inquired, Whether they had any thing to sell that might be fitting for a Wedding? The Servant desired to know, who was to be married? Xanthus the Philosopher, quoth Æsop; to morrow he is to be married. The Servant of the House ran up Stairs, and told this to Xanthus's Wife. As soon as she had heard it, away she went with all speed back again to Xanthus, and exclaimed against him after this manner: You cannot, Mr. Xanthus, be married to another while I am alive. And so Æsop, who was the Cause of her Departure, was an Occasionalso of her Return.

Anthus inraged still, no Rest can take, Since his discourteous Wife did him forsake. Which Æ fop well perceiving, he invents This Wile to cure his Master's Discontents: Loaden with Fowl, and fuch like costly Fare, Which he feems for a Banquet to prepare Against his Master's Wedding, doth relate His Errand thus to Xanthus Wife: Your Hate And Sudden Parting doth my Master move From you to fue Divorce, and feek the Love Of one that shall with him more quiet live, And not Such Causes of Diffention give. To Morrow is the Day! So Æ for goes, Leaving his Mistress Bosom full of Woes, 'Till she, 'twixt Hope and Fear, resolves to try The Truth, and home returneth speedily, And with a Mind more humble than before, With Sighs and Tears her Husband doth implore Her Errors to forgive, and she will prove More mild to him, and constant in her Love. From whence let all Men learn what will prevail To curb a Shrew, when as Intreaties fail.

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CHAP. XII.

Æ fop commanded to serve the best Meat, served Xanthus at his Table with nothing but Tongues.



Gain, after a while, Xanthus inviting the Scho-1 lars to Dinner, gave Command to Æfop, to buy the best and the choicest Provision While he was upon his way, he faid to himfelf. I will teach my Mafter to command fuch Fooleries. When as therefore he had laid out his Money in Hogs Tongues, he brought them in with Sauce to Dinner. The Scholars highly commended the Dish, as ministring Occasion to use their Tongues for Discourse. The second and third Courses Æjop brought in, and all was Tongues Guests a little moved to see nothing but Tongues, Xanthus ask'd, What! nothing but Tongues? Nothing elfe, Sir, quoth Æfop. Thou ill-favour'd Rascal, I bad thee buy the best and choicest Dainties. I thank you, Sir, quoth Æfop, for this chiding before Philosophers; for what in the World is better than the Tongue? all manner of exquisite Learning and Philosophy is shewed and given out by the Tongue; by the Tongue, givings, receivings, Salutations, Commendations, Marriage

riages are celebrated, Cities built; and briefly, the Tongue is the total Preservation of a Man's Life; therefore nothing better than the Tongue. Upon this, the Scholars thinking Æsop wiser than his Masser, took their Leaves, and departed.

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Anthus intends a Feast, invites home Friends, And therefore Elop to the Market sends, The choicest Dishes to provide; but he, Still full of Craft and witty Subtlety, Buys nothing else but Tongues; no other Meat Provided he at all for them to eat: The first Course Tongues; and at the second came No other Fare, and at the third the fame. Villain, quoth Xanthus then, I bid thee buy The choicest Dishes that thou couldst espy, And not coarse Tongues alone; wherefore did you Thus cross, and not my just Commandment do? But Æfop answers, Sir, the Tongue's the best Of Dishes to present at any Feast. By that, Discourse and Traffick still is held Twixt Man and Man; by that is Right upheld. What but the Tongue unfolds the Mind, and gives A Light to Knowledge? by it Learning lives; And Sages grave our fraggling Thoughts controll, Conducting in the Paths of Truth the Soul. When Neighbours jar, the Lawyers fluent Tongue Disputes the Cause, and punisheth the Wrong By a just Sentence, that Example may Instruct Offenders Justice to obey. The hidden Secrets of Philosophy, By Tongues of learned Doctors we descry. A thousand other Benefits beside The Tongue affords. Then can it be deny'd, But that a Tongue's the best Dish to preferr Upon the Board of a Philosopher ?

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

Alop commanded by Xanthus to buy the worst of Meats for Supper, provides Tongues again.



While after, the Scholars twitted Xanthus with his Chear; he answered, It was not his Mind, but the Will of his perverse Servant; to Day I will change your Diet and you shall hear what Command I will give him: Who calling Alop, commanded him to buy the worst Meat he could lay his Hand on. But he, not moved from his Purpose, went and bought Tongues again; and when they were ready, fet them before them. The Scholars a little discontented to fee nothing but Swines Tongues; Æsop brought in the second and third Course of nothing eile. Kanthus much moved hereat, said to Afop, Did I not charge you to buy the best Meat, and not rather the worst you could get? He answered, And I pray you, Master, what is worse than the Tongue? is it not the Ruine of Cities; the Death of many a Man? Are not all Lyes and evil Speeches, and Periories produced from her? Are not Marriages, and Principalities, and King oms, overturned by her? In brief, is not the whole Life by her stuff'd with infinite Errors? Æsop having thus replied, the Scholar

lar faid, As is his Body, so are his Manners, and unless you have a Care, he will make you mad. Good Sir, quoth Æsop, you seem too ill-disposed, and too much a Medler, to provoke the Master against his Servant.

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His Answer pleas'd them all, and Xanthus then Invites them all to fup with him agen, Commanding Ælop now, Not to prepare Such curious Dishes, and such costly Fare, But to feek out the worst, and that to buy: Which Æfop apprehended craftily, And Tongues makes ready still. Night drawing nigh, The Guests to Supper unto Xanthus hie: But find no Fare but Tongues, whereat they deem'd Their Welcome base, and some half angry seem'd: To whom thus Afop; Sirs, My Master's Will I never yet was backward to fulfil, Nor have I done it now; for, lo, he said, Go buy the worst of Meats, and I obey'd: For if abus'd the Tongue's the worst of all: That fows Sedition, making Neighbours fall At Variance 'twist themselves; by that 'tis known Cities have been betray'd, Towns overthrown; And too too often Children have revil'd Their aged Parents, Parents curs'd their Child. Besides no Man more Mischief can express Then he that doth an evil Tongue posses. And thus you see the Tongue's the worst and best

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CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

Xanthus commandeth Æ sop to seek a Man that



Anthus upon the former Buliness desirous to find Occasion to beat Esp, thus said to him. You runaway Villain, feeing you have accused my Friend of too much Curiofity, fee you find me a Man that lives without Care at all. The Day after, Afop goes into the Streets, and looking about him, faw a Man fitting long in a Place, whom he supposed to be simple and careless; called to him, Ho, you! my Mafter defires your Company to Dinner. The Rustick asking no Question who it was that invited him, followed Ejop, and fat him down in his dirty Habit. Xanthus asks, VVho is this? A careless Man, quoth Æsop. Xanthus whispers in his Wife's Ear to do what he defired her, that he might have a fair Occasion to be avenged of Esop; whereupon, in the Presence of them all, he said, Wife, I pray thee get some Water in a Bason, and wash the Stranger's Feet; for he thought the Stranger would have been shy, and refused it; she therefore taking the Bason of Water, went about to wash his Feet; which the careless Clown feeing, said, She will honour me much to wash

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wash my Feet, seeing there are Maids enough in the House, whom she might command; but stretching out his Feet, Wash, Mistress, quoth he, and so sate down to Meat. Xanthus commanded to bring him Wine: The Clown thought they should have drunk first, but being it was their Pleasure, he drank it off. When his Mess was brought him at Dinner, Xanthus complained the Meat was not seasoned, and thereupon beat his Cook. The Clown faid to himself, The Meat is seasoned well enough, and it wants nothing; if his Master will beat his Servant for nothing, what is that to me? Xanthus much troubled to see his Guest not disturbed at any thing, commanded the Cheese-Cakes to be brought in: The Clown turned them about, and toffed them down like Bread. Xanthus pettishly chafed at the Baker, that he had not put in Pepper and Honey into the Cheefe-Cakes. The Baker replies, If they be not baked, blame me : if they want seasoning, the Fault is in my Mistress. Xanthus in a Fury breaks forth, faying, If it be my Wife's doing, I will burn her alive. He commanded forthwith to make a good Fire, and essaying to cast his Wife in, he looked about, thinking the Rustick would! have bestirr'd him to have prevented such a daring Act; but he feeing no Caufe for all this chasing Fury, stept in, faying, Good Sir, stay a while, I will fetch my Wife, that they may both burn together. Xanthus hearing this and feeing the Simplicity of the Man, said to Æfor, This Man is verily a most careless Fellow, thou hast got the better of me, Æfop: it's enough, I will shortly make thee free.

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When Xanthus Æ sop's Cunning did perceive,
How craftily his Answers he did weave,
To save himself from Blame; at length doth lay
A Task on him, which Æ sop must obey
To seek a Man whose Care was fix'd on nought,
That nothing begg'd, nor earthly Pleasure sought,
Save

Save what he did posses. Æ sop anon Beholds a lufty Country Clown alone; And walking to him, as the Clown he meets. Him at first Salutation thus he greets; Xanthus invites the Home. The Clown doth need No greater Invitation, but with fp.ed Along with Æfop walks. When Xanthus faw The Clown approach, and near unto him draw, Asks Æfop, What he was? Quoth he, A Man That cares for nothing. Xanthus then began, To frown at Alop; but at length in Mind Revolving his Command, he proves more kind, Who lovingly now er tertains the Clown, And with himself at Table fets him down; 'Till Questions passing upon either side, When Xanthus the Clown's Ignorance espy'd, He feems to chide his Cook, not having dreft The Dinner worthy fuch a welcome Guest. But the Cook studying himself t'excuse, Loth with the Fault his Mistress there accuse. Xanthus the better then the Clown to prove In his Affection what he best did love, Seems angry with his Wife, and threatens her That she shall burn alive before she stir. The Clown (supposing Xanthus angry grow, And that his Wife should to the Fire go, Shews all his Wit at once) replies O flay A while, 'till I from hence but go away To fetch my Wife, and then they both shall be Within one Fire burn'd for Company; At which fond Answer, Xanthus did confess Æ fop the greater Knowledge did express: For fince the Clown so little lov'd his Wife, He nothing else regarded in this Life.

CHAP. XV.

Æsop's Answer to the Judge.



HE Day after, Xanthus commanded Æ sopto go to the Bath, and fee what Company was there, for he had a mind to bathe. While he was running, by chance he met the Prætor, who knowing him to be Xanthus his Servant, ask'd him, Whither away? Who answered, He knew not, thinking the Prætor would not regard him; who commanded for his Sawciness to have him away to Prison. While they were carrying him away, A sop cried out, Thou seeft, O Prætor, how rightly I have answered; that which I looked not for, is befallen me, and I am drugged to Prison. The Prætor amazed with the Wittiness of his An-swer, dimissed him. So Æsop running to the Bath, faw much Company, and withal a great Stone laid as one should enter into the Bath; whereat many, going in and coming out, stumbled. One amongst the rest going to wash, took the Stone and laid it aside. Æsop returning, tells his Master he saw but one Man in the Bath. Xanthus coming, and feeing a Multitude; What is this, O Æ fop? I may see many here, and thou

thou toldst me of one Man? Sir, there lay a great Stone at the Entry of the Bath, whereat many stumbled; only one Man turned it aside; therefore I said, I saw but one Man, esteeming him more than all. You have your Answer ready, quoth Xanthus. On a certain time, Xanthus coming out of the Privy, asked £ op, V V hy Men after they had done their Eastement, looked upon their Excrements? He answers, In time past, a certain Man living delicately, sat in the Privy 'till he voided his Heart; from that Time Men have looked upon their Excrements, for fear of the like: But, Master, take you no care for any such matter, for you have no Heart at all.

Hree Days being past, Afop employed is Upon another Message, which was this: Xanthus would go to Bath, and fent to know (That he more privately might thither go) VVhat Company was in it; Æfop now, That ne'er to do his Master's VVill was slow. Makes all the speed he can; but by the way He meets a Judge, who to him thus did fay, Now, Loggerhead, where go'ft thou? Æfop then, Troth, Sir, I know not, cries to him agan: But when the Judge did his cross Answer hear, He calls two Men, and wills them Æ fop bear To Prison straight; to whom thus Æsop cry'd, For this first Fault, good Sir, be pacify'd: Knew I that you would me to Prison send? How could I truly then an Answer lend Which way I had to go? the Judge (who smiles At Æfop's Answer, and his crafty VViles) Bids, let the Knave go free. So Æfop makes All speed away, and his quick Journey takes Towards the Bath; where being entred, he Espies there bathing a great Company; But at the Entry seeing there a Stone, VVhereat all stumbled, saying only one;

VVho

VVho wiser than the rest, moved the same.

VVhen Æsop therefore back to's Master came,

VVho asking him, How many bathing were?

Æsop replies, He saw but one Man there.

Xanthus was pleas'd at this, and thither hies;

But being arriv'd, a Multitude he 'spies

Of Strangers altogether in the Bath;

VVho thus to Æsop, being incens'd with VVrath,

Villain, thou saidst here were no more than one,

And he himself was bathing all alone.

'Tis true, quoth Æsop, for behold where lies

A Stone before the Bath, yet none so wise,

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To move the same, all stumbled, save this Man, And therefore him so stile I only can. But deem the rest like senseless Ideots all. Who rather than they'd stoop, would stumbling fall. Thus Xanthus, tho' displeas'd, no way could blame (Hearing his Answer) Æsop for the same.

CHAP. XVI.

Xanthus foolishly in his Cnps made a Bargain to drink all the Water in the Sea; but Æsop mittily taught him how to dissolve the Wager.



A Feast on a certain Day being appointed by Xan-thus and other Philosophers, the Cup beginning to conquer, there arose certain Questions. Xanthus began to chafe. Æfop faid to him, Master, Bacchus is Commander of three Temperaments, first of Voluptuousness, the second of Drunkenness, the third of Reproaching: You being now merry, and having well drunk, have a care of the rest Xanthus being now thorough drunk, one of the Scholars asked him whether a Man might not drink up the Ocean? Very easily, I can do it my self, quoth Xanthus: I will wage all I am worth upon it. At present they bind the Wager with the mutual Deposition of their Rings, and for that time departed. The next Day Xanthus being early up, washing his Face, perceived his Ring was lost; he calls Æ sop to an Account for his Ring. know not, quoth he, what's become of it; but this I know, you must out of your House, for Yesterday in a drunken Fit you waged your House that you could drink

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drink up the Sea; and you bound the Wager with your Ring. Xanthus replied. And what could I wage less? But canst thou tell me a Way how I may either do it, or dissolve the Bargain? For doing it, quothhe, it simpossible. How thou shalt untie the Wager, I will tell thee. When you shall meet again to Day, feem not to fear, but what you faid drunk, speak with as much Confidence now you are fober. Command a Table to be fet upon the Shore, and that Lads be provided to reach the Water out of the Sea. in Cups; and when the Multitude shall meet to fee this Sight, ask them with whom you have waged, what the Bargain was? It will be replied, That you should drink up the Sea. Turning thy felf to all of them, fay thus, Te Men of Samos, you know that many Rivers run into the Sea, and I have bargain'd only to drink up the Sea, and not the Rivers that run into it: Let any one stop the Course of the Waters which run into the Sea, and I am ready to drink up the Sea. Xanthus knowing this to be the only way to dissolve the Wager, rejoyced exceedingly. The People therefore coming to fee the Sight, Xanthus did and said as Æfop had taught him: Whereat the Samians admired and highly commended him. Upon this, the Scholar fell at his Feet, and acknowledging himself overcome, intreated him to dissolve the Bargain; which X anthus, at the Intreaty of the People, did.

T chanc'd 'mongst his Acquaintance on a Time,

Xanthus o'ercome with lib'ral Cups of Wine,

'Midst their Discourse, one of them doth demand,

If it with Possibility might stand

For one to drink the Water in the Sea?

Xanthus replies, It possible might be;

And he could do it Wagers then were laid

On either side, and Stakes by either made;

An hundred Growns to Xanthus House. But now

When Xanthus well had slept, and hearing how

He

He had himself o'er-reach'd, he 'gain repents His foolish Bargain, full of Discontent. To whom thus Afop spake, If you will please, To free my Bondage, and my Bonds release, I shall invent and easily find the Way, VVhereby your Bargain foon diffolve you may Xanthus agrees; and Afop thus began; Mafter, you know the boundless Ocean, Which worketh fill with an unconstant Tide, Doth not alone within it self abide, But purging ev'ry Minute, when it flows; What Ebbs receiv'd, again to Rivers throws: Whofe Currents if your Opposites can keep From back returning to th' unfathom'd Deep, Bear you the Loss. This Afop Xanthus taught; Who next Day, when his Adversaries thought To win what he had laid, all ready were To fee him drink-the Sea. But first forbear A while, quoth Xanthas, Seeing Yesterday I did this Bargain make, and Wager lay, I must perform it; but the Sea, you know, 'Tis only I must drink, not Brooks, that flow Into the same: Therefore if you can stop Their Currents thence, I foon shall drink it up: The which did feem a Task as great as his, As well for them, as for himself to miss. Which both the Parties seeing, they agree To break the Bargain, and each other free.

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CHAP. XVII.

Xanthus his Ingratitude to Æfop.



Hey departing to their Houses, Æsop came to Xanthus, saying, I hope now I deserve my Freedom. Xanthus repell'd him with Rebuke, faying, Dost thou think I will not be so good as my Word? Go and stand before the Door, and view, if thou canst fee two Crows, tell me, for it presages good Luck; if but one, ill Luck is towards. Æ/op return'd, and told him, he faw two Crows fit upon a Tree. Xanthus coming out, one of them fled, and he could fpy but one fitting still. Then he said, Thou cursed Villain, didst thou not tell me thou sawest two? Thou takest Delight to deride me: Whereupon he commanded that Æ fop should be foundly scourg'd. While he was besting, there came in one to sup with Xanthus, and Æfop cry'd out, Ah! wo is me! I am beaten that faw two Crows, and thou who fawest but one, goes in to the Banquet; it was therefore an unhappy Omen. Xan. thus admiring his Subtlety, commanded them to cease beating.

When Xanthus had receiv'd the Benefit,
And freed the Wager by his Servant's Wit,

Æ sop his Master's Promises expects,
But Xanthus most ingratefully rejects

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His just Demand, and studying more and more To use him harsher than he did before, And mingle Stripes with Threats. But Æfop still So well conform'd him to his Master's Will, In all Things to obey, that Xanthus Hate Could find no just Ground, though inveterate. To punish Alop: Yet, as quenchless Fire, The more supprest, doth with more Force aspire, Confuming all it meets; fo Xanthus Rage Æsop's best Duty no way can asswage; Being refolv'd, although without a Caufe, Now to burst forth, and not one Minute's Pause Admit to keep it in; for which Intent He on a foolish Errand A fop sent. To feek about the Field, if haply he Could find two Crows perching upon one Tree, And so to bring him word; for two, quoth he, Portend good Luck, and one a Prodigy. Æ op walks forth, and finds them, back doth run To Xanthus, e'er who got out, one was gone, Which he perceiving, Crook back'd Slave! quoth he; Thy daily Custom is to flour at me; And now I'll take Revenge, and bang thee well. But Æfop cry'd, Sir, while I came to tell The News to you, one of them fled away. Yet Xanthus flights th' Excuse, and Stripes doth lay More thick on him; 'till Dinner-time grew on, And Xanthus to his Meat was call'd upon. When Æ fop murmur'd thus: Alas! how curst My Fortune is? I'm fure to have the worst. Two Crows portend good Luck; one only Crow, My Master says, Missortune doth foreshow: But I spy'd two, and he but only one, Yet have I Stripes; he to good Cheer is gone. If Men by Birds no better can divine, Let them foretel their own good Luck, not mine.

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CHAP. XVIII.

Æsop waggish, discover'd the Nakedness of his Mistress.



to cater for Provision, who very diligently performed his Master's Commands, and provided it. When Dinner was ready and brought in, his Mistress was reposed on a Pallet in the Room, and fast asleep. Esop awaked her, and prayed her to watch, lest the Dogs carried the Meat away. She being angry, replies, That she had Eyes to see behind to watch the Provision. Esop took this merrily, and watching his Opportunity to retort (but first made an end of serving in the Meat) at his Return stole gently to the Couch, and listing up her Garments, unveiled her Posteriors. By this time Xanthus was come in with his Guests. At which Sight, whether he was pleased or abashed, let the Reader judge.

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Anthus again to Market Æsop sends,
To buy Provision t' entertain some Friends,
Which he invites to Dinner: Æsop's Care
Not backward is all ready to prepare.

When

When Dinner-time approach'd, he brings the Meats, And on the Board each Dish in order sets. But on a Velvet Couch which stood thereby, He lees his Mistress, sleeping soundly, lie, To whom he calls, Mistress, awake, I pray, And look the Dog fnatch not the Meat away. But she being angry that he 'wak'd her, cries, Villain, be quiet, my Back-side hath Eyes. Now Afop, who his Mistress Answer took In way of course Derision, could not brook Longer Delay, 'till he might back retort So gross a Frump (though by a knavish Sport) And therefore in his Mind conceived it best, To thwart her Humour with an equal Jest. Mean while, e'er he the Project could effect, His Master's Charge he held in first respect; So goes back to the Kitchen, to fetch more, Which brought, he finds his Mistress as before Still fast asleep; with that he walks to her, And foftly doth her Smock and Coars preferr To hide her Face, and to himself replies, Mistress, if your Posteriors have Eyes, Pray let them be unmask'd. By this time, home Xanthus with his invited Guests is come: Who entring now the Hall, and feeing there His Wife to lie with both her Buttocks bare, Of Alop asks the Cause? Alop doth tell His Master all. Reader, think thou, how well Xanthus was pleas'd. I more forbear to fay, Left I too much the Woman's Shame display.

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ugly to ca Xanthus commands Æsop to admit of none to enter at his Gate, but wise Men and Philosopher.



Ome Days after, Xanthus inviting many Philoso-D phers and Orators to Dinner, commands Æfop to keep the Gate; and to let in no illiterate Dunce amongst them, but only the great Sophies. At Dinnertime, Æ sop sittir.g in the Portal, there comes one who was invited, and knocks at the Gate. Æfop within faid. What stirs the Dog? He thinking himself to be call'd Dog, away he goes So in brief every one that came went back, not taking fuch an Injury well. But at length when one of them came to the Gate and knockt. and heard the Words, What firsthe Dog? His Ears and his Tail, quoth he. Æ fop judging his Answer acute and proper, gave him Entrance, and brought him to his Master, saying, There's no Philosopher come to Dinner. Master, save this one. Xanthus was very forry hereat. that he should be so much deceived by them whom he had invited. The Day after, when they came to the Schools, they accused Xanthus, saying, Sir, as it should feem, you flighted us, and not only fo, but fet that ugly Fellow, Afop, to abuse us at your Gate, and to call us Dogs. But, Sirs, quoth Xanthus, are you

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in Earnest, or in Jest? They replied, Unless we are afleep, it's true as we tell thee. Efop presently was call'd for, and ask'd upon what Ground he abused his Friends? who answered, Master, did not you command me, that I would not admit any unlearned or vulgar Fellow into your Feast, but only such as were wise Men? And what are these, Sirrah, quoth Xanthus, are they not wife Men? No ways, quoth Æfop; for when they knock'd at the Gate, I ask'd them, What the Dog stirr'd? not one of them understood me. Therefore I gave Entrance to none, but only this Man, who gave me a wifer Answer. When A fop had this faid, they all agreed that he was in the right.

I SOP, who must supply all Offices, And all his Master Xanthus Humours please, Must now become his Porter, and must wait To fee that no Man enter at the Gate, But such as he appoints, and those to be Wife Men, not Fools, else none must Xanthus see. At length one comes, demanding Entrance there; But Elop still whose Answers rugged were, Thus unto him dorh fay, Thou Dog, come ins The wife Man angry grown, goes back again. In brief, thus Ælop answers all that came, And all return with Anger at the same. Until amongst the rest one wifer grows, Not minding Æ fop's Words, and in he goes. The next Day, those that were repuls'd relate Æfop's rude Answer to them at the Gate Unto his Mafter, who doth Æ sop call, And harshly chide with him before them all; Who thus to quit himself, Good Sir, replies, You bid me let in none but who were wife: Nor did I disobey; for no wife Man Will ev'ry foolish Word or Answer can, And Anger hew at ev'ry Fool, left they The greater & lly in themselves display: Therefore I him who entred hold to be The only wife Man of the Company.

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CHAP. XX.

Æ sop finding a Treasure, Xanthus proves ungrateful.

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TOt many Days after, Xanthus (Æ sop following him) went to the Monuments, and reading the Epigrams, was much delighted. Æ sop seeing these Letters, Sc. a, B, S, s, s, b, x, ingraven, shew'd them to Xanthus, and inquired of him if he knew what they meant; who, after diligent Study, not able to find out what they fignified, plainly acknowledged himself dubious. Master, quoth Æsop, if I shall find a Treasure by this Column, what Reward shall I have? Thou shalt have thy Liberty, be consident, said Xanthus, and half the Gold. Then Æ fop digging four Steps distant from the Grave stone, found a Treasure, and brought it to his Master; demanding, according to his Promise, both Freedom and Gold. No sure, said Xanthus, until I understand the Letters, and the Sense! For to be skill'd in that, I esteem above the Treasure As sop, to satisfie him, told him, That a wife Man was the Ingraver of those Letters, which, faith he, imports thus much (according to the Greek). a going, B pates, & four, o digging, e thou shalt find.

& a Treasuae, x of Gold. Xanthus replied, Because thou art fo cunning, thou shalt be no free Man. Then, Sir, quoth Afep, I will declare that it belongs to the King of Brzantium, for it's hid here for him. Xanthus replies, How know you this? From the Inscription, quoth he, for thus much it intimateth (in Greek) a restore, & to the King, & Dionysius, o which, & thou hast found, 8 the Treasure, x of Gold. Xanthus understanding that the Treasure belonged to the King, said to Æsop, Take half the Treasure, and hold thy Peace. Now I take not this as thy good Will, faid Æ sop, but as his that hid the Gold. But hear me Sir, thus spake the Letters, a taking, & go your, way, o divide, o which, se ye have found, b the Treasure. Hereupon Xanthus replied, Come your ways, take half the Money and your Liberty. Departing therefore together, Xanthus fearing the pratling of Æ fop, commanded him to be cast into Prison. While they drew Æsop away, Alais, quoth he, Are these the Promises of Philosophers? For I not only receive not my Liberty, but thou givest command to throw me into Prison. Xanthus therefore gave Order for his Liberty, faying to him, Thou speakest Truth. But when thou hast got thy Liberty, thou wilt stickle against me to some Purpose. Then said Æsop, Do your worst; whether you will or no, I will have my Freedom.

A S Æ sop grew in Years, his Wisdom so Increased still, and did exacter grow. Who with his Master walking to behold Decayed Sepulchers with Age grown old, Amongst the rest a Monument appears, Vhereon engraven were strange Characters, Which the prefixed Emblem here displays. Æ sop demands the Meaning? Xanthus says The Meaning seem'd much difficult, and he Could not unfold so great a Mistery. Quoth Æ sop then, My Lord, what Benefit Shall I receive, if I resolve you it?

Xanthus

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Thus Esop then; Behold, this aged Tomb A golden Treasure in it doth contain, As these engraven Characters explain; VVhich we shall find by digging, for to us In Latin so it answers,

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English'd thus, Descend four Steps, then dig, and there A golden Treasure shall appear.

So doing, there they find what was foretold, The Treasure rich, and all of massie Gold. V Which having got, poor Æfop now doch crave His Master's Promise, and his Share to have. But Xanthus doth ungratefully deny Æfop, not only Share, but Liberty; Detaining all himself. Then Æfop (thus Defrauded) cries, King Dionysius This Treasure claims, it is not due to thee, For so the following Letters signifie; In Latin thus,

Redde Regi Dionysio, quem invenisti The saurum:

In English thus exprest, The Treasure you discovered, bring To Dionysius your King.

This last expounding, troubled fore the Breast Of wretched Xanthus, doubtful what to do: But yet the greater Mischiess to eschew, He is contented now with all his Heart, Rather than all to lose, give Æsop part, For so the latter Clause again implies, In Latin thus,

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Acceptum euntes, dividite quem invenisti Thesaurum aureum.

Thus in English specifies:

The Golden Treasure which you are Possessed of, betwint you share.

Yet Xanthus home returning big with Hate, And envying his Servant's prosperous State, Seeks more to do him wrong, than grateful be And honest as his Word, to set him free. But that he might the Treasure all possess, As old Men most are given to Covetousness; Fearing left Æfop, by his talking would That mighty Treasur's massy Sum unfold, Thinks best to lay him fast; which he effects, And 'gainst all Gratitude and due Respects, Sends him to loathfom Prison, there to lie, And add more Griefs to former Misery. Till Elop thus too sensible of Wrong, And Injuries which he had fuffer'd long In's Master's Service, Thankless Man, (quoth he) Is this the Freedom once you promis'd me? Is this the Recompence? And must I still Be thus rewarded for my Good, with Ill? Ye Gods affist my just Complaint! At this Xanthus was somewhat mov'd, and did release Æsop from Prison; but by no Intreat From Bondage, could he his Enlargement get; Until resolv'd he boldly thus did speak, Now do thy-worst, e'er long my Bonds shall break, And spight of thy Transgression or Disdain, E'er few Days pass, I shall my Freedom gain. The which, as he foretold, effected was, And in the following Chapter comes to pass.

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The Life of Æ S O P. C H A P. XXI. Æfop is set at Liberty.



T that Season, after this Manner, it fell out at Samos, A stately Feast was kept publickly: An Eagle flew suddenly over, and snatch'd away the publick Ring, and dropt it into the Lap of a Servant. The Samians affrighted at this Accident, and wondering what it should portend, gathering together to consult, moved it to Xanthus, being a chief Citizen and Philofopher, desiring the Meaning of this Prodigy. He very dubious of the Matter, inquired the time when this fell out, and going home, was very fad and pensive, because he could not resolve them. Æsop seeing Xanthus fo dejected, went to him, and inquir'd what made him fo forrowful, reveal it, I pray you, to me, and bid farewel to your Sadness. To Morrow, when you go into the Market, tell the Samians, that you are not skill'd in untying knotty Riddles, neither can you divine, but I have a Lad who will refolve you this Queftion. And altho' I shall resolve this, yet you shall have the honour of it, by keeping fuch a Servant: If it fall out otherwise, the Disgrace will redound to me: Xanthus thus perswaded, the next Day came into the Theater.

Theater, and flood in the midft, according to the Ad. vice of Asop, declaring to them that met together what he had counselled him to do. They presently defined that Ælop might be fent for. Who when he came and stood amongst them, the Samians looking on his Face, derided him, Will this Countenance ever be able to resolve us? And they fell into loud Laughing Efop firetching forth his Hand, defired Silence, and faid, Men of Samos, why cavil you at my Face? You should not look upon my Face, but my Mind; for oftentimes Nature hath cover'd an excellent Mind under a Visage unseemly. Do you look upon the exterior Fashion of the Vessel, and not attend the inward Virtue of the Wine? Hearing thefe things, they faid, Esop, if thou hast any thing to say, speak it to the City. Then he boldly flood forth, faying, Ye Men of Samos, Lecause Fortune, which is desirous of Contention, propounds the Glory of Victory to the Master and Servant, if the Servant seem inferior to his Master, let him go away foundly beaten; but if the Servant excel, let him escape free. Then all the People cried out, Xanthus, give Alop his Freedom; in this observe the Samians, and gratific them in their Request. Xanthus refused not indeed, but sticking a little at it, the Prator said, Xanthus, if thou hearken not to the People, I even in this Hour will give Afop his Freedom, and then he will be equal to thee. Then Xanthus was constrain'd to give him his Freedom. Hereupon the Cryer cried out, Xanthus the Philosopher gives Æfop his Freedom. And in the mean time Æsop ended his Speech, faying to Xanthus, Now against your Will I shall be freed. Thus Æ sop being freed, flood in the midst of them, saying, Ye Men of Samos, the Eagle you know is Queen of Birds, and whereas she dropt this Imperial Ring into the Lap of a Servant, it feems to intimate, that some there are of your Kings, who endeavour to bring your Liberty into Slavery, and to disannual your established Laws. The Samians

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Samians hearing this, were exceeding sad. Not long after, there came Letters from Crasus, King of the Lydians, to Samos, requiring Tribute of them; if otherwise, that they prepare themselves for Battle. Hereupon there was a general Consultation, and Fear to become Subjects to Crasus; yet they thought it fitting to take Æsop's Advice. He told them, I will inform you what is best: Fortune hath shewn us a double way: One of Liberty, which in the beginning is difficult, but in the Issue easie; another of Thraldom, whole beginning is easie, but the end toilsome. Samians hearing this, cried out: Seeing we are Freemen, we will not for nothing become Slaves. So they dismissed the Embassador without Terms of Peace. Which so soon as Crafus knew, he determined to wage: War against the Samians. But the Embassador told: him, you cannot conquer the Samians so long as Æso is amongst them, and counsels them. Rather, O King, fend Embassadours, and desire Æsop of them; promifing them many Thanks, and a releasing of the required Tribute, and then perhaps you may subdue them. These things prevailed with Crasus, he sent, desiring Æ sop might come to him. The Samians decreed to deliver him. Who when he knew it, stood up in the midst of them, faying, Ye Men of Samos, I am ready to prostrate my selfat the Feet of King Cresus; bu I will relate to you one Story. At what time the Beafts spake among themselves, the Wolves brought War upon the Sheep, whom the Dogs aided. The VVolves fent an Embassage to the Sheep, that if they would live in Peace and Quietness, they desired them to send them their Dogs. The foolish Sheep were perswaded hereto, and fent the Dogs. The V Volves forthwith tear the Dogs in pieces, and easily slew the Sheep. The Samians understanding the Meaning of this Fable, determined still to keep Æfor with them. But he fuffered not them, but set forth with the Embassadors to Cralus. Q.4.

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OT many Days expired, there befel An A ccident in Samos, strange to tell, Where Xanthus dwelt: Behold an Eagle o'er. The City flies, and the chief Signet bore A way with her, while as the Samians all Were solemnizing a great Festival. Whereat amaz'd, they unto Xanthus fend, To be resolved what it might portend. But Xanthus grew perplexed in his Mind, Because he could not the true Meaning find. Afop perceiving now his Master's Grief, Requests the Cause, with promise of Relief To his Content: Xanthus relates the same: With that, before the Samians Æ fop came, Whose crooked Limbs did more Derision raise, Than Hope to be resolv'd; 'till Æsop fays Thus unto them, Sirs, wherefore laugh ye fo? 'Tis not the Form, nor the external Show That makes a Man; but Wisdom, and a Mind. That can close Nature's deepest Secrets find. Nor should a wife Man, 'cause a Vessel's new, Reject an old one of a blacker Hew: For fuch old Vessels may perchance contain Far richer Wine than doth in new remain. Which learned Answer made them all admire, And with Intreaties Æfop's Aid require, T' expound the Meaning of that ffrange Event : But Afop of his Wisdom confident; Fortune (quoth he) hath some Sedition sown, Betwixt a Lord and Servant of his own. But if the Lord the Victory do gain, The Servant shall no Liberty obtain, Nor his just Right. If therefore you would see A true Solution, give me Liberty; That fo I may unfold with Boldness all, Which you demand, or may to you befal. Then all refolv'd, that Xanthus should release The Bonds of Afop, and his Slavery ceafe. Which

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Which, tho' against his Master's Humour, they Effect, nor durst old Xanthus but obey, Remembring now what lately Æfop spoke, In spight of thee I shall cast off the Yoke. Then Æ sop strait was plac'd before the Seat, Where all the Samians were in Council met: Who Silence being proclaim'd, doth thus begin: My Lords, the Eagle over Birds is King, Which having born your Seal away with her, (The State and Power of your Governour) Inferrs thus much, A King by Conquest shall O'erthrow your Laws, and Liberty inthrall. According to which Saying, lo there came Ambassadors from Lydia, who proclaim Their Lydian King's Command, and do relate To them of Samos, who in Council sate, How that great Monarch Homage did expect From those of Samos, and to that Effect, Demands a yearly Tribute; else that he Will ruinate their City speedily. A Time for Answer given, Alop then Is call'd to give them Counsel once again: Who thus: My Lords, I would not you dissuade But that the King of Lydia be obey'd: Nor 'gainst the publick Profit would I break Sitence, or else against the City Speak; Yet hear Two Things, which in this mortal Age Fortune presents upon this Earthly Stage: The one is Liberty, which to procure, At first feems hard, the End is sweet and sure: Bondage the other, whose Reginning shows Sweet at the first, the End more sower grows. The Samians hearing this, and knowing that It tended to the Good of publick State, This Answer the Ambassadors did give; Go tell your Lord, That Samos will not live Subject to any Man, but still possess Her acient Liberty and Happiness.

With that the Lydian King did angry grow. Propos'd to raise an Army, and o'erthrow Their City, 'till the Embassador spoke: Sir, 'tis in vain to bring them to the Yoke. Unless thou Æ sop from their Council call. And then into thy Hands they foon will fall. So straight Embassadors provided be, And fent again to Samos speedily, Bearing this Message, Lords, our Master's Will. Though once deny'd, at last you must fulfil: Which is, That to his Court you Æ sop Send, And then gainst you his Anger shall have end-But Afor hearing this, did let them know. He was not backward to the King to go: Yet to the Samians does a Fable tell. Which long ago, when Beafts could speak, befelt

The FABLE.

THE Wolves intended War against the Sheep,
But they, too weak their Fury to withstand,
Sent to the Dogs, desiring Aid to keep
The Wolves from quite destroying of their Land.
The Dogs Send Aid, and in full many Sore
And dreadful Fights did the Wolves Army gore.

The Wolves then seeing Force could not prevail

To curb their Foes, which had so pow'rful Aid,

Consult with Policy them to assail,

If possibly the Sheeps might be betray'd;

And with their Words and Promises at large,

Intreat the Sheep the Mastives to discharge.

The Sheep believing what the Wolves did Say,
Not dreaming of the Treach'ry of their Foes,
Resolved are to Send the Dogs away,
Hoping to live at quiet without Blows.
'And So Rewards for what the Dogs had done
Being bestow'd, they leave the Sheep alone.

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But when the Wolves perceive their stoutest Toes

Had left the Sheep, and to their Home were gone,
Persidiously they with redoubled Blows

The Sheep (Harm not mistrusting) set upon,
And overthrow them. Since which, still we see

Continual Discord 'twist them two to be.

So when the Samians had this Fable heard,
They in his Absence their Destruction fear'd;
And by all means they could, sought him to stay,
But could not him by their Intreaties sway.

CHAP. XXII.

Æsop's successful Entertainment with the Lydian King, in behalf of the Samians.



Hey coming forthwith to Lydia, the King seeing AE sop before him, was angry to think that such a Fellow should prevent the subduing of so famous an Island. AE sop answers, Mighty King not of Force nor Necessity, am I come unto thee, but willingly and of my own Accord, wherefore I humbly beg your Patience. A certain Man catching Locusts, killed them. He took also the Grashopper, and when he would have

have killed her, she said thus, Good Sir, kill me not = for I am not injurious to the Corn, nor any other way, but I chear up the weary Traveller with my harmless Musick: In me thou findest nothing but a This he having heard, dismissed her: Thus I, O King, humbly touching your Feet, befeech you, Spare my Life, for I cannot be injurious to any Man; and in this squalid Body you shall find a generous The King, wondring and pitying him, faid, Æ fop, I will not only give thee thy Life, but a Fortune also; therefore ask what thou wilt, and thou falt have it. May it please thee, O King, quoth Æsop, to be reconciled to the Samarians. And when the King answered, I am reconciled, he fell down to the Ground, and gave him most humble Thanks. After this, he wrote his Fables, which to this very Day are extant amongst the Lydians.

SOP, according to the King's Request, L To Lydia goes. The King provides a Feast To entertain the Stranger; but when he Beholdeth Æfop's foul Deformity, He vents his Anger thus, Is this the Man Whose Counsel made the Samians us withstand? Can Wisdom lurk in such an unly Form? And thus inrag'd he furiously doth storm. But Ælop (whose Invention ne'er was flack A ready Answer unto all to make) Reply'd, Great King, the Power forc'd not me. But my De fire, t' attend thy Majefty, Caus'd my Arrival, who with Hope depend, That theu some And ence to my Words wilt lend. The King attends, and Æ fep thus replies; The other Day a Man was chasing Flies, But caught a Nightingale. The tim rous Bird. (Without Desert now to be flain afeard) Cries to the Faulkner, Master, I thee pray That me without Offence thou wilt not flay.

I do no harm, nor any thing annoy, Nor do I Corn or Fruits of Earth destroy Like other Birds; but with my warbling Song Make glad the Hearts of those that pass along: Neither canst thou reap Benefit at all, By killing me, my Carcase is so small. Which Lamentation mov'd the Faulkner fo. That he the harmless Nightingale let go; Therefore, great Sir, consider my weak State. I wish no Harm, then hasten not my Fate. By Death or Violence; for if I die, My Body profits none; but living, I Unto the World may by my Wisdom lend Things useful for her 'till her latest End. This Fable morrliz'd, the King did please, And's Rage 'gainst Æsop's Crookedness appease; Who answers thus: Lo, Æsop unto thee I give not Life; 'tis Fortune's Gift from me. But if within my Pow'r thou ought request, As foon as asked, thou halt be poffeft. This Æsop's Mind rejoyced, who, as soon As he had promis'd, thus demands a Boon. Great King, I render Thanks, and fince your Grace Is pleas'd such Favours upon me to place Without Defert, if so you deign to grant (For I my felf no earthly Treasure want) The Samians Tribute only to be free, Your Highness hath enough rewarded me. The King consents, and Æ sop now began, While he doth in the Lydian Court remain, To write those Fables, which in this Book do Present themselves to each ingenious View. But some time past, Æ sop doth now desire Unto forfaken Samos to retire, The News of the released Tax to bring, So freely granted by the Lydian King.

CHAP. XXIII.

Æfop's Return to Samos.



SOP having received Letters from the King of Lydia, which intimated the Grant of Peace, and releasing of a Tribute to the Samians; the Men of Samos feeing of him, came to meet him with Garlands and Dancings: He reads the Letters, and shews them that the King had freely granted them their Liberty. Whereupon Æfop was honoured the second time with the Favour of Freedom. Not long after this, he departed from this Island, and travelled over the World, every where disputing with Philosophers. At length he came into Babylon, and there making his Learning appear, was in great Repute with King Lycerus: For in those Days Truce being between Kingdoms, there was great Delight taken in mutual fending Philosophical Questions one to another; which whofoever could refolve, received a Relaxation of Tribute from him that fent them,

E SOP returns to Samos Being arriv'd, The People with all Gladness him receiv'd. Shewing all Signs of Joy. Some few Days gone, Æfop makes open Proclamation, How Lydia's King their Tribute did remit. The Samians, joyful of this Benefit, More Thankfulness to learned Æ fop gave, And nothing thought too dear that he would have: All Honours feem too mean they could bestow. Such Gratitude did joyful Samos show. Afop at last again to Travel bent. To see some other foreign Regions went, His Knowledge to increase. And now he came To Babylon, a City of great Fame: This was the Seat of King Lycerus, who, Hearing of Afep, Entertainment due To him did give, and other Gifts confer Worthy fo famous a Philosopher. Æ sop now having spent some few Days there: The Customs of the bord'ring Princes were Problems obscure, oft mutually to send, And Riddles which their learned Men had penn'd, To try the Judgment of the wifest Men, Who if they could not Answers send again. And rightly them explain, that King must claim Tribute from him to whom he fent the fame.

CHAP. XXIV.

Afop unfolds all Secrets what soever, and by his Wisdom much inricheth the Babylonian King.



SOP therefore understanding the Problems which came to Lycerus, gave the Meaning, and fo made the King renowned; and he, in the Name of Lycerus, fent to other Kings after the same manner: which Questions unresolved, caused an Exaction of a far greater Tribute from those Kings who were not able to do it. Now Æfop feeing he had no Children, adopted Ennus, a certain Nobleman, and commended him to the King. Not long after this, Ennus had to do with Æsop's Concubine; which when Æsop knew of it, he turned him out of Doors; who being much offended with this, feigned Letters from Afop to those who moved the Philosophical Questions to Lycerus, which Letters signified his Readiness to do them Service rather than Lycerus, and these Letters Ennus gave to the King sealed with Æsop's Ring.

While Æsop with Lycerus did remain,
Divers wise Men in foreign Parts did seign
Strange Fables, and dark Mysteries invent,
Which to the Babylonian King were sent,

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CHAP.

T' unfold the Meaning. Each Philosopher His Verdict gave, but none did true appear: Till Æfop (being call'd) the perfect Way Found out, the closest Secrets to display, And other Fables penn'd, to which none Of other Parts could give Solution. By which Lycerus full of Riches grew, Which by that Means from foreign Kings he drew: And therefore now, in shew of Thankfulness For Æfop's Learning, and his Love t' express, He doth to greater Honours Æ sop raise, Whose Wisdom almost the whole Country sways: Till Enmis (young, well mannered and fair, By Æsop being adopted for his Heir, And rais'd to ample Fortunes) fell in Love With Ælop's Concubine, and Suits did move To bring her to his Will. To his Defire (Burning with luftful and unquenched Fire) She yields; and Ensus by her Looks is won, To rival who adopted him his Son. But as alone one Mischief seldom falls, But to the wronged part another calls; So Æfor now, not dreaming of the Wrong Already acted, but remaining strong In love to Ennus; Ennus to requite His Love, doth in Ingratitude delight: And fearing lest that by Success of Time, Æ sop would vindicate is loathed Crime, And cast him out of Lavour (big with hate) He plots which way to hasten Æ/op's Fate: And therefore him of Treason doth accuse; Then with false Letters Æsop's Truth abuse. (Which to incense the King) that Æ sop had His Majesty to other Kings betray'd By feigned Fables, the which here and there He had divulg'd and scattered every where. Thus Lust oft-times at first with pleasant Shows, Twixt dearest Friendship most Sedition sows.

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The Life of Æ S O P.

CHAP. XXV.

Association, and how he is saved.



He King giving Credit to the Ring, wonderfully moved with Anger, commands Hermippus, without any farther Examination, to take away the Traytor's Life But Hermippys was Æfop's Friend, and then he shewed it, for he hid him in a Sepulchre, and there nourished him: Enzus also by the King's Leave took Possession of all Asp's Goods. A certain space after, Nectenabo, King of Egypt, hearing that Æfop was dead, fent a Letter to Lyceria, requiring Workmen that could build a Tower which should neither touch Earth nor Heaven, and one that could a wer all that he should be ask'd. Which, if he did, then he should exact Tribute, if not, he should pay. Lycerus having read this, grows very pensive, seeing none of his Friends could devise what the question concerning the Tower meant. The Kingupon that cries out, Æfop, the Pillar of my Kingdom is fallen and dead. Hermippus seeing theKing fo much dejected for Æfop's Loss came to the King, and brought him word that Æfop was alive; adding, That even for the King's fake he had not put him to death, because he knew it would much grieve him afterwards. The

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HE King to easie Ennus to believe, And to false Accusations Credit give, I hinks all 'gainft Æ fop true; and with Command, (Whose Will doth fixed as the Center stand) Dooms Æsop straight to Death. But as the Sun In spite of Clouds, his wonted Course doth run, And (they being chased quite away) appear More full of Lustre, radiant and clear; So Afop now, by kind Hermippus Aid (Who in an obscure Sepulchre him laid, To hide him from the Wrath of th' angry King, Knowing the Letters which his Son did bring Against his Father, false; and fent him there All things for Sustenance that needful were) Some few Weeks past his Honour doth obtain, And in his former Glory feat again; Occasion'd by this Means; Ne'er silent Fame This News in joyful Ægypt did proclaim Unto the King, That Æ fop now is dead, Whereby he thought from Babylon was fled All Hope t' oppose him more; and therefore strait Frames Letters which these Riddles did relate, That Nectenabo lately did project I' th' Air a stately Tower to erect, To touch not Heaven nor Earth; and did intreat That King Lycerus would the Masons get, And fend them to effect it. And beside, If for his use such Men he could provide. The Letters likewise thus much did display, He of his Land would the Tenth Tribute pay. But no wife Man of Babylon had Wit Enough to answer or accomplish it. Whereat their King Lycerus (with a Brow Whereon dwelt Anger, which could Terror throw. 'Gainst any which displeas'd him) curses all That were the Cause of Æsop's wrongful Fall. Which when Hermippus well perceiv'd, in halte He goes, and on the Ground his Body cast Before

Before the King, to whom he thus did fay, Great Sir, Let no lad Thought your Paffion fway, To grow inrag'd at me, and I shall bring Æsop alive, and Safe before the King : For I preserv'd whom thou didst doom to Death, Well kn wing that the Loss of Æsop's Breath Could have no Profit, but his Life might be (Though hateful then) some Benefit to thee.

CHAP. XXVI.

Alop is brought before the King again, and re-obtains his former Credit.



He King not a little glad that Æ fop was yet alive, called for him. He was brought to him all dirty, and bemired. Whom when he faw, he was moved with much Compassion towards him, and commanded that he should be washed and cleansed. After this, Æsop easily confuted the Grounds of his former Accusation: Whereupon, when the King gave Command that Ennus should be put to Death, Afop begged his Pardon. Not long after a Letter came from the King of Egypt, which the King gave Afop to peruse. He forthwith knowing how to resolve the Questions propounded, smiled, and desired an Answer might be dispatch'd, & after Winter fent away, both who should build this Tower, and also

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one that should answer all that he should demand. The King thereupon fends the Egyptian Ambassadors back, and gives to Afop his former Wealth, and Ennus also; whom he having received again, used him as his Son, and with thefe or the like Words, admonished him: MySon, in the first place, worship God, honour the King; shew thy felf terrible to thine Enemies, that they despise thee not; facil and courteous to thy Friends, that they may be enlarged in Friendship towards thee. Also pray that thine Enemies be poor, lest they offend thee; wish thy Friends in all things well. Cleave to thy Confort, that she make no tryal of another. Be not swift to speak, but to hear. Envy not well-doers, for thereby thou shalt injure thy felf most. Be careful of thy Domestick Affairs, that thou mayest not be look'd upon as a Master, but adored as a Benefactor. Be not ashamed always to learn the better things. Reveal not thy Secrets to a Woman, for the is always provided to domineer. Every Day store up for to Morrow; for it is better after Death to leave somewhat to thine Enemy, than want while thou livest for thy Friends. Gently salute all thou meetest. Repent not that thou hast been honest. Turn a Whisperer out of Doors. Do that for which thou mayest not have Cause to repent. Thus Ennus being advised by Æ/op, and struck as it were with an Arrow in his Conscience, a little after his Soul and Body parted, and he died.

HE King, being full of Joy, that Æ Jop lives, Desires to see him, and Comandment gives, That he before his Presence strait be brought, Who (as before to kill him) now his Thought Had wholly bent how to requite the Wrong That Æ Jop in the Dungeon suffer'd long; And therefore doth to him his Wealth restore, And gives him greater Honour than before. Then shews what Letters late from Ægypt came,

And Efop having well perus'd the same,

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Thus wills the King to answer, That when as The Winter's past he'll bring the same to pass: And so Embassadors dispatched are, Ixcerus Will in Egypt to declare. Return we now to Ennus, whose sad Breast With Envy swoln, that Æsop is possest Of Wealth, and into Favour call'd again, No rest can take, but full of foul Disdain Runs up and down with discontented Looks, And no Society or Comfort brooks, But Defarts and wild Places, like a Man Whose Senses lost, no Reason bridle can. And thus by base Ingratitude, we see How Finnes brought himself to Misery. Behold a gentle Nature! Æ [op's Love From Ennus all his former Wrongs remove. He doth affect him still, (although he may A heavy and severe Chastisement lay With Justice upon Ennus) and with mild And gentle Words, instructs him, as his Child. Then takes him home again (there hath not been In any Age scarce half such Kindness seen) Respects him still, and (as he first begun) Gives him the Right of an adopted Son. But this contents not Ennus, still his Mind Is troubled, and doth new Chimera's find. Which freshly to his vexed Soul suggest, That Æfop's Wrongs can never be redreft: And now with Horror and Distraction flies. Seeking a Place to end his Miseries, Runs up and down. At length a Mountain steep, Whose hanging Head o'erlooks th' unfathom'd Deep, Nimbly afcends: thrust on by rash Despair, Falls headlong through a steep descent of Air: Till the all fwallowing Waves a Grave do lend, And to his most unthankful Breath give end. Thus (though a while ungrateful Men may flourish) Those Crimes o'erthrow them which themselves do nourish. CHAP.

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CHAP. XXVII.

Æsop resolves the former Questions of the King of Ægypt, who had projected to build a Tower in the Air.



SO P after this fending for the Fowlers, commands them to catch him four young Eagles, which being caught, he brought up, and taught them to carry young Children in Baskets, and observe them in what they should command. The Winter now being past, and Spring coming on, he provides all things ready for his Journey, and taking the Eagles and the Children, departs into Egypt, to the great Admiration of the People of that Country. Nectenabo hearing that Æfop was come, I am en-Inared, quoth he to his Friends, for I understood The King commanded the that Æsop was dead. Day after, that all the Officers should come together. clad in white Robes, and he himself put on his Royal Attire, and his Imperial Diadem. When he was fet upon his high Throne, he commanded Æfor to be brought. To what do you liken me, quoth he to Æ. fop, and those that are with me? Thee, quoth Æfop, I liken to the Vernal Sun, and those with thee to a ripe Harvest. The King admiring his Answer, bestowed many Favours upon him. The next Day the

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the King came clad in White, but commanded his Friendsto put ontheir Purple. When Æfop came in, he asked him the same Questions. Thee, faith he, I compare to the Sun, those that stand about thee, to the Sun-beams. Nectenals enquires what he thought concerning his Kingdom, whether it was not far beyond that of Lycerus. Do not think so, quoth Asop, for your Kingdom compared with his, though it shine like the Sun-beams, yet if you compare it with his, the Glory of it is palpable Darkness. Nectinabo admiring his Answer, enquires where they were that should build the Tower? They are ready, said he, if you will shew us the place. The King going out of the City, thews him a large Plain. Æ fop following him, brings the four Eagles with the Children hanged in Baskets about them; and giving the Children working Instruments, bad them fly. They being carried aloft, cry'd out. Bring us Stones, Mortar and Timber, fit for building. Nectenabo feeing the Children carried aloft by the Eagles, fays to #fop, How should I do for flying-men? He replies, Lycerus has fuch: Thou being but a Man. wilt thou contend with a King equal to the Gods? Nectenabo confesses himself conquered; but, quoth he, let me enquire of thee, and do thou answer me fur's ther. I have here Mares, who when they hear the Horses of Babylon neigh, forthwith they conceive; if thou canft resolve me this, let me see it presently. I will give you an Answer to morrow, quoth he. Going thereupon to his Lodging, he commanded the Boys to take a Cat, and drag her about the City. The Egyptians feeing that, forthwith carry the Report to the King, for they worship this Animal. The King calling Afer to him, asked him, Whether he did not know how that the Egyptians do Worship to the Cat? It did no small Injury to Lycerus the King, quoth Efop: For this Cat the last Night kill'd his fighting Cock, which gave him Intelligence how the tedious Night passed. Art thou not ashamed to lie, quoth the King? How could the Cat kill

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kill his Cock, and in one Night go to Babylon? He fmiling, replyed, And how, O King, can the Mares of Egypt conceive upon the Neighing of the Hories in Babylon? The King attending the Wisdom of Æsop, admir'd at his fortunate Genius. Not long after this, he sent for Men from Heliopolis to question with Æ sop, with whom, when they had disputed, he invites home to a Banquet. When they were fet, one of the Heliopolitans says to Elop, I am sent from one of my Gods to ask thee a Question. It's false, quoth Æsop, the Gods have no need to learn any thing; thou dost not only bewray thy own Ignorance, but accusest one of thy Gods. Another again replies, There is a huge Temple, and a Column bearing up Twelve stately Cities, each of which are born up with Thirty Rafters, which two Women constantly course about. To this Æfop answers, The Temple is this World, the Column the Year, the Cities the Months. the Rafters the Days of the Month the Day and the Night are the two Women interchangeably ficceedding each other. The Day following Nectenabo calling his Friends about him, said, For this Æfop we owe Tribute to King Lycerus. One of them reply'd. We will command him to answer us two Questions which we know not, nor ever heard of. To Morrow. quoth Æsop, I will return you Answer. Departing thence, he made a Writing, wherein was contained. fc. Nectenabo confesses he owes a thousand Talents to Lycerus, in the Morning he brought this to the King. The King's Friends, before the Writing was open'd, all cry'd out, We know this, and have heard of it already. I thank you for confessing, quoth Æsop, did you ever know or hear that the King of Egypt ow'd King Lycerus a thousand Talents? Nectenabo concludes. faying, Lycerus is very happy, having so learned a Man in his Kingdom; and thereupon gave him the Tribute agreed to be paid, and most friendly dismiffed him.

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DY this Time VVinter's past; the Time drewon. That Æ for now must give Solution To the King of Egypts Question: He provides, And with all winged Speed to Egypt rides, Bearing four Eagles with him, which he had Brought up, and for his Purpose useful made; Unto whose Feet four Children fasten'd were In Baskets, that as th' Eagles mount the Air, They might support the Children. Being arriv'd, Th' Egyptian King him joyfully receiv'd; The Entertainment past, he asks the King, VVhere he shall now erect this wondrous Thing? So straight into a spacious Field they go, VVhich Nedenabo did to Elop show, And told him, That's the Place. Afop furveys The Ground, and at each feveral Corner lays An Eagle and a Child. The Eagles fly, And with them bear the Children up on high; 'Till Afop cries, Send up some Labourers King, That thither may your Stones and Mortar bring, Before they go too high, and quickly they Shall to thy Tower the Foundation lay, But when the King perceived Æfep's VVit, He was with Admiration struck at it, And yields his Tribute loft. But yet to try Once more ingenious Æfop's Subtltey, He now propounds a Question, which was this. A stately Temple in a Place there is, VVherein a Column stands, that Column rears Twelve others, each of them a City bears, And o'er each City Thirty Sails are spread, Upon the which Two VVomen hourly tread. Æsop replies, The Temple Heaven call; The Column Earth; the which supporteth all The Twelve great Cities; and those Cities may Be term'd the Months; the Thirty Sails display The Days of every Month; the Day and Night The VVomen are, one black, the other white. Thus

Thus Esop by his Wisdom could foresee,
And soon unsold the closest Mystery:
Whom now the King, with far more great Regard,
Doth entertain, and bounteously reward.
So after many Disputations past,
'T wixt him and the Philosophers, with haste

Esop returns to Babylon, to bring
The Tribute paid by the Egyptian King.

CHAP. XXVIII.

Æsop comes again to Babylon.



all that fell out in Ægypt, and gave the Tribute to King Lycerus, who commanded a famous Statue to be erected to the renowned Glory and Memory of Æsop. Not long after, he determined to fail into Greece, and so with the King's Leave departed, swearing he would return again into Babylon, and there end his Days. After he had viewed all the Countries of Greece, and made himself famously known for his Wisdom, he arrived at last in Delphos.

The Sages meet, and bring to th' King's great Where he presents the Tribute, and doth tell His Disputation, and what else befell;

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Which being related, feasting was prepar'd: No fumptuous Cost for Entertainment spar'd; So highly Æfop was esteem'd, that when The King had feen him but return agen, He thinks him 'bove a Man, his Wit was fo, That from a mortal Brain it could not flow; And to express his Admiration more. And thew his noble Gratitude therefore, In publick Market he a Statue rears, Which Æfop's Portraicture and Image bears. That after-times might not unmindful be Or E fop's Wisdom and true Industry. But Elop now, whose ever-working Mind. Tho' much he knew, more Knowledge feeks to find, Once more refolves to travel: Which Intent Dislik'd the King, unwilling to confent: 'Till Æsop, by a faithful Promise made Soon to return, do's th' easie King perswade, And so for Greece departs; that Region he Of all the rest, desirous is to see: Where, in what Place soever he remains. By Affability kind Usage gains: (So courteous, wife, and affable was he That good Behaviour hid Deformity) Thus through all Greece he travels; every Place Making him welcome with respective Grace, 'Till he arriv'd at Delphos, whose cross Fate: We in the following Chapter shall relate.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIX.

Æsop coming to Delphos, is betray'd, and relates the Fable of the Rat and Frog.



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Hen he was arrived at Delphos, many very glad-ly gave ear to his Eloquence, but gave him little Respect. He therefore looking upon them, said. Ye Men of Delphos, I may fitly compare you to the Wood which is carried upon the Sea, feeing it afar off, we judge it of great Value, when it's come near, we flight it. So I, when I was far from your City, did admire you, but coming amongst you, I find you the most useless amongst Men; thus I am mistaken. When the Delphians heard this, fearing left he should disparage them in other Places where he travelled, they determined craftily to make him away. And hereupon they took a golden Cup out of Apollo's Temple, and cunningly put it among ft Æfop's Baggage. He not aware of their Subtlety, went his way to Phocide, the Delphians after him, and charged him with Sacrilege. He denies the Fact, they untie his Baggage, and find the Gup, which they shew to the City, with no small Uproar. Afop feeing their Subtlety, defired them to let him loofe: They were so far from that, that they cast him into Prison, and passed Sentence upon him.

Now Esop no ways able to extricate himself from their Wiles, bemoans himfelf in Prison as he sate. While he was lamenting himself, a familiar Friend, Demas by Name, came to him, and defired to know the Cause of his Grief. Thus he replies. A Woman having newly buried her Husband, wept daily at his Grave; one plowing not far off, fell in love with the Woman, and leaving his Oxen, went himself to the Grave, and wept with her. She asked him, why do you lament thus? Because I have lately, quoth he, buried a good Woman, and after I have lamented, I find much Ease. The very same hath hapned to me, quoth the Women. If we are in the same Case of Mishap, quoth he, why may we not make our felves happy in marrying together, for I love thee as well as my Wife, and thou lovest me as well as thy Husband. While this Discourse held, a Thief came and stole away his Oxen. Returning home without his Oxen, he determined to weep excessively. The Woman meeting him, Weep you still, quoth the? Now, faith he, I have Caufe to weep. So I who have avoided many Dangers, have full. Cause to mourn, now knowing no ways to escape this. After this came the Delphians, and drew him by force out of Prison to a steep and craggy Precipice. Whereupon he thus spake to them: When Beasts spake, the Mouse was familiar Friend to the Frog invited her to Supper, carried her into the Store-house of a rich Man, where there was good Food. Eat, faith the Mouse, my good Friend. After this Banquet was ended, the Frog led the Mouse to Supper with her; But that you be not weary with fwimming, quoth the Frog, I will fasten with a small Thread your Leg to mine; this done, the leaps into the Water. The Moule is drowned before they get half over, who dying thus, faid, You are the Caufe of my Death, but your Betters will vindicate me. The Fagle feeing the Moufe dead, and swimming in the Pond, fnatcheth at her, and carrying her away, finds the Frog hanging by a String

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s i, at her Foot, and so makes an end of both. Thus I, who innocently am to dye by your Hands, shall find an Avenger; for all Babylon and Greece will require my Life at your Hands.

TSOP in Greece such Love now having found, And with such good respect his Wisdom crown'd, He next intends for Delphos to prepare, Where stands Apollo's Temple; hoping there To find most welcome. But as in a fair And pleasant Meadow Serpents hidden are, And in the longest Grass do lurking lye, To sting th' unwary Travellers passing by, While heedlesly they on them tread: So here While Æfop wife Men seeks, most Clowns appear, Who (envious at his Knowledge) plot and strive, Æsop of Life and Fortunes do deprive: Yet without Cause produc'd, or publick shew Of just Proceedings, durst not feem to shew Their open Malice 'gainst him. VVherefore one More fubtil than the rest, while to be gone From Delphos, Æfop with all speed doth hie, Conveys into his Cloak-bag fecretly A golden Cup, which from Apollo's Fane The Priest accuseth E op to have ta'en: So Hue and cry is after Afop fent, And apprehends him although innocent; Taxing him of high Sacrilege; and fo They fearch his Mail, and do the Goblet show Before a Judge. Then back they Æfop force. To Delphos, where arraign'd, without Remorfe The Judge him dooms to die, though each one knews The Accusation false, and Afop true. But Alop now, his Sentence being past, (As richest Pearls, amongst the Swine being cast, Regardless quite are lost) to them doth tell A witty Fable, trying to expel Their Malice against him; which thus begun: R 4

The FABLE.

Etween the Rat and Frog great Love is grown; The Rat invites the Frog with him to dine; Great Delicates provided were, and Wine, No Cost was spar'd: Past Dinner, to requite The Rat, the Frog inviteth her at Night To sup with her; but 'twixt their Houses was A Brook, and dang'rous for the Rat to pass: Yet that the Rat might o'er more fafely go, It is decreed, the Frog unto her Toe A String should fasten, and the nimble Rat Taking fast hold, and hanging upon that, Should so be haled over; but as they (The Frog the Rat's Death plotting) ftruggling lay I'th' midst o'th' Brook; a Kite, viewing the Fray, Stoops, and both of them seizeth for a Prey. Thus whilst the Frog unjustly drew the Rat To sudden Death, she hastens her own Fate.

So you whose most untrue Complaints do draw. The heavy Judgments of the Grecian Law Against my Innocence; the Gods shall take. Due Vengeance on your Country for my sake.

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CHAP. XXX.

Elop is led to Execution, where he relates the Fable of the Country Clown, and unjuftly receiveth his Death, being willently cast down from a steep Rock by the Executioner-



'OR all this the Delphians spared not Afop, tho' he If fled to Apollo's Temple, they drew him thence, and led him to an high Precipice. Hear me, ye Men of Delphos, quoth Esop, The Hare being pursued by the Eagle, fled into the Nest of a Hornet; the Hornet intreats the Eagle to spare the Hare; the Eagle flaps the Hornet with her Wing, and devours the Hare : the Hornet observing where the Eagle's Nest was, flew into it, and broke her Eggs. The Eagle the next time builds her Nest higher, the Hornet serves her so again: The Eagle not knowing what to do, the third time flies up and lays her Eggs between the Knees of Jove, whose Bird she is, intreating his Prefervation of them: The Hornet making a Ball of Dirt flew into Jove's Lap, and there dropt it. Jupiter arising to shake off the Dirt; forgetting himfelf, lets the Eggs fall, and brake them. But when: he had learned of the Hornet, that this was done in Revenge of a former Injury, not willing therefore

fore that the Eagle should decay in her Kind, he defired that the Hornet and the Eagle might be made Friends. The Hornet being averse, Jupiter deferr'd the breeding of the Eagle'till fich a time that no Hornets ftir. And you Men of Delphos, despise not this God to whom I have made my Refuge, tho' he have but a fmall Temple. The Delphians, little regarding what he had faid, hale him to Execution. Æ op perceiving that nothing prevailed with them cries out, Ye cruel blood-thirsty Men, give ear to me: A certain Husbandman growing old, who had never been at the City, defired his Servants to carry him thither to fee it. While he was upon the way in his Waggon, there fell a Storm, and it becoming very dark, the Asses lost their way, and led him to a steep Hill: And now reaby to fall down, O Jove, quoth he, what Injury have I done to thee, that I should so unhappily be slain; especially when my Days must end, not by generous Horses, or good Mules, but by dull Asses? And that's my present Misery, that I am not to be slain by Menof Worth and Honour, but by the most vile and baser fort. He now upon the brink to be cast down, related this Fable: A certain Man dearly loving his Daughter, sent his Wife into the Country, and in the mean time violates the Chastity of his Daughter: But she cried out. Father, you do amis, I had rather this were done from any but your felf, though it proved my perpetual Difgrace. This I also say against you, O ye unjust Men of Delphos; I had rather have fell into Scylla or Charybdis, or into the Quick-fand of Africa, than into your Hands, so unworthily to be put to Death : I call the Gods to witness that I die wrong. fully, who will revenge my unhappy Fate. The Delphians upon that, threw him off the Rock, and so he died. Not long after, a grivous Pestilence fell out amongst them, and the Oracle told them, that Ælop's wrongful Death was to be expiated. VVhereof they being guilty, orected over him a famous Monument. But

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But the Heads of Greece, and the wifest Sages, when they understood what was done against Æsop, went into Delphos, discussed the Matter with them, and became severe Revengers of innocent Æsop's Death,

Along with him to Execution go,
No just Crime laid against him, but the Hate
Of his Accusers, to pursue his Fate;
Envy so much prevail'd, that when he strove
By witty Fables, and Intreats, to move
Some pity from them, all his Foes appear
More deaf than Adders ever stopped Ear;
And all poor Esop's Sighs and Tears were vain,
His VVisdom now could no Remorse obtain
But (like a Malefactor) hal'd to Death,
Hath scarcely Time to speak or draw his Breath;
'Till at the fatal Place arriving: VVhen
Esop the Spectacle of Death did ken,
Some Time of Respite gain'd, he thus did say:

The FABLE.

Country Clown there was, which from the Day 1 Of his first Birth had ne'er the City feen, But led a Rustick Life, and Scarce had been Four Miles from home. At last be doth require Leave of his Lord, who yielded his Defire. He for a Waggon Asses doth provide, And so in Pomp will to the City ride. But as he goes, a Storm arifing, drives The Asses from the way, and quite deprives The filly Clown of Sense (unskilful how To guide them, being taken from the Plough Till wandring up and down, at last they came To a fleep Mountain, and ascend the same; But at the Top, for want of Guider's Skill, The Cart turns over, tumbling down the Hill: While thus the Clown cries out, Great Jove, must I For no Offence now die thus wretchedly?

The Life of ESOP.

272 My Death by Affes me far worfe doth grieve Than if I it did from the Horse receive: Ev'n fo, cries Æfop, fares it now with me, For I by Asses die most wrongfully. But if I were by wife and just Men try'd, I thus unjustly should not now have dy'd. This being hardly utter'd, Æfop firaight From th' Executioner receives his Fate, And headlong from a Rock is thrown; whose End Unjustly wrought, mov'd juster Heav'n to send A Pestilence through Delphos, and to take Vengeance on them for wronged Æfop's fake. And thus the Wisest of his Time did fall: Whose Death may be a Warning to them all. That guiltless Plood revenged fill shall be



On them and theirs that fled it prongfully.

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